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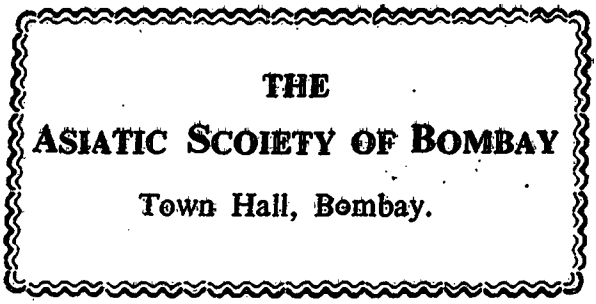

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Yours ever truly
Joseph Wolff

Travels and Adventures

OF THE

Rev. Joseph Wolff, D.D., LL.D.,

VICAR OF ILE BREWERS, NEAR TAUNTON;
AND LATE MISSIONARY TO THE JEWS AND MUHAMMADANS IN PERSIA,
BOKHARA, CASHMEER, ETC.

"Who would not travel over sea and land, to be instrumental in the salvation of one soul!"—FRANCIS XAVIER.

I, Joseph Wolff, also am an Israelite, of the seed of Abraham of the tribe of LEVI, *and I have preached the Gospel, not only from Jerusalem, round about unto Illyricum, but also from the Thames to the Oxus and the Ganges and the New World!*

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TO

THE RT. HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, M.P., P.C.

THESE ADVENTURES AND TRAVELS

ARE DEDICATED,

WITH HIS KIND AND EXPRESS PERMISSION,

BY HIS FRIEND AND ADMIRER,

JOSEPH WOLFF.

PREFACE OF DR. WOLFF.

WOLFF lays now before the public, not an abridgment of his Travels and Adventures, but an edition, though in smaller type, enriched with many new remarks and notices. Every piece of information, the style and sentiments, the philosophical and theological views, the remarks on the heroes of his story, are his own throughout. They have been written down as he dictated them to kind friends who received them from his lips.

As to the great object of this work, Wolff has to make the following remarks. The first reason of his giving it to the world, was that a wish for its publication had been expressed, not only by members of the Church of England, but by persons belonging to other branches of the Catholic Church. In the second place, Wolff wished to prove to the world and to the Church, that the Lord is the Lord of Wolff as much as he was of Paul; and that with GOD'S grace he is able to demonstrate to the Church at large that GOD has not cast away His people. Wolff is able to say, "Has GOD cast away His people? GOD forbid; for I also am an Israelite, of the seed of Abraham, of the tribe of LEVI." GOD has not cast away his people! And amidst good report and evil report, Joseph Wolff has proclaimed the Gospel to kings; for instance, Rundjut Singh, the King of Delhi, and the King of

Lucknow, and to the Princes of Persia, to the Gentiles also, and to the children of Israel.

Another object that he had in view was to prove to the Jewish nation that he is not ashamed of confessing to the world that he is of the seed of Abraham, of that Semitic race which has given light, the light of knowledge of GOD as it is in Christ Jesus, and the light of civilization, to the world; and that, though born a Jew, he loves the Gentile world, and wishes to make all men as happy as he is himself, through the knowledge of Christ, and that he looks with pity upon those Jews who, though professing Christianity, are ashamed of being known to the world as sprung from the Jewish stock. Farewell!

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TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES

of

DR. WOLFF.

CHAPTER I.

Birth; Childhood; Talmudical Legends; Early Education and First Wanderings; Falk and Göthe; Baptism.

ABOUT the beginning of the eighteenth century, a fierce persecution was raised against the Jews in Prague, by the students of that place. This spread generally against the members of that nation who were scattered throughout Bohemia; and compelled many of them to emigrate to Germany and other countries of Europe. A rabbi, named Wolff, whose family had been dispersed by these troubles, and who himself was born in the year 1720, resided at a little village called Weilersbach, near Forcheim, in the district of Bamberg, and was appointed the rabbi of a small Jewish congregation there. Another rabbi, a cousin of Wolff, named Isaac Lipchowitz, settled himself at Bretzfeld, near Ebermannstadt, which was only three miles distant from Weilersbach. These two relatives lived in great amity, and often visited each other; and both married ladies of the country of Franconia. Wolff had two sons and two daughters; the name of the one son was David, the name of the other son was Asshur. David, the elder son, who was born in the year 1750, left his father's house when he was seven years old, and studied Hebrew and the Chaldean languages, and the science of the Talmud, in the Jewish college at Prague, and learned the pure German language in one of the elementary schools established there for the Jews; Maria Theresa, the empress, and her son, Joseph II., having not only arrested the persecution, but issued an order that all the Jews should be well instructed in the German language.

After David had finished his studies at Prague, he became

the private tutor of several rich families in Moravia and Hungaria; and when he was thirty years of age, he returned to his native place, Weilersbach, where he found that both his father and mother had died. He then married Sarah, daughter of Isaac Lipchowitz, of Bretzfeld, his second cousin, and became a rabbi first at Weilersbach, in the year 1794. His eldest son was born in 1795, and was called "Wolff," after his paternal grandfather. This child is the subject of this history. The Wolff family belonged to the tribe of Levi.*

When the French invaded Germany, in 1795, the event struck terror among the Jews in Bavaria, for they had heard that the French committed all kinds of excesses. Rabbi David therefore, with his wife and first born son, then only fifteen days old, left Weilersbach, and was appointed rabbi at Kissingen, where the family took up their residence. Young Wolff's mother and father often afterwards related in his presence, that their first-born son was so beautiful a child, that the Duchess of Weimar, and the whole Court of Weimar, and other visitors at the Spa of Kissingen, would frequently take him from the arms of his nurse, carry him about, and show him to each other as a prodigy.

In the year 1796, another boy was born to David, who received the name of Jacob Leeb. In the following year, Rabbi David went with his whole family to Halle, in Saxony, on the River Saale, which belongs to Prussia, and where there is a famous German university. Here also he was appointed rabbi of the Jewish community. In the year 1800, little Wolff and his younger brother were sent by their father to a Christian school, in order to learn to read the German language. In 1802, Rabbi David was appointed to a larger community of Jews, who were residing at Ullfeld, in Bavaria. Here young Wolff daily listened, with the highest interest, to the conversation of his father, when the Jews assembled in his house in the evening time, and he spoke to them about the future glory of their nation at the coming of the Messiah, and of their restoration to their own land; and also about the zeal of many rabbis who had travelled to Jerusalem and Babylon as preachers to the Jewish nation. He spoke with particular admiration of the great Moses Bar-Mymon, who had been a celebrated physician both among the Jews and Muhammadans,

* Wolff was not strictly the surname, or super-name, of this family, as the Jews observe the Oriental custom of bearing a single name, which is conferred at circumcision. "Wolff," however, had often before been a name in the family; and the subject of this memoir "wakened" or revived it from his father's father.

and was also remarkable for his Talmudical learning and holiness of life. Among other stories, he gave the following account of Mymon. He related how that for many years Mymon was ignorant of the Jewish law, and of every science, and was, to all appearance, devoid of any talent. And that, grieved at feeling himself much below his fellows, he left his father's house, and went into a synagogue, where he stretched himself near the ark where the law of Moses is deposited, and remained there whole nights in tears, praying to God that he would give him ability to become skilful in the divine law, and in other sciences. And the Lord so effectually heard his prayer, that he subsequently became the famous Mymonides, and was the friend of the Arabian philosopher Averoes, who wrote the More-Neboochim, which tries to explain the law of Moses in a philosophical manner, and many other works. Wolff's father also told his Jewish congregation the following tradition, which made the most astonishing impression on the boy. It referred to the life of Judah-Haseed, the holy man, who became the great light of the Jews at Worms, in Alsatia. When his mother was with child with him, she met a Christian, who in driving his cart, purposely tried to run over and crush her. But a wall by the wayside, in a miraculous manner, bowed itself over the mother, and protected her from the design of the malignant Christian.

Rabbi David also frequently spoke about the Pope and his Cardinals, and the grandeur of his empire, and the magnificence of the city of Rome. And of our blessed Lord he told the young Wolff a curious tradition, or rather read it to him out of the Jewish Talmud, which contains a treatise on the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. Therein Titus is described as the most wicked man in existence, and it is related of him that he died from the tortures produced by a little fly of copper which entered his brain during the seige, and increased in size until it became as large as a dove, and tormented him to death. But when he was dead, a man named Onkelos (then a heathen prince skilled in the practice of sorcery, though afterwards a Jewish convert, celebrated for his commentaries on the Bible), came forward and raised Titus to life by magic, and then asked him how he would treat the Jews? To which Titus replied that he should ill-treat them, and inflict upon them every possible torture. Upon this, Onkelos raised Jesus of Nazareth also from the dead, and asked Him how the Jews ought to be treated? And Jesus of Nazereth answered, "Treat them well."

This history made a very deep impression upon young

Wolff, so that he asked his father who this Jesus was? And his father said that He had been a Jew of the greatest talent, but, as he pretended to be the Messiah, the Jewish tribunal sentenced him to death. Young Wolff then asked his father, "Why is Jerusalem destroyed, and why are we in captivity?" His father replied, "Alas, alas, because the Jews murdered the prophets." Young Wolff reflected in his mind for some time, and the thought struck him, "perhaps Jesus was also a prophet, and the Jews killed him when He was innocent!"—an idea that took such possession of him, that whenever he passed a Christian church, he would stand outside and listen to the preaching, until his mind became filled with the thought of being a great preacher, like Mymonides and Judah-Hasced; and he would frequently go to the synagogue and stretch himself in front of the sanctuary where the law of Moses was deposited.

He would also place leaves torn from a Hebrew Bible or prayer book, in which the name of Jehovah occurred, under his cap, in order that he might be enlightened by the Spirit of God, and also be protected from the devices of devils; and he often put nettle leaves under his shirt, in imitation of holy rabbis. He believed everything that he read, and was exceedingly charmed with a book called *Eegherette Baalee Hayam*, which contained a lawsuit carried on against the human race by the animal kingdom, before the judgment seat of Ashmeday; in which the human race were accused of usurpation of power and tyranny, whilst all the lower animals tried to show their superiority over man. Ashmeday, however, gave his verdict at last in man's favour, by citing the words in Genesis, chap. i. v. 28, "And God blessed them; and God said unto them, be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

The following history also, which was told to Wolff by Jews, in which they tried to expose the folly and simplicity of the wife of a celebrated rabbi, made so deep an impression upon him, that he not only never forgot it, but it afforded a powerful proof to him that there are Jews who cannot rest in their minds about the conduct which their nation pursued against Jesus Christ. The history was this:—The wife of a noted rabbi spent the greater part of the day in prayer before the holy ark, weeping and fasting, with ashes on her head; her lips moving, but her words were not heard. And this was for the edification of all the Jews, and the admiration of her hus-

band; but in the depth of the night she got up from her bed, and shut herself in a room. On one occasion her husband watched her without her observing it, and he saw her kneeling down, embracing a crucifix, and heard her say these words: "Oh! Jesus, if our nation was wrong, enlighten me, that I may weep over thy sufferings, and become attached to thee!" This so much excited the indignation of the rabbi, and the whole community, that the woman was divorced from her husband. So the story ends, and even to this day it has always been in the mind of Joseph Wolff.

Sometimes Wolff wished to go to Jerusalem, and appear there as a great preacher; and sometimes he wanted to go to Rome, and become a pope. He almost every day visited a barber, who was also a surgeon, and whose name was Spiess.* Here he would talk about the future glory of the Jews at the coming of the Messiah. And then in his simplicity he related that when the Messiah should come, He would kill the great fish leviathan, who ate ten millions of every kind of fish every day; and who is as large as the whole world; and would also kill a large ox, which is as large as the whole world, and feeds every day on the grass that grows upon 3,000 mountains; and the Jews would eat of that fish and of that wild ox when the Messiah should come.

When Wolff was thus talking, Spiess and his family would be all the time in fits of laughter; but one day old Spiess, with his stern look, said to little Wolff, "Dear boy, I will tell you who the real Messiah was; He was Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, whom your ancestors have crucified, as they did the prophets of old. Go home and read the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, and you will be convinced that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." These words entered, like a flash of lightning, into Wolff's heart; and he can sincerely say that he believed, and was struck dumb. No word came out of his mouth, but he went home to his father's house, and read the 53rd chapter of Isaiah in Hebrew, with the Jewish-German translation, and

* The worthy Spiess and his kindness, made such an impression upon Wolff, that he never forgot him; and even so lately as in the year 1846, he wrote from Ile Brewers to the clergyman of Ullfeld, to ask what had become of his old friend and his family? He was told, in reply, that Spiess and his wife had died only a few years before, but that his son and daughter were still alive, and recollected him very well; and they said that little Wolff was a very droll boy, and that they always liked him when he came to their house. They added, that one day he had said, "If ever I get a wife, and she does not obey me, I will put her in prison, and thrash her, and give her nothing to eat."

then said to his father, "Dear father, tell me of whom does the prophet speak here?" His father stared at him, and gave no reply; and Wolff dared not to ask him a second time, but went into another room, and wept. And there he heard his father say to his mother, who was also weeping, "God have mercy upon us, our son will not remain a Jew! He is continually walking about, and thinking, which is not natural."

Wolff, the next morning, ran to the clergyman, who was a Lutheran, and said to him, "I will become a Christian, and be a preacher. Will you teach me Latin and French?" He said to Wolff, "How old are you?" He replied, "Seven years." He said, "Wonderful, wonderful child; I cannot receive you, because you are under the tutelage of your father and mother. Come back to me when you are more advanced in age." Wolff kept a perfect silence about this occurrence, and thus the time passed on.

When Wolff was eleven years of age, his father came as rabbi to Würtemberg, and sent him with his brother, Jacob Leeb, to the Protestant Lyceum in Stuttgardt. Wolff's brother had no mind for study, though he had a great deal more talent than Wolff. To sell old clothes was the height of Jacob Leeb's ambition; and he actually did sell some school books, and bought with them pins and needles to sell again. Wolff grew tired of all this, so he left his father's house, when only eleven years of age, and went to Bamberg, a Roman Catholic town.

But, before doing this, he paid a visit to his father, who asked him, "What will you now learn?" He said, "Greek." Then he asked him, "What will you become?" He replied, "A physician and a preacher, like Mymonides." The old Jews who were present stroked their hands over their heads, and said, "Woe, woe, woe! Your son will not remain a Jew; he will be mixed with the Gentiles, and go the way of all the Gentiles." His father gave no reply. He then sought an interview with his uncle Asshur, of Weilersbach, who said, "Wolff, Wolff, give up studying, it will lead on to Christianity, and I shall disinherit you. You will not have one farthing from me. I will leave everything to my other nephews"—his sister's children. Wolff replied, "They are more deserving of it than myself, for they are a staff to you in your old age." Wolff then asked the blessing of his uncle. His uncle put his hands upon him, and said, with weeping eyes, "The Lord Jehovah bless thee, and rejoice over thee, as over Ephraim and Manasseh." Then he said, "Now go in peace; say the blessing over everything you eat; don't eat

with uncovered head; go every day to the synagogue; never lie down without having said, 'Hear, Israel, the Lord our God is one God,' etc; and never neglect to wear fringes upon the four quarters of your vesture." This the Jews call *Arba-Kanfos*, and it answers to the scapularies of the Roman Catholics. Moreover, all the Eastern Churches, and even the Muhammadans; and all the Hindoos wear such scapularies; and there is scriptural authority for it, as may be seen in Deuteronomy, chap. xxii., v. 12. And, therefore, scapularies are no marks of superstition.

Thus it was that Wolff arrived at Bamberg, where he was most kindly received by his cousin, Moses Lazarus Cohen, as well as by his wife. Moses Lazarus Cohen was a Jew of the modern style, rather leaning towards infidelity. He read the writings of Emmanuel Kant, Schiller, and Göthe; and he rather liked the idea of Wolff's love of study, and introduced him to the Lyceum of the Roman Catholics. The famous Graser, a Roman Catholic priest who was married, entered Wolff as a pupil of the Lyceum; and he was placed in the class taught by the Rev. Father Nepff. One Wednesday, Nepff said to Wolff, "Wolff, to-day you need not have come to the school, because I teach religion." Wolff said, "I rather wish to be present and to hear it." The first Wednesday he expounded the Sermon on the Mount. The second Wednesday he expounded the 9th chapter of the Acts, containing the conversion of Paul. When he enlarged upon this chapter, he said, "the church of Christ contained people who trod in the footsteps of Paul; such as Francis Xavier, Ignatius Loyola, and the many missionaries who went forth to preach the gospel of Christ to the nations." Wolff was so much struck with amazement, first with the exactness of the description given of the character of the apostle before his conversion, and then by the description of the Jewish tribunal, which is so wonderfully depicted in the words—"And Saul, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high priest, and desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem," (Acts ix. 1, 2, 3)—that he became determined to join the Christian Church. So he went back to the house of his cousin Moses Lazarus Cohen, and said to him, in the presence of his wife, "My mind is made up, I will become a Christian, and be a Jesuit; and I will preach the Gospel in foreign lands, like Francis Xavier." The cousin laughed, and merely said, "You are an

enthusiast!" but his wife became very angry, and threw a poker at him, and cursed him, and turned him out of the house.

Whilst Wolff was yet in his father's house, his father, in order to teach him how to write letters, would give him some models by dictation—the contents of one of which were as follows:—"Dear father and mother, I have found very good employment in the house of one of the rich Jews of the family of Kaula, and have been enabled to lay by five florins, which I now send to you, in order to show that I wish to fulfill the commandment, 'Honour thy father and thy mother;' and also to give a proof of my filial love towards you both."

When Wolff, in the course of time, came to Frankfort on the Maine, he gave lessons to some young Jews, and was able to lay by eleven florins, so he immediately sat down, and wrote a letter to his father, saying, "My dear father, I am now doing what I copied from your model; but, instead of sending five florins, I am able to send you eleven."

Another of these model letters was as follows:—"My dear father, I have now to inform you of something new, which you will like. I was tutor in the house of Rabbi Schlome Blowiz, a great banker in Bohemia; and as he admired my skill in the Talmud, he has given me his only daughter as a wife, and with her 10,000 florins, as a dowry, so I send you a handsome present of thirty florins; and I shall bring my wife to receive the blessing from you, that she may become like Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, and Leah, who have built the house of Israel. Oh, that Jerusalem may be built soon, even in our days. Amen." When Wolff did subsequently marry, he announced the event to his mother, and at the same time sent her £20, which he had received from a Mrs. Crofton, in Ireland, as an acknowledgment of her respect for him.

Wolff left Bamberg without saying one word, and without a single farthing in his pocket; and travelled towards Würtzburg. On his way, in a field, he found a shepherd, who was a Roman Catholic, and he asked him if he might stay in his house for the night? The shepherd replied, "Yes, my friend," and brought him to his cottage. He then asked Wolff if he was a Roman Catholic? Wolff replied by giving him an account of his history; and after they had partaken of a frugal meal, the amiable shepherd knelt down with his family, to pray the rosary; but previous to their commencing the prayer, the shepherd said, "Let us pray five Ave Marias and one Paternoster for the good of the soul of this poor Jew, that the Lord may guide him to his fold."

They prayed five Ave Marias and one Paternoster; and in the morning, before Wolff left, the shepherd said to him, "Friend, you are in distress; allow me to share with you what I have got. I will give you two florins, which will carry you well to Frankfort." This loan Wolff accepted, and was afterwards able to return it to that excellent man.

He arrived at Frankfort on the Maine, where he found the Jews complete infidels, but benevolent men, and the Protestants neologists. So he remained there only a few months, teaching Hebrew, to get money that he might travel further; and then he came to Halle, where he fell in with some professors, who were rationalists; but he also met with one, Professor Knapp by name, a professor of theology, who said to him, "Young man, if you would become a Christian, merely because you believe that Jesus Christ was a great philosopher, remain what you are. But if you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and God above all, blessed for ever—then pray to God that this belief may penetrate into your heart and soul."

Wolff had to contend at Halle with much external opposition both from Jews and from the infidelity of Christians; and he suffered also from his own mind, which was too much in the world, and there was much levity about him, which he himself confesses. He left Halle in the year 1810, and came to Prague, in Bohemia, having now in his purse money enough to carry him to Vienna. On his arrival at Prague, the Roman Catholics entirely mistrusted him, saying, "Jews here become Christians by hundreds, without the slightest conviction of the truth of Christianity; so that, if a boy twelve years of age does not get from his father what he wants, he says to him, 'Father, if you do not grant my request, I will *hitch*'" (*i. e.*, apostatize!). Wolff therefore left Prague for Vienna, and from Vienna he went to Presburg, and then back again to Vienna, when every farthing of his money was gone. Here he walked about in deep sorrow near some barracks outside the town, called the Alster Caserne. But while plunged in hopeless melancholy, an officer of the Austrian army came behind him, whose name was Major Zsigrey, of the Colloredo regiment, and struck him on the shoulder, saying, "Young man, why so absorbed?" Wolff made him acquainted with his history, and present want of means; and showed him at the same time the testimonials he possessed from Professors Knapp and Niemayer. Major Zsigrey said, stroking his moustaches, "Young man, if you will stay with me in my quarters for some months, and make yourself useful to me, I will give you enough to eat and drink, until you find some

friend to take care of you." Wolff went with him, and one day he was reading Virgil to himself, when the major said, "Do you understand this book? read a little, and translate it to me;" and Wolff doing this to his satisfaction, he said, "My dear young friend, you must remain with me as my guest, and eat at my table as long as you will." Wolff stayed with him about six weeks, and then left Vienna for Munich.

On his way thither, he came to Mölk, a celebrated Monastery of Benedictine Friars. He had read in novels, and heard even from Jews, that monasteries are the seats of learning, where one can improve one's self in science and religion. He therefore went to the Prior, whose name was Father Christopher, and spoke to him in Latin. Father Christopher said, "You must be introduced by me to Father Florian Manuli, I can do nothing without him, because he is the catechist, and a man of great influence in the monastery." Manuli at once agreed to Wolff's desire to remain and receive religious instruction in the monastery, and said that he was to teach Hebrew to the students, and continue his own Latin studies, for which he was to receive ten florins a week and his food. This monastery was a very splendid one, and the monks lived "in dolce giubilo," amusing themselves in all kinds of ways. But they did not like Wolff, and they frequently set on their cook, who was a very handsome woman, to tease him; and as Wolff was once sitting at dinner with the students, all of whom had hitherto respected him, the cook came in, and asked Wolff whether he would eat pork.* He said, "Yes," and then she began to sing in German—

"Mauschel ist tod! Mauschel ist tod!
Ist er tod? Sei er tod.
Friszt er kein Speck und Brod,
Mauschel ist tod," &c.*

On hearing this song, Wolff became so angry, that he gave the woman a slap in the face, and fled the monastery, and came to Munich.

At Munich, the Jews were most kind to him, and he went into the Gymnasium to study Latin, Greek, history, and also dancing: all which were prescribed by Government. Wolff,

* "Moses is dead! Moses is dead!
Is he dead? Let him be dead.
Then he will eat neither ham nor bread,
Moses is dead," &c.

"Mauschel" is a German nickname for Moses.

however, did not wish to attend the dancing school, and he was asked why he would not? So he wrote a short statement that he had no talent for dancing. The director, professors, and all the committee burst out laughing when they read his letter; and he was forthwith desired to learn to draw. This he also declined for the same reason. The director of the Gymnasium, whose name was Kajetan Weiler, a serious, stern-looking man, and a cold philosopher, but of firm principles, insisted upon his learning both. He never would draw a line, however, but got a friend to do his work for him, and all admired his skill, until he betrayed himself by telling them laughingly of the imposition. For this offence he was flogged with a birch, and imprisoned for twenty-four hours on bread and water, when the director, a monk of the Order of the Theatines, said, "Wolff, you had better wait some years before you are baptized; the levity of your mind is at present too great." Besides this, Wolff's relations at Munich protested against his being baptized.

So he left Munich after a residence of six months, and came to Anspach, where he fell in with Protestant professors, all of whom were rationalists. For instance, Professor Stephani, who wrote on the Lord's Supper, a work in which he compared our blessed Lord with Cataline. Wolff also read the writings of Professor Paulus, on the New Testament, in which he not only denied the Divinity of Christ, but gave a most revolting description of his birth, for which the reader is referred to "Paulus's Commentary on the New Testament." Wolff also read the "Wolffenbüttelsche Fragmente," which completely disgusted him with Protestanism, and determined him to be baptized into no other Christian Church but the Roman Catholic; in which resolution he was confirmed by the perusal of the beautiful writings of Johann Michael Sailer.

At last, Wolff came, in the year 1811, to Saxe Weimar, where he studied under Director Lenz, of the Lyceum, son-in-law to the famous Saltzmann, who had the celebrated institution called *Schnepfenthal*, near Gotha, (a kind of preparatory college for the University) for young men from England and from other countries. Here, Johannes Falk, the satirical poet, and afterwards a great benefactor to the poor, the son of a wig-maker of Dantzic, but then Councillor of Legation at Weimar, and the intimate friend of Göthe and Schiller, took much interest in Wolff, and read with him the Latin Classics, and Natural Philosophy; and gave him to read his own "Coriolanus" and "Prometheus;" but Falk was at that time a complete Pantheist. When Wolff told him his design of becoming

a Christian, and of treading in the footsteps of Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier, he said to him, "Wolff, let me give you a piece of advice. Remain what you are; for, if you remain a Jew, you will become a celebrated Jew, but as a Christian you will never be celebrated, for there are plenty of other clever Christians in the world." One day, he was walking out with Falk, when a gentleman, with a commanding and wonderful countenance, came towards them. Wolff said to Falk, "I am sure this is Göthe." Falk said, "How do you know that?" Wolff replied, "I have read his 'Egmont,' and I judge from that. 'For only a man with such a countenance could have written 'Egmont.'" Göthe came towards Falk, and embraced him in a cordial German manner. Then Falk told Göthe, "Now, imagine, this boy knew you from having read your 'Egmont.'" Göthe was flattered with this, and patted Wolff's head. Falk then told him, "He wants to become a Christian, and a man like Francis Xavier; but I advise him to remain a Jew, in which case he will become a celebrated Jew." Göthe said to Wolff, "Young man, follow the bent of your own mind, and don't listen to what Falk says."

Wolff was not pleased with the religion of Weimar, for although the men he met there were far from being infidels, still the religion of Herder, Göthe, Schiller, and Wieland, was a mixture of poetical, philosophical, half Christian, half Hindoo materials, and not at all to his taste. They swore by Prometheus, and sympathized with Ariadne upon Naxos; Kant and Fichte had been their saints, and subjects of daily meditation. Nevertheless, out of this school of revivers of Greek mythology came Dr. Valenti, who was at first a liberal and a revolutionist, but afterwards became a full believer in Christ.

Wolff loved Weimar, but he soon proceeded to Heidelberg, where he used to visit Johann Heinrich Voss, the translator of Homer, and of almost all the Latin and Greek poets; and also Creutzer, the writer of the "History of the Mythology of Ancient Nations," a man of deep and firm principles. From Heidelberg Wolff went to the famous monastery called Santa Maria Einsiedlen, in the canton of Schwytz in Switzerland; and there he read Hebrew and Chaldean with the learned father Genhard, and Jacob Briefer, for which they paid him a sum of money. With this he travelled to Soleure, where he was most kindly received by Father Günter, and at once asked his permission to attend the lectures on philosophy at the college of Soleure. But when he added that, after he should have been well instructed in the Catholic religion, he wished to be baptized, and become a missionary, Father Günter replied: "My dear

young man, there has never before been a Jew at this college, and if it should be heard that one had entered the place, it would alarm the whole town. Yet I wish you to remain here for the lectures; and you may also come to me for religious instruction every day. But you must not tell anybody that you are a Jew; on the contrary, go to church like the rest, and you can live in the house of a citizen of Soleure, named Alleman, where another student also boards, whose name is Beiderman."

Wolff accordingly lived with and became a great friend of Biederman, and they slept in one room, their two beds standing opposite to each other. A conversation once took place between them, whilst they were lying in their respective beds, and the night candle was burning. Wolff said to Biederman, "We have now been friends for some months. I therefore wish to make you acquainted with a circumstance about myself, but I hope that our acquaintance will not be disturbed by it." Biederman replied, "You may tell me anything, we always shall remain friends." Wolff asked Biederman, "Who do you think, Biederman, I am?" Biederman replied, "To tell you the truth, I have always suspected you to be a Berner"—(one of the Protestant cantons in Switzerland called Berne), by which term the Swiss designate all Protestants. Wolff asked him the reason why he suspected him of being a "Berner." Biederman replied, "Because you behave so strangely at church. You sit when others stand; you kneel when others sit." Wolff replied, "Now I will tell you who I am." Biederman said, "Who are you?" Wolff replied, "I am a Jew." Biederman was so frightened that he screamed, and leaped out of the bed; the noise of which roused the landlord and landlady, who came naked into the room, and said, "What's the matter,—is the devil here among you?" Biederman exclaimed, "Worse than that, Wolff is a Jew!" They were greatly shocked, but Wolff calmed them in a most wonderful manner by what he said; and by explaining to them that he had come to Soleure in order to be instructed in Christianity, and become a missionary. They were quieted, therefore; but, the next day the whole town was full of the news. However, it did not produce any bad consequences to Wolff, except that henceforth he was watched.

One day, before the dinner at this lodging, the family turned their faces towards the image of the Virgin Mary, with her Holy Child Jesus on her knees, but Wolff turned his towards the window; on which the landlady said to him, "Sir, our Lord God is not near the window. Our Lord is here,"—

pointing to the image. Wolff indignantly replied, "Our Lord is everywhere; this is only a piece of wood." The landlord went immediately to Father Günter; and then told Wolff that Father Günter desired him to beg pardon. This Wolff declined to do; and so he left the place, and arrived at Prague, in Bohemia.

As Wolff was passing a church in Prague, he heard a Franciscan friar preaching very beautifully, and staid to listen. And after the sermon was over, he went into the vestry and told who he was; whereupon the Franciscan friar spoke very kindly, and introduced him to Bishop Hain, to the prelate Caspar Royko, and to professor Ulman, professor of the Hebrew language. When Wolff had related the story of his residence at Soleure, the bishop and the rest of the gentlemen said,—"Thou art not a common Jew; we shall write to Soleure to Father Günter, and if all is as thou sayest, we shall instantly baptize you." This they did, and Father Günter wrote a very faithful letter in answer, stating the facts as Wolff had stated them; and so Wolff obtained his wish and was baptized at Prague, by the Most Reverend Leopold Zalda, Abbot of the Benedictine Monastery called Emaus, on the 13th September, 1812, being then seventeen years of age. His godfathers were Joseph Veith and Charles Morawetz, and he received the name of "Joseph." He then went to Leutmeritz, where he was confirmed by the Bishop of Leutmeritz; and he received at his confirmation the names of "Stanislaus Wenceslaus," which, however, he has never used.

CHAPTER II.

State of Religion at Vienna; Five Religious Parties; C. M. Hoffbauer; His Life and Habits; Count Stolberg and his Family.

AS the Benedictines of Emaus were sent, by order of Government, to Klattau in Bohemia, for the purpose of forming there a Lyceum (or preparatory school for the University), Wolff was requested to go with them, that he might assist them in teaching German and Latin, which he accordingly did. But his popularity in that place drew down on him the jealousy of the monks. He therefore, after having gained

some money by teaching, returned to Prague, on his way to Vienna, where he purposed studying the Arabic, Persian, Chaldean and Syriac languages, as well as philosophy and theology. The famous philologist, Father Dombrowsky, ex-jesuit and tutor to the children of Prince Nostitz, furnished Wolff with letters of recommendation to Professor Johannes Jahn, the great oriental scholar; and to Dr. Kopitar, the great Sclavonian scholar; and to the celebrated Joseph von Hammer, the greatest oriental linguist in Vienna, the translator of Hafiz,—the editor of "The Mines of the East," and the author of "The History of the Osman Empire." Joseph Wolff arrived with these letters at Vienna, where he was examined by the Professors, and declared competent to give private lectures on the Chaldean, Latin, Hebrew, and German languages; and at the same time, he was matriculated student of the University, and attended lectures on Arabic, Ecclesiastical History, and Divinity. It was here that he became acquainted with Friedrich von Schlegel, the great poet, philosopher, historian, and critic of the poetry of all nations; as also with his wife, Madame Dorothea von Schlegel, who was a daughter of the famous Moses Medelssohn. Besides these, he formed acquaintance with Theodore Körner, the talented author of the "Lyre and Sword," and other poems; and with Baron von Penkler, Aulic-counsellor of Austria. The above-mentioned Schlegel and his wife, as well as Penkler, took the greatest interest in Joseph Wolff; and they introduced him to their Father Confessor, Clement Maria Hoffbauer, Superior-general of the order of Redemptorists.

Before proceeding with Wolff's history, it is necessary to state the condition of Roman Catholicism in Vienna. There was the archbishop, with his canons and priesthood, who belonged to that body of Roman Catholic clergy who may be styled the "Roman Catholics of the Court." That is, they were pompous, and adorned with orders and crosses, the rewards of courtiers, and may be compared with the "high and dry" party of the Church of England. Certainly, though, there were amongst them people of a different and more spiritual character, such as Jacob Frint, who was confessor to the Emperor, and almoner to the Empress; and who wrote eight volumes on the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church, in which he tried to defend them by the assistance of the writings of Emmanuel Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Bardili, Wieland, Schiller, Herder, and Göthe; and he was a benevolent man. All his party believed in the Pope's supremacy, but they tried to keep the Court of Rome within proper bounds;

and were opposed to what they considered as encroachments of the papal power upon the rights of the national church.

Another party in Vienna was that of the followers of Johannes Jahn, who were strictly attached to scripture, but leant somewhat to German neology; not with regard to the divinity of Christ, and the doctrine of the atonement, but upon the grand question of inspiration, and the interpretation of prophecy.

The third party was that of Johannes Michael Sailer, the Fénélon of Germany, and the great Friedrich Leopold, Count of Stolberg. These united strict orthodoxy and attachment to the papal power, admiration for antiquity and the fathers, firm adherence to the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, and belief in the miracles of that Church, with rejection of what is called "pious opinion." As, for instance, they rejected not only the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, but denied the necessity of asking the intercession of the Virgin or of saints; and their minds revolted at the notion of *worship* being addressed to any but the Most High. They believed in the infallibility of the Church, but denied that of the Pope.

There was a fourth, but small party, the Mystical Party, or the so-called Peschelites. Peschel was an interpreter of the Revelation of St. John; and he taught that people ought to be so inflamed by the love of Christ, that they might desire with St. Paul to "know the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death." Peschel's followers took up this idea further, and insisted that Christians should continue the atonement among themselves; with which view they assembled on a Good Friday in a certain house, and cast lots for one to be crucified; and he on whom the lot fell was to be sacrificed. The lot fell on the first occasion upon a poor butcher's maid-servant, who actually submitted to her fate, and suffered with great fortitude and patience. But the next time it fell on a fat Roman Catholic priest, who did not relish the thought at all; and so he gave notice to the police, who took the mystics into custody, and Wolff himself saw Peschel in prison. Peschel was a most amiable-minded man. He never retracted any of his opinions; and when the archbishop wished him to recant, he replied, "You are a blasphemer." He nevertheless confessed to Wolff that he had not intended his followers to proceed to such lengths as they had done.

The fifth party was that of Clement Maria Hoffbauer, who was supported by the *élite* of Germany's learned men, Friedrich von Schlegel, and his wife, *née* Dorothea Mendelssohn,

Friedrich Ludwig Zacharias Werner, the author of the celebrated poem, "Weihe der Kraft," or "Martin Luther," and Adam Müller, philosopher and historian: and around Hoffbauer all the great nobility of Poland, and the archbishops and bishops of Hungary rallied, showing that they were willing to engage to serve under his banner. The working clergy of Austria in the country, and the mystical philosophers of Austria, the Pope's Nuncio, and the great Cardinal Consalvi, were all friends to Hoffbauer; and Pope Pius VII. also countenanced him, and admired his zeal. To bring back the spirit of the Middle Ages was his great design; and he had a firm belief in the papal power. A burning love towards the Virgin Mary, and all the saints, and belief in the perpetuity of the power of miracles in the church of Rome, were doctrines which he powerfully impressed from the pulpit, united with a love of Jesus Christ.

We must now describe the outward appearance of Hoffbauer. He was about five feet seven inches high, with a penetrating shrewd eye. He wore a three-cornered cocked hat upon his head, a black gown of rough cloth over his body, and a girdle round his loins. Shoes without buckles, and rough stockings of coarse wool were on his feet. He always knitted his own stockings, sitting upon a sofa of black leather. He had in his room a little altar, upon which a crucifix was placed, with the picture of the Virgin Mary. His room was divided into several parts, where his young priests had each a table, at which they wrote. He rose at four o'clock in the morning, when he was heard reciting the Lord's Prayer and Ave Maria; and going down stairs, he whispered a short prayer on his way to church, where he celebrated the mass, and heard confessions. He preached five times a day, always coming home to dinner at twelve o'clock precisely. Then he gave a knock upon the table, to summon all the clergy and the young men to assemble together in his room, where they knelt down, whilst he directed a meditation on some spiritual subject—as, for instance, on the importance of spending our lives usefully in the service of God, and for the good of mankind.

His sermons were most extraordinary. Sometimes he preached the Gospel of Christ with such power, that it could never be forgotten by any one who heard him. He one day preached about prayer, when he said, "Many a great sinner says, 'I will pray when I shall be nigh to death.' But do you recollect Antiochus, who also prayed when the very worms were gnawing him, and when he was nigh to death? Yet, what does the Spirit say of his prayer, 'Und der Bösewicht

hub an, und betete zu dem Herrn, der sich nun nicht mehr über ihn erbarmen wolte.' Thus this bad man prayed, but his prayer was not heard, and so will it be with some of you here." Sometimes he would preach about apparitions of spirits, who came from purgatory, or even from hell; and he would describe the appearance of the Virgin Mary, with a golden crown upon her head. Sometimes he lamented the decay of the customs and manners of the monks. It is worth while to give extracts from some of his sermons.

"A Jew, converted to the Roman Catholic religion, once entered a monastery of Jesuits, where he was highly revered for his holy life. But one day, when he was reading mass at the altar, and consecrating the host, he was overheard cursing Christ by one of the monks. That monk denounced him to the Superior, when he defended himself in such a way, that he was unanimously declared to be innocent. That same night, however, he entered the cell of the monk who had accused him, and compelled him, by threatenings, to deny his faith, after which he smothered him. The next day, the monk was found dead in his bed; and all the fathers declared it to be the judgment of God upon him for his calumny of the Jew. But, on a certain day, when they were all seated at dinner, the dead man appeared, and told the whole history; and then he took hold of the Jew by the hair, and dragged him down to the lower world."

It may be well, also, to mix up with his sermons, some of his private conversation. He once related the following story of Martin Luther: "A preacher, in Switzerland, exclaimed in a sermon, 'My dear brethren, shall I bring forth Luther from hell?' They exclaimed, 'Yes!' 'Well,' he cried, 'Luther!' And a voice from outside was heard asking, 'What do you want?' 'Come in,' was the reply, 'and show yourself that you are in hell!' Then Luther came in, in his old gown, roaring dreadfully; and with a kettle of sulphur upon his head, with which he made such a stench, that all the congregation ran out of the church."

One day, Hoffbauer and his clergy and pupils (amongst whom was Wolff) were sitting at a table reciting the breviary together. Hoffbauer sat on his black leather sofa alone, with the table before him, on the opposite side of which were the clergy and pupils. He had a snuff-box before him, which suddenly, by itself, began to hop up and down—to hop up and down—and to make a noise like this: "*piff paff—piff paff.*" Hoffbauer at once said, "Father Hiebel has died this moment at Warsaw, and we must read mass *pro animis in purgatorio*"—"

for the souls in purgatory. They celebrated the mass on the following day; and a fortnight afterwards a letter arrived from Warsaw, saying that Father Hiebel, one of the order of Redemptorists, had died in odour of great sanctity. Father Hiebel was a most intimate friend of Hoffbauer.

Wolff once praised Pope Ganganelli, when Hoffbauer exclaimed, "You are full of Lutheranism; your very face is that of Luther." Another time, Wolff observed, "I can understand the reasonableness of indulgence being a remission of temporal punishments; but I can never understand what purgatory has to do with it." Hoffbauer said, "Luther! Luther! you stink of Lutheranism." Baron von Penkler, who was the only person that presumed to remonstrate with Hoffbauer, said, "The openness of Wolff ought to be encouraged in the highest degree, for I never saw a young man of the Jewish nation before who said just what he thought." Hoffbauer then said, "Ganganelli was made pope through the influence of the Jansenists."

Now then for another of his sermons, from which it is worth while to give an extract, as it refers to the decay of monasteries. He said to the monks in a public sermon. "Oh, you friars, who spend your days in eating and drinking, and in playing billiards and in dancing, let me tell you a story. There was a monastary with which I am well acquainted: the monks there spent their days in eating and drinking, and being merry. And one day, the lay brother was preparing to spread the table, when there entered the refectory a company of strange monks, with the abbot in their midst. The strange abbot said, 'Call down stairs the abbot and the rest of your monks.' They came, when that strange abbot commenced as follows: 'Two hundred and fifty years ago, we were inmates of this monastery, and we lived the same sort of life that you do now; and now we are all lost in hell.' Then the strange monks commenced with a loud chanting voice, '*Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui sancto;*' and the chorus replied, '*Sicut erat in principio, nunc et semper in sæcula sæculorum, Amen.*'" Here Hoffbauer added, "This is their condemnation, that the lost souls must give glory to God against their will;" and then he continued, "After this, the strange monk exclaimed, '*Dominus nobiscum;*' and a voice was heard from out of the ground, '*Dominus non vobiscum;*' upon which a fire came out and destroyed them all!"

The King of Bavaria and the Austrian princes venerated Hoffbauer so much, that they would sometimes come to kiss his hand; his alms were unbounded, but he frequently gave with a

bad grace. Once a poor man came to him for assistance; he gave him ten florins, but he said at the same time, "*Nun gehe hin, und sage überall die Pfaffen sind grosze Schurken.*"

His zeal in the pulpit, and at the confessional, was very great. One day, when he had been bled, the bandage came undone in the pulpit, and he sank down fainting; but on recovering, he simply said to one of the priests, "Tie the bandage more firmly," and then he continued his discourse.

Nevertheless, there were two traits of his character which it is difficult to reconcile with his fame. These were, first, a most violent temper, which he occasionally displayed, even for the slightest trifles; and secondly, the excess to which he carried mental reservation. For instance,—once, one of his secretaries had not come at the moment he called him, so he seized a glass that stood near, and smashed it to atoms; and he would sometimes strike his clergy at the altar, and then excuse himself by observing, "I am determined not to be like Eli; who, for having overlooked the faults of his children, broke his neck, and was rejected of God."

The mental reservation system was carried on by him in a most remarkable way. To prove this, it is only necessary to cite the history of Rosalia, the daughter of a rich merchant at Vienna, in the year 1812. She was about 23 years old, and Hoffbauer was her confessor; she daily visited him in his own house, and he consigned her to the spiritual direction of Joseph von Libowsky, who, in Wolff's judgment, was the most envious, jealous, uncharitable, uncouth, odious, mischief-making, heartless, irreligious fellow in existence. But he took infinite trouble with Rosalia, conversed with her in favour of his Order, and showed her the pictures of holy women to excite her zeal. Wolff saw one of those pictures; it was that of a fine and beautiful lady lying on the ground, with a rosary in her hand. Her eyes were directed to Heaven; but upon her body, mice and rats were gnawing, and she was covered with thorns. In this state this woman was represented to have lain thirty years on the ground. By such stimulants Rosalia's mind was inflamed with the desire of becoming a saint.

Joseph Wolff left Vienna in the year 1814, for Count Stolberg's, and afterwards went to Rome, but on his return to Vienna in the year 1818, he went to Hoffbauer, and finding that Rosalia was no longer there, he asked, with his usual simplicity, "What has become of Rosalia?" Hoffbauer got into a rage, which was awful, and said, "What have you to do with it? Has your curiosity no bounds?" Wolff dared not to say another word, but one of Hoffbauer's young clergy, Martin,

Stark by name, took Wolff aside, and said, "Let me advise you, Wolff, never to mention the name of Rosalia again, she has disappeared. Nobody knows where she has gone; Hoffbauer has been examined, and all of us, before the consistory, and the archbishop himself, and by the police, but nothing is known about her, and the police have already spent 50,000 dollars (which is £8,000) to find her, but in vain." Wolff believed it all.

One day, however, he called upon a neighbour of Hoffbauer, a lady who was also his own personal friend. This lady, whose name was Bieringer, was herself bent upon entering a convent. She said to Wolff, in a most significant manner, "Do you think Hoffbauer does not know where Rosalia is?" Wolff replied, "So I have been informed." Miss Bieringer again smiled in a most penetrating manner, as if she would have said, "I know better." Soon after this, Wolff came to Val-Sainte, where he met Joseph Srna. He asked Wolff, "Have you heard anything about what has become of Rosalia?" Wolff pleaded ignorance. Srna smiled in a very cunning way. At last Father Joseph Sabelli arrived in the Monastery of Val-Sainte. The first word he said to Srna was, "At last Rosalia has been discovered; but, God be praised, she has confessed nothing, except that Count Dahalsky had given her money for travelling." Sabelli continued, "I went that same night to Dahalsky, and told him how far Rosalia had confessed." (Count Dahalsky was a great friend of the Redemptorists.) He replied, "I don't care for it, I may give my money to whom I please."

In short, the whole history of Rosalia was this. The Redemptorists wishing to establish a nunnery, composed of the daughters of high people, and to have the first nunnery at Bucharest, Rosalia was to be sent there. But as emigration was not allowed in Austria, and as they were well convinced that her parents would not give their consent, the affair was arranged so as to delude the public as to Rosalia's real intention; and to enable the Redemptorists to have the appearance of sincerity if they should be questioned about her by the ecclesiastical and civil authorities. She was to go about among her friends, and say in a joking manner, that she was about to go to Rome; so that if they should be examined after her disappearance, whether she had never given any intimation of her intention, or told them where she was going, they might answer, with an appearance of candour, "Yes, she told us that she was going to Rome." And again, she was to change her name, and to be called "Phillipina," instead of Rosalia, so that they

might say with safety, that they knew not where "Rosalia" was.

But the most ignoble part of all this affair was, that while Hoffbauer himself was acquainted with the whole proceeding; whenever he was examined before the consistory, or before the police, instead of answering the questions, he began to preach justice to them, and left the whole defence upon the shoulders of his younger ecclesiastics. Yet when he came home from the tribunal, he would reproach these very ecclesiastics for their criminal conduct in having meddled at all with Rosalia.

One fact more about Hoffbauer, and then we shall have done with him. In the year 1818 he was living with some of his clergy in his private house, whilst a few others of them resided elsewhere, among friends of the Order. But these came every day to their brethren at Hoffbauer's, where they all prayed together from the breviary, and lived, to a certain extent, in the communion of their Order, though not in strict observance of its rules, which can only be properly carried out in a monastery. Father Johannes Sabelli, Hoffbauer's secretary, however, was not satisfied with this make-shift arrangement, complaining that it was not in accordance with his vows. And at last he asked to go to a monastery, which a branch of the Order had established in Switzerland, called Val-Sainte, near Fribourg, but Hoffbauer would not allow this. And as blind obedience to the Superior is their rule, Sabelli could not have his own way. But, meanwhile, to the monastery he was determined to go. And one day he said to Wolff, "Now mark, Joseph Wolff, in six weeks from to-day you will witness a spectacle, which you have never seen before in this house. And you will see that Hoffbauer will be obliged to let me go to Val-Sainte."

After six weeks were over, on the very day that Father Sabelli had predicted something strange, the chief secretary of the Pope's Nuncio entered the room of Hoffbauer, where the society were all assembled, and delivered to Johannes Sabelli's own hand a letter from the Pope. This was most unusual, for the Superior opened all letters; for whomsoever they might be directed. The letter was to this effect: "You must tell Hoffbauer, respectfully, that you wish to go to Val-Sainte, and ask his permission. If he lets you go, well. If he objects, go without his permission." Sabelli, on receiving the letter, went up-stairs to read it, whilst the Nuncio's secretary coolly sat down on the black sofa with Hoffbauer, and gave to him also a letter from the Pope. When Hoffbauer read it, he flew into a violent rage, and exclaimed, "I know what I will do; the

Court of Rome shall fall down to the ground. It is I who make Roman Catholics at Vienna, not the Pope!" And having said this, he left the poor secretary on the sofa, whilst he walked off, to hear confession in Vienna. Nor did he waste one single word of remonstrance upon Sabelli. The Pope's Nuncio, meantime, evidently afraid to incur the displeasure of so powerful a man as Hoffbauer, conciliated him in a most crafty manner. On the following day, the secretary (*auditore*) called again, and sat down with him upon his black leathern sofa, and said to him, "Now, Father Hoffbauer, let us not quarrel; the thing may be remedied to your satisfaction. Emigration is not allowed by the Austrian Government. I will, therefore, write to Rome, that Sabelli cannot get permission from the Austrian Government to go to Switzerland, and the whole affair will be over."

The Pope's Nuncio proposed this because he well knew that Hoffbauer would not for one moment show submission to the power of the Austrian Government; and so it proved, and Hoffbauer consented at once to Sabelli's departure.

We have had almost enough of that extraordinary man who, with the assistance of Messieurs Schlegel, Pilat, and the poet Werner, ruled the whole ultra-Montane party at Vienna, and upset the influence of the courtier clergy, who went about ornamented with the stars of the Emperor. He could not bear, however, the mystical pomposity of the German philosophers and their philosophical terminology, although he had a high regard for Schlegel and the Abbot of Saint Gallen. "These are two very learned men," he said; "I can understand them, but all the rest don't understand themselves." Of Werner he said, "He is a man without dignity, and full of vanity and self-conceit." One anecdote more about him will illustrate his opinion of the German philosophers. The famous Adam Müller once talked to him for a whole hour. He allowed him to go on, but after he had done, coolly said to him, "Pray, Adam Müller, can you explain to me the meaning of what you have said? I have not understood one single word."

Father Abraham Santa Clara was Superior of the Monastery of Saint Augustine in Vienna, under the Emperor Leopold I. He was a man of most holy life, but possessed great wit and humour. The conversions which he made amongst the people were astonishing; but his mode of preaching would scarcely be tolerated now, even at Vienna, where the people are, as they say in Yorkshire, an "outspoken" people. For instance, he preached against gluttony, when he said, "Imagine these Jews, what gluttons they were! They had manna given them in the

desert which had the taste of every food in the world. When they wanted chocolate of Spain, it tasted like that. When they wanted sausages of Pomerania, it tasted like them. When they wanted fricasses of France, it tasted like them. When they wanted roast beef of Austria, it tasted like that. When they wanted *golatschen* of Bohemia, it resembled that. When they wanted sweet, it was sweet: if they wished it acid, it was so: if they liked it cold, it was cold: and whatever they desired they had; but, after all, those nasty fellows wanted to go back to their garlick in Egypt." Then again he instanced Esau, who "went and sold his birthright for a mess of pottage! Now, if he had sold it for a piece of almond cake, there would have been some taste in that."

Again, he one day preached about dancing, and said, "O you unpolished people, everything you do is sin: the way you dance is sin. The Virgin Mary also danced, but how did she do it?" He then showed them in the pulpit how she danced, uttering at the same time a slow and soft cadence. "But how do people dance now!" And then Father Abraham danced about in great fury, saying, "Trallalum, trallalum, trallalum: so that the feet go over the head."

One day, he laid a wager that he would make one half of his congregation weep, whilst the other half should be in fits of laughter. So he preached a most powerful sermon, and the church was crowded. It was upon the Resurrection, and he spoke with such power that those who stood in front were bathed in tears, whilst those who stood behind were continually laughing. This was because he had tied the tail of a fox to the back of his head, which, when he became animated, wagged about in the most absurd manner. If any one wishes to know more about Abraham Santa Clara, he had better read his book of sermons, called "Judas the Arch Scoundrel."

Whilst Wolff was at Vienna, he went into a church one day, and stood near the altar of Saint Peregrine, where he saw an old lady weeping, who said, "O Saint Peregrine, pray with me to Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary, in order that I may not starve with my husband and my grandchildren." Wolff overheard this, as she was kneeling near to where he was; and as he had just three ducats in his pocket, he gave them to the woman, who, overpowered by his generosity, exclaimed, "O Saint Peregrine, thy prayer, indeed, has assisted me!" This she said with such emotion, that the people crowded round her; and as she was a person both known and respected in the neighbourhood, they all considered it a miraculous interposition of God in her behalf. And Madlener, the famous

Redemptorist, who loved Wolff, addressed the people, and said, "You see that the prayer of the righteous Peregrine has prevailed much; and also you see how God has converted men amongst the Jews, for Joseph Wolff is of Jewish nation." The whole of this was rumoured all about Vienna, as a miraculous intervention of God, and that Joseph Wolff had been the instrument of it. And Wolff himself considers that it was a miracle; and he openly avows that there are miracles performed at this day, not only in the Roman Catholic Church, but also in the Greek Church, also by Presbyterians, and not only by priests, but also by laymen and women.

Wolff lived two happy years in Vienna, and studied there history, ecclesiastical and profane, and Eastern languages. There, also, he cultivated the acquaintance of many remarkable persons, and made a journey, during the vacations, to Presburg, where he was introduced to the famous Canon Jordansky, and underwent an examination in practical philosophy. Thence he went to Pesth and Bude, and saw the great Archbishop of Erlau, Baron von Fischer by name. By making the acquaintance of Schedius, Schwarduer, and Szabo, the translator of Homer and Virgil into the Hungarian language, and Maron, the author of the "Hungarian Grammar," also the gentlemanly Baron Szébesy, in Erlau, Wolff conceived a high idea of the great talents and learning of the Hungarians, and was convinced that there are great geniuses among many of those nations who are often considered to be barbarians. During his journey from Presburgh to Pesth he travelled in the carriage of a Hungarian nobleman, Trevenjack de Taktakenyes by name, who recited aloud the whole of Wieland's "Oberon," without making a single mistake.

When Wolff returned to Vienna, he began a translation of the Bible into German, which was admired by the first scholars in Germany, to whom he showed specimens; and after Frederick Leopold Count of Stolberg, had heard of him, he sent him an invitation to his palace, called Tatenhausen, near Bielefeld, in the county of Ravensberg in Westphalia. On his way thither he remained awhile with the Fénelon of the Catholic Church in Germany, Father Johannes Michael Sailer, to whom he was introduced by letters from Ignatius Heinrich von Wessenberg, the coadjutor of the Archbishop Prince Primas, Baron von Dalberg, Archbishop of Ratisbon and Bishop of Constance. Sailer introduced Wolff to the Professors of Landshut, Drs. Salat, Zimmer, and Ast, and they asked him to give a lecture on Hebrew before the University

of Landshut, which was received with enthusiasm. This was in the year 1814.

Thence Wolff proceeded to Ratisbon, and was welcomed at the house of the philosopher Klein, who treated him with the greatest affection, and gave him introductory letters to Drs. Möhler, Kanne, and Schubert, in Nürnberg, where Wolff rested for several days. And here he was much struck by two remarkable characters whom he met. One was Kanne, who was a mighty genius, acquainted with the whole Eastern literature and philosophy; but who for many years denied the greater part of the history of the Bible, and declared it to be a mere mythos, until, suddenly, he was struck by the lightning of the grace of God, and became a humble believer in the Lord Jesus: and it was when under the influence of this conviction that Wolff found him. The other man was Schubert, who is still alive, a philosopher and physician. He was on the point of becoming a Roman Catholic, but retraced his steps, and remained a pious believer in Jesus, within the pale of the Lutheran communion. Wolff's stay was in the house of Dr. Möhler, a Norwegian, who had been converted to Roman Catholicism by Count Stolberg, and whose son is now Professor of History at Louvaine, in Belgium, and a mighty champion for the prerogative of the Papal power, and the mediæval times.

From Nürnberg Wolff proceeded to Aschaffenburg, where he remained for several days in the house of the philosopher Windischman, the writer of the "History of Magic;" after which he stopped at Frankfort on the Maine, where he made the acquaintance of Brentano, Bucholz, Schlosser, and Frederick Schlosser, who had left the Lutheran for the Roman Catholic Church. In Frankfort Wolff gave an imitation of Werner's sermon, imitating his voice in so faithful a manner that people outside, who knew him, believed that Werner must have arrived from Vienna.

At that time in those literary circles there was a great discussion about a wonderful nun, Catherine Emmerich, in Westphalia, who bore on her body the wounds of our Lord Jesus Christ. Upon her head was the crown of thorns, and in her two sides were the wounds of Christ. The crown of thorns and these wounds were said to bleed every Friday; and it was asserted that no painter could paint them with more exactness. All the philosophers and the physicians who examined her, and the director of the police, M. Garnier, had declared them to be supernatural. For, as the physicians justly observed, if these wounds had been made by art, they

would become sore, which was not the case with them. She expressed herself with dignity and beauty about religion, which, as Count Stolberg justly observed, she could not have learned within the precincts of the monastery in which she lived, which was an institution chiefly for the lower orders. She said to Sophie, Countess of Stolberg, "How happy are we to know the Lord Jesus Christ; how difficult it was to our ancestors to arrive at the knowledge of God!" She never admitted any one to see her wounds, except those who were introduced to her by her spiritual director and confessor, Overberg, of Münster; and Wolff boldly confesses his belief in the genuineness of that miracle, for did not Paul carry about with him the marks of the Lord Jesus? That holy woman had visions, and why should such a thing be impossible?

At last Wolff arrived at the house of Count Stolberg, and was quite overpowered at the first sight of that holy man with his gray and bushy locks, his heavenly eye, his voice so soft in common conversation, but like thunder when he spoke on any important subject. Wolff recited to him on his arrival a sermon of Werner's, in which he addressed the Virgin Mary, saying, "Pray to the Lord Jesus, and to *her*" (the Virgin)—when, suddenly, Stolberg thundered out, "Blasphemy! this is not the teaching of the Church." By and by came in the little second wife of Stolberg, the mother of sixteen children, five feet high, and rather more severe in manner than her husband; and soon after her came the Chaplain of the House, Kellerman, who was afterwards Bishop of Münster; and then came Vornholdt, the second tutor; and then the third tutor, who had been a gardener, but was educated above his rank, entered the room with a rosary in his hand. Last of all arrived the eleven sons, and seven daughters of Stolberg, the young counts and countesses, eighteen in all—sons like thunder, and daughters like lightning. There was also there the Countess von Brabeck, who was born at Hildesheim, and had blue eyes and red hair, but was full of intelligence, and spoke fluently German, Italian, and English. This young lady was beautiful as the sun, fair as the moon, and modest as an angel; and she was betrothed to Christian, Count of Stolberg, the second son.

It was delightful to look at this family when they rode out after dinner on horseback; and Wolff felt himself transported into the old times of knighthood, when he saw the old count coming forth from the burgh, with his thundering boys, and chaste daughters, and the Countess Brabeck accompanying

them. When Blücher visited Stolberg, the daughters strewed roses before the hero's feet, and Count Stolberg himself wrote a poem on the occasion, which begins, "Wallet mit hochgesang dem Helden entgegen," which means, "Go to meet with high song the hero."

Wolff lived some months in the house of that beautiful poet and grand nobleman, Count Stolberg—happy months, never to be forgotten in after life; and whilst there was employed in translating the Bible, of which he read specimens to the Count. The Count was so much pleased with it once or twice, that he kissed and tickled Wolff in a droll, good-natured way, as he was used to do when suddenly charmed. Then the Countess said to the Count in an under voice, so that Wolff might not hear it, "Papa, you will make the young man vain!"

Wolff observed that Stolberg's system was entirely different from that of Schlegel, because Stolberg disliked the Middle Ages; and, although adhering strictly to the *dogmas* of the Roman Catholic Church, troubled himself very little with its so-called *opiniones piæ* (pious opinions). He was against the belief of the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary; and when Wolff remarked that she had been the mother of Jesus, Stolberg said, "and Eve was his grandmother." He disapproved, too, of calling the Virgin Mary the Queen of Heaven; saying that God glorified himself here on earth by his Son; and that He glorifies himself in every star and planet in a way we know not of; and, revelation being silent, there was no reason for believing the Virgin Mary to be placed over all. He did not believe, either, the bodily Ascension of the Blessed Virgin to Heaven, but simply the Assumption of her soul; and said that she died at Ephesus. By this he evidently opposed, and, at the same time, incurred the displeasure of the whole ultra-Montane party.

One morning when the family were sitting at breakfast, the news arrived from Münster and Brussels that Napoleon had escaped from the Island of Elba. Stolberg rose and said, "This will be his last attempt."

Wolff walked out with him that day, when suddenly Stolberg became absorbed in thought, and, like a flash of lightning, he burst forth as if inspired with prophetic vision, "Er fällt! Ihn stürzt Gott der almächtige. So hat es beschlossen der Alte der Tage." "God Almighty casts him down; thus it has been decreed by the Ancient of days."

Christian, Count of Stolberg, a youth nineteen years of age, returned from Berlin, where he had been in the house of the

great historian, Niebuhr, and coming home to his parents' house, he embraced his betrothed bride, and went to Waterloo, where he fell in the battle, with one of his brothers. Thus was the prophecy of the old Count Stolberg fulfilled, which he uttered in the year 1792, saying, "My sons, the Stolbergs, shall fall, and shall die the beautiful death, the death for their King—the death for freedom—the death for their fatherland." It was most heartrending to witness the separation of Christian, Count Stolberg, from his betrothed lady, the Countess of Brabeck. He was but nineteen years old, and she seventeen, and he had loved her ever since he was seven; when he used frequently to ride out in the morning to converse with the little girl, then five years old, who leant to him out of the window. The old Countess said to him when he was departing for the battle in which he died, "Children, you know it breaks my heart to see you part; but, Christian, thou must go. Duty and the fatherland call thee!" and so saying, she left the room, bathed in tears.

Too much can scarcely be told of this most interesting family; and therefore Wolff quotes a passage from his own brief memoir, which was published about thirty-five years ago. "Count Stolberg read with me the New Testament; and he himself and his wife often spoke with me of the power of Christ and his resurrection,—of his humility, and of his love to his elected people; and he said to me very often, 'I feel great concern and love for you, and for your brethren, the children of Abraham.' He spoke with horror both of the Inquisition and the Crusades, and considered both as abominable. He considered John Huss a martyr, and spoke of Luther with great regard. It was his intention that I should remain in his house some years; and I also desired and intended it, because I found myself very happy in the company of this great man. But it was not the will of God that I should do so, and I was there only three months. When Napoleon returned from Elba to France, Count Stolberg and his family were in great distress, because, as he had always been an adversary of that tyrant, and had written continually against him, he was now, from being so near France, in danger; and therefore determined to go to Holstein to his brother, in order to place himself and children in security. I left his house with tears, because I had found in him a real friend. And believing his system to be that of the Roman church, and seeing that it accorded with the spirit of Catholicism in all ages, I continued a faithful follower of the Church of Rome; and when, after my departure from Count Stolberg,

I visited some learned men of the Protestant denomination, I defended with great fire the Roman Church; and when they said 'The Catholics believe the infallibility of the Pope, and command the worship of images,' I denied it, and declared that Count Stolberg had taught me the true spirit of Catholicism, which was nothing else than the true doctrine of the Gospel. They replied, 'Stolberg is a good Christian, but he has formed for himself his own Catholicism, which is different from that of Rome; go to Rome and you will be convinced.'" Count Stolberg gave me when I left him twenty-eight guineas for my journey, of which I sent the greater part to my mother."

The subjoined poem is a translation from Stolberg, made many years ago by Dr. Wolff's friend, Mrs. Alfred Gatty, and refers to the death of Count Stolberg's first wife :—

WARNING.

"Let none complain, on whom a woman's love
Beneath the shadow of his homestead smiles,
Though earthly troubles like a flood should pour
Wave after wave around.

"They cannot sink him! As the tears of morn
Dry quickly up before the rising sun,
Ev'n so the floods of sorrow pass away
Before the smiles of love.

"Ye happy! Feel your God-sent happiness!
Salute with tears of joy the early day,
When its young purple light in glory streams
Upon the loved one's sleep.

"Ye happy! Feel your God-sent happiness!
With tears of joy salute the quiet eve,
Ere softly in the flickering lamp-light's ray,
Ye slumber by her side.

"Look on me! Look!—None ever was more blest!
The blessings beggars dream of, kings misuse,
Were but as worthless fleeting chaff, before
The fulness of my joy.

"For thou wert mine, thou sweet one! Dear one, mine!
Mine, mine, thou darling with the dove-like eyes!
Mine, mine, the fondest heart that ever beat
In loving woman's breast.

"Thoughtful and tender, with the hand of love
She spun the glittering threads of all my joy.
And the days glided in the stream of life,
Wave after wave away.

"Wave after wave bore up the little bark,
Wherein we two together floated on;
And on each side, behold! the waters gave
Her gentle features back.

"Oh, none was ever happier! But the fool
Nourished yet many wishes: spread the sails
To many breezes of deceitful hope,—
Looked right and left, around.

"Then, in a sudden storm—behold! behold!
God took his Agnes from him! Now, alone
Upon the wreck he stands, and gazes round,
And speaks the warning words:

"Ye happy! Feel your God-sent happiness!
Praise God awaking, praising close your eyes;
Shut up the fool's door of the idle heart
Against each wandering wish.

"Father of Love! whom tears propitiate,
Let me weep on, while life and light are left:
When my eye fails in death, let Agnes come
To lead me unto Thee!"

CHAPTER III.

Prince Hohenlohe and his doings; Madame de Krudener, her great influence; Route from Germany to Rome.

WOLFF left the house of Count Stolberg on the 3rd of April, 1815, and went to Elwangen, and there met again an old pupil from Vienna, Prince Alexander Hohenlohe Schillingsfürst, afterwards so celebrated for his miracles: to which so many men of the highest rank and intelligence have borne witness that Wolff dares not give a decided opinion about them. But Niebuhr relates that the Pope said to him himself, speaking about Hohenlohe in a sneering manner, "*Questo* far dei mirácoli!" *This* fellow performing miracles! It may be best to offer some slight sketch of Hohenlohe's life, and of the opinion of Madame Schlegel and Bishop Sailer about him.

Hohenlohe was born in the year 1793, and was put first to be educated by the famous Jean Paul Richter. His person was beautiful. After that he was placed under the direction of Vock, the Roman Catholic parish priest at Berne. One

Sunday he was invited to dinner with Vock, his tutor, at the Spanish ambassador's. The next day there was a great noise in the Spanish Embassy, because the mass robe, with the silver chalice, and all its appurtenances, had been stolen. It was advertised in the paper but nothing could be discovered, until Vock took Prince Hohenlohe alone, and said to him, "Prince, confess to me; have you not stolen the mass robe?" He at once confessed it, and said that he made use of it every morning in practising the celebration of mass in his room, which was true. He was afterwards sent to Tyrnau, to the Ecclesiastical Seminary in Hungary, whence he was expelled, on account of levity. But, being a Prince, the Chapter of Olmütz in Moravia, elected him titulary canon of the Cathedral; nevertheless, the Emperor Francis was too honest to confirm it. Wolff taught him Hebrew in Vienna. He had but little talent for languages; but his conversation on religion was sometimes very charming, and at other times he broke out into most indecent discourses. Sometimes he conversed of his high attachment to the papal power. But sometimes again, he broke forth in invectives against the whole court of Rome. He was ordained priest, and Sailer preached a sermon on the day of his ordination, which sermon was published under the title of "The Priest without Reproach." On the same day money was collected for the building of a Roman Catholic church at Zürich, and the money collected was given to Prince Hohenlohe, to be remitted to the parish priest of Zürich (Moritz Mayer). But the money never reached its destination. Wolff saw him once at the bed of the sick and the dying, and his discourse, exhortations, and treatment of those sick people were wonderfully beautiful. When he mounted the pulpit to preach, one imagined one saw a saint of the Middle Ages. His devotion was penetrating, and commanded silence in a church where there were 4,000 people collected. Wolff one day called on him, when Hohenlohe said to him, "I never read any other book than the Bible: and the crucifix is before me, as you see, when I compose my sermons. I never look in a sermon-book by any one else, not even at the sermons of Sailer." But Wolff, after this, heard him preach, and the whole sermon was copied from one of Sailer's, which Wolff had read only the day before. With all his faults, Hohenlohe cannot be charged with avarice, for he gave away every farthing he got, perhaps even that which he obtained dishonestly.

They afterwards met at Rome, where Hohenlohe lodged in the monastery of the Jesuits, and there it was said he com-

posed a Latin poem. Wolff, knowing his incapacity to do such a thing, asked him boldly, "Who is the author of this poem?" Hohenlohe confessed at once that it was written by a Jesuit priest. At that time, Madame Schlegel wrote thus to Wolff: "Wolff, Prince Hohenlohe is a man who struggles with Heaven and Hell, and Heaven will gain the victory with him." Hohenlohe was on the point of being made bishop at Rome, but, on the strength of his previous knowledge of him, Wolff protested against his consecration. Several princes, amongst them Kaunitz, the ambassador, took Hohenlohe's part on this occasion; but the matter was investigated, and Hohelohe walked off from Rome without being made bishop. It was in Alexandria, in Egypt, five years afterwards, viz., in 1821, that Joseph Wolff heard for the first time of the miracles of Prince Alexander Hohenlohe. In his protest against this man, Wolff stated that Hohenlohe's pretensions to being Canon of Olmütz were false; that he had been expelled from the Seminary of Tyrnau; that he sometimes spoke like a saint, and at other times like a profligate; and, in short, he gave an exact account of his life, as before described. Now to return to Wolff's own history.

In the year 1815 he went to Tübingen, and entered the Protestant University there. But, as he was professing openly his faith in the Roman Catholic religion, every eye was directed to him, and every movement he made was observed. His instructors were Schnurrer, professor of Arabic, Steudel, professor of Hebrew and Biblical literature, Flatt, a holy and good man, professor of the interpretation of the New Testament; and Eschenmayer, professor of Philosophy. Wolff having had to contend with poverty, asked the professors whether he could have the free table, which is given to a number of students in the Protestant cloister at Tübingen. They unanimously declared that this foundation was for Lutherans, and not for Roman Catholics. Upon this, Wolff wrote a letter to his Majesty the King Frederick of Wurtemburg, and told him that he, Wolff, had been the personal friend of Count Stolberg, who had had the honour of dining with his Majesty every day at St. Petersburg, at the time when his Majesty was a general officer in the Russian service, under Emperor Paul. Wolff wrote at the same time to Count Dillon, a favourite of the king. After six days from his writing these letters, an order arrived from the king that Joseph Wolff must enjoy the privilege of being admitted a free guest of the cloister at Tübingen; and at the same time a letter arrived to him from his Royal Highness Prince Dalberg, Bishop of Ratisbon, the late Grand

Duke of Frankfort, granting him a yearly pension of £25. This enabled Wolff to study comfortably at Tübingen, and take a very good lodging in the house of the Bürgermeister of Tübingen, Bossert by name. It is related of King Frederick, who married one of the daughters of George III. of England, that he once slapped the faces both of his queen and also of his sister the Empress of Russia. He was so fat, that a half-circle was cut out of the dining table to accomodate his person; and his queen was equally obese.

At Tübingen Wolff studied with all diligence, the Oriental languages, and theology; and he disputed with all the professors in favour of the Roman Catholic religion. But when he stated his views on the *dogmas* of the Church of Rome, the unanimous opinion of the professors and students was, that his views were not those of the Church of Rome, but those of Frederick Leopold Count of Stolberg, and of Bishop Sailer; and that, though they tolerated at Rome that those views should be held by Stolberg, they would not allow Joseph Wolff to hold them when he came to Rome, and entered himself as a pupil at the Propaganda, which was his intention.

Wolff must confess that when he arrived at Tübingen, he was greatly disappointed in regard to giving lessons, which he hoped to do for his support. He soon found out that the students themselves beat him in their critical knowledge of the Hebrew and Chaldæan languages; for there was no University in all Germany, at that time, so well versed in Biblical literature as the professors and students of Tübingen. The students not only read the Hebrew Bible with the greatest facility, but also wrote most beautifully the pure Hebrew language, for which they had a book by Weckherlin, who had composed exercises for translating German theses into Hebrew. Besides this, they were disciples of the famous Storr, the greatest Biblical Scholar in Europe, and the most profound divine in the Lutheran Church, according to the good old style. So Wolff felt and acknowledged his inability to teach them.

And quite recently, Wolff experienced a similar incapacity, when he met the Rev. William Barnard, Vicar of Alverston, near Stratford-on-Avon, whom he undertook to instruct in Chaldæan and Syriac, and found to be more practised in them, than Wolff was himself; and he predicts that this young man may some day be a distinguished professor of Eastern languages in one of our English Universities.

But to return to Tübingen. When a month had nearly elapsed, and Wolff had earned no money to pay for his lodging

and board, he knelt down and prayed; and scarcely had he finished his prayer, when the postman entered his room, and and presented the letter from Prince Dalberg, Archbishop of Ratisbon, which, as already described, awarded him a pension of £25 a year.

Though Wolff observed in Tübingen, with great delight, the piety of the Lutheran professors, Flatt, Steudel, and Bahnmayer, who were far from being Neologists, and were real Christians;—yet he was disgusted with the harshness most of them expressed against the Church of Rome, especially with the intolerance of Schnurrer and Gab. Wolff left Tübingen in 1816, to proceed towards Rome, and arrived at Aarau, where he lodged partly with the Roman Catholic priest, Vock, who at that time was a latitudinarian, and afterwards an ultramontane; and partly with Zschocke, the Walter Scott of Switzerland, and the writer of the history of Switzerland. And there, in Aarau, he made also the acquaintance of that extraordinary lady, Madame la Baronne de Krudener, the authoress of the novel called "Valerie." She had been a lady of fashion at all the Courts of Europe, and was suddenly converted by a vision; and appeared, as the Ambassadress of Christ, first at Paris, in the years 1813-14, after the battle of Leipzig, when the allied Powers met in Paris, and exiled Napoleon to the island of Elba. She lived in a hotel, and sometimes she made her appearance in one of the grand *salons*, dressed like a nun of the Dominican Order, and though already past fifty summers, her former beauty had not yet passed away.

The Emperor Alexander was struck with conviction of sin, and converted through the preaching of Madame de Krudener. Talleyrand also, and all the princes of the empire attended the discourses which she delivered in French and German, in the presence of all the grandees and Powers of Europe. She pointed to Christ, whom she continually styled "the lion of the tribe of Judah," who shall come to fight the battle, and subdue his enemies. Jung Stilling, too, the ex-tailor and the ex-charcoal burner, but afterwards the celebrated professor of Marburg and Carlsruhe, was induced to become her disciple; and it is said that she was the authoress of the Holy Alliance made between the Powers of Europe for maintaining legitimacy.

When Labedoyère was sentenced to die, Madame Labedoyère went to Madame de Krudener, fell at her feet, and asked her to intercede for him with the Emperor Alexander. She did so, but the Emperor Alexander told her that it was not in his power to save his life. Madame de Krudener was grieved,

but went to the prison, spoke to him about religion, and did her utmost to comfort and strengthen him. Labedoyère was executed; and after his death, he appeared to Madame de Krudener by daylight, and said to her, "*Madame, je suis sauvé,*"—"Madame, I am saved."

Wolff called on this lady at Aarau; he went, by her appointment, at eight o'clock in the morning, and remained with her till ten o'clock at night. She wore on her bosom, enamelled with gold, a piece of the real cross of Christ. Her companions were, Monsieur Empayatz, who was a Genevan priest; Madame d'Armand, a follower of Madame de la Motte Guyon, and the mother of M. Empaytaz, and Demoiselle la Fontaine. She was now no longer surrounded by the princes of Europe, but by the learned; by priests; by the people of Switzerland, especially the Pietists; by the poor, the blind, the lame, the maimed. Pestalozzi also called on her, and shed tears of repentance. She had been exiled from Basle before she came to Aarau. The moment she left the town, a dreadful thunderstorm was heard at Basle, which was declared to be a punishment upon the city for having exiled that holy woman. She wrote in Wolff's album five sheets, which were penned with an eloquence which astonished Pope Pius VII., when Wolff translated them to him. She had such influence, that people knelt down, confessed their sins, and received absolution from her. But now we must leave her. There is only further to be said, that she begged Wolff to see the infant seminary, which was to be established at Basle, for the sending forth of missionaries into all the world; of which, Dr. Blumhardt was the first inspector, and Spittler, the secretary. She also furnished him with letters to a very extraordinary man, Professor Lachenal by name; and to her son-in-law and daughter, Baron and Baroness Bergheim, who resided in a little village called Hörnle, near Basle; and to Baron d'Olry, Bavarian ambassador at Berne, a Roman Catholic by profession, but who had been converted to a living faith in Christ by her preaching; and finally, to Madame la Baronne de Staël Holstein, the famous author of "Corinne."

The members of that infant seminary at Basle were of the Reformed Church, and of true Gospel piety; they loved Christ with all their heart; but Wolff disliked in them their inveterate enmity to the Church of Rome, to which he himself was unflinchingly attached; and he defended it with a fire which, as they confessed, carried them away. They said, for instance,—"What do you say to the Church of Rome having burnt Huss and Jerome of Prague?" Wolff simply said,

"What do you say to John Calvin having burnt Servetus? —and to the whole Lutheran consistory having persecuted and suffered Kepler, the great mathematician, to starve?—and to the preacher Ulrich Zwingli having died in battle, like Ali, the Muhammadan?" They replied, "We don't ascribe infallibility to them." And Wolff replied, "And the Church of Rome does not ascribe infallibility to the murderers of Huss and Jerome." They replied, "The Church has done it." Wolff replied, "The Church simply declared their doctrine to be heretical, and the State punished them; and this is the argument the Protestants use with respect to Calvin." They replied, "The world has become wiser, and more enlightened since then." On which Wolff replied, "And the Roman Catholic world has also become wiser and more enlightened since then." Blumhardt said, "Rome has never changed." Wolff answered, "Rome is not the Catholic Church." They replied, "You have to believe the infallibility of the Pope." Wolff replied, "This I do not believe." They said, "You are a Stolbergian, and not a Roman Catholic." And Blumhardt added, "With your sentiments you will be banished from Rome." Wolff answered, "This is still to be ascertained."

Now, as to the character of Lachenal. He was a mystic by nature, but the most benevolent man in the world, so that the poor of Basle quite lived on his bounty. He was exceedingly attached to Wolff, and said to him one day, "You are, in one respect, entirely like myself: I take religion to be a matter of heart and imagination; reasoning has nothing to do with it. My belief is, that Christ will appear upon earth with a sword in his hand, and dressed like a field-marshal, and on his breast he will wear a star covered with diamonds!" Lachenal's great friend was Jung Stilling, who held equally mystical ideas with himself. Wolff and Lachenal went to Hörnle one evening together, where they found Baron and Baroness* Bergheim at their devotions, with the poor of the village; such being their custom. They were just then singing, "Christ upon Golgotha," composed by Lavater. After this was over, they embraced Wolff, and then they were surrounded by shoemakers, tailors, and carpenters, who embraced Baron Bergheim as their "brother in Christ." Wolff noticed at once, with his innate acuteness, the pride and vanity produced in those mechanics, by being allowed to embrace a baron! And he took the liberty, afterwards, to speak to

* A daughter of Madame de Krudener.

Baron Bergheim about it, and to tell him that he would do no good by allowing such liberties; adding that he ought to follow the example of Count Stolberg, who was as pious a man as ever lived, but who addressed the tailor, shoemaker, and peasant, as "Thou;" and demanded from them that they should address him as "high excellency," and "Count of Stolberg." Baron Bergheim was much struck, and changed his habits from that moment, and said, "Wolff, you are a man who will bring a new spirit into the Church."

Wolff, after a few days, took his knapsack, and went on foot towards Fribourg, in Switzerland. On his road to Fribourg, he met Protestant peasants, who seriously asked the Roman Catholic friars to make the sign of the cross upon their sick cattle, in order that they might be cured; whilst, with the same breath, they laughed at the superstition of the Roman Catholics, though they were not behind them in the same thing. Wolff arrived in Fribourg, where he met with Père Passerat, the head of the Redemptorists there, who, observing his Hebrew bible, asked to look in it; and then said, "This bible was printed in Amsterdam." And Passerat took the bible away and would not return it, because it was printed in a heretical town.

Wolff, in great distress at his loss, left Fribourg and came to Vevay, where he met with the Protestant preacher, Scherer. He called on him, without knowing him, and said to him, "Would you sell me a Hebrew bible? The Redemptorists have taken mine away in Fribourg." He continued, "I am a Roman Catholic, and am going to Rome to enter the College of the Propaganda." Scherer answered, "I am sorry I have no Hebrew bible, but will you stay here and dine with me?" Wolff did so, and during dinner, Scherer became so attached to him, that he said, "There! I see you are an interesting young man; and my wife and myself will be happy if you will stay here a fortnight: and we will show you the country around Vevay." Wolff remained there a fortnight, and made the acquaintance of Monsieur Gaudard, colonel of a Swiss regiment, who was a man of deep reading, and acquainted with all the chief mystical writers of England, France, and Germany. He wrote to the Emperor Alexander of Russia, to assist him in establishing a military knighthood, for the purpose of promoting Christianity in the depths of Siberia.

Sometimes during this visit, Wolff went with a company of ladies and gentlemen to an open field near the lake to enjoy a picnic, on which occasions they danced; and Madame Scherer insisted once upon Wolff dancing with her. But he, never

accustomed to dance, could only hop about with her, and at last gave a kick to her ancles, so that she gave up all attempt at dancing with him ever after.

At other times, he went rowing about in a boat with the rest on the lake of Geneva, when M. Roselet, the assistant of Scherer, played the harp, and the ladies on the shore accompanied it with the heavenly melody of their voices. Previous to his departure, M. Roselet made Wolff a present of a Hebrew bible; and then he departed for Valais, where the Redemptorists again saw his bible, and took it away, because it was printed in Leipsic. Wolff, however, who remained over-night in the house of the Redemptorists, recovered his book by stealth, and ran off. This bible we must finish the adventures of, before we go on with our history.

Wolff travelled with it throughout Italy, and arrived with it at Rome. And on being introduced to Pope Pius VII., he showed it to him, and told him its adventures; on which Pius VII. laughed, and said, "There are hot-headed people to be found everywhere." And both in the Collegio Romano, and the Propaganda, Wolff studied up for his examination out of that bible, and wrote notes in it, and was allowed to retain it; but two years afterwards, when he was banished from Rome, the bible was, in the confusion, left behind. Wolff made several attempts at getting it back, but in vain; and after this, he came to England, and, having studied in Cambridge, undertook his great missionary tour through Central Asia, and finally reached the United States of North America.

On his arrival in Philadelphia, in company with the Right Reverend George Washington Doane, Protestant bishop of New Jersey, as they were passing the house of the Roman-Catholic bishop of Philadelphia, Bishop Doane, pointing to it, said, "Wolff, one of your old friends lives there—the Roman Catholic bishop of Philadelphia." Wolff said, "Come, and let us pay him a visit." On which, Bishop Doane sent him there with one of his clergymen, and a Protestant Episcopal lawyer. Wolff announced his name to the bishop, who came down stairs to receive him, and said, "Ricordatevi di me?" Wolff at once recognized him, and said, "Yes! you are Kenrick, my fellow-pupil in the College of the Propaganda." And then they went together to the Bishop's room, who took a bible from his table, and showing it to Wolff, said, "Take back your own!"

And that bible is now in Dr. Wolff's possession at Ile Brewers, which was twenty years away from him. In November, 1859, Wolff paid a visit to Mrs. Read, who resides

at Sheffield, and is daughter to the same Scherer of Vevay, in whose house he received the bible, which afterwards he twice lost and twice recovered.

But to return to the history of Joseph Wolff, and the continuation of his journey.

He went from Valais to Milan, where the professors and the librarians of the Ambrosian Library paid him the greatest attention, except Van der Hagen, a German; a nasty jealous fellow, and disliked by his colleagues. However, he was remarkable for one thing. He discovered the famous imposture and forgery of the *Codex diplomaticus*, which excited such a sensation throughout Europe in the year 1770, and was translated by the impostor, Giuseppe Vella, and deposited in the monastery of San Martino in Palermo. It is worth while to take some notice of that imposture.

A great deal was said at that time about a correspondence which had taken place centuries back, between the Kings of Naples and Morocco, and the Sultan; when suddenly Giuseppe Vella, a Maltese and a priest, published what professed to be that very correspondence: one column containing the supposed original, in Arabic, and the other column Vella's translation. This interesting volume was deposited in the monastery of San Martino, in Palermo; and Giuseppe Vella received a pension from Austria and from Naples, and was knighted by the monarchs of both those countries. Van der Hagen, Professor of the Eastern Languages at Milan, who himself knew very little of Arabic, had yet his doubts about this document, so he wrote to both courts, and was charged by both monarchs to go to Palermo, and examine it. On his arrival there, he found, on looking at the original, that it was nothing but the Roman Breviary in the Arabic language. Giuseppe lost his orders and pensions, and was imprisoned for his imposture.

The Italian Professors at Milan, especially Don Giorgio, procured for Joseph Wolff letters of introduction to Cardinal Vedoni, at Rome; and, after having stopped for some weeks at Milan, he proceeded on his way, on foot, with a knapsack on his back, like a German student, to Novara. A torrent of rain surprised him, and wetted through everything he had. On reaching Novara, late in the evening, and having had a letter for a nun there, whose name was Huber Miéville, he hastened to present it. These nuns were Salesians—of the Order of François de Sales—and were allowed to walk out. Wolff rang the bell. A sister came to the door, and exclaimed, "Deo gratias." The door was opened, and Wolff said he had a letter for Mother Huber Miéville.

He was shown to the splendid refectory, where he met the Padre Confessore, a Dominican friar; a fat gentleman, but of an amiable-looking countenance, with a rosary in his hand. He began to enter into conversation with Wolff, while the letter was sent upstairs to the nun; when suddenly Huber Miéville, with the whole band of nuns came down, shouting, "Un Ebreo, un Ebreo convertito!"

They immediately asked Wolff to supper. Standing near the table, the Padre Confessore offered up a prayer, and Wolff made the sign of the cross. They all exclaimed, "How this blessed, blessed young man makes the cross! Amiable boy" (Amabile giovane), said they, in the midst of their prayers, "God bless him!"

Then the Padre Confessore very gravely inquired of him, "Can you say *Pater Noster?*"

Wolff recited *Pater Noster.*

"Say *Ave Maria.*"

Wolff recited *Ave Maria.*

"Say again *Salve Regina.*"

Wolff recited the whole of *Salve Regina.*

All the nuns exclaimed again,

"Veramente un Santerello!" "Truly, a little saint!"

And the Dominican friar said,

"He will be an apostle, like Paul!"

He gave to Wolff his large shirt to put on, for he was soaked with wet. They procured him also a night quarter in the house of the first magistrate of the place, but Wolff was to breakfast and dine with the nuns. After breakfast, they introduced him to the Abbess, who was a French countess, seventy years of age. She was seated upon a beautiful chair, and in a most handsomely furnished room. She was just finishing the words of the psalmist, which she uttered with great devotion, "If thou regardest iniquity, O Lord, who can stand?" *Si observaveris iniquitates, Domine, Domine, quis sustinebit?*

After this, she gave Wolff her two cheeks to kiss, which he did with great grace.

She then talked about the decay of piety in the Church, with wonderful dignity; and presented Wolff with a beautiful rosary of silver, and nice little cakes, called "Nuns' hearts," and ordered her nuns to provide him with everything, and to give him letters for Turin. He got letters also for Cardinal Cacciapiati, and then departed for Turin.

On his arrival at Turin, he was received, with the greatest kindness, by the Prussian ambassador, Count Waldbourg-

Truchsess, who was one of the commissioners from the Court of Prussia, and accompanied Napoleon to the island of Elba. His wife was the daughter of Prince Hohenzollern Hechingen, a Roman Catholic. Wolff met in their house Madame de Staël Holstein, August Wilhelm von Schlegel, and Count de la Torre, a man of great information and piety, and well versed in the German language. And he also met Kosslossky, Russian ambassador, and Monsieur Potemkin, nephew of the great Potemkin, favourite of the Empress Catherine. Wolff read first to Madame de Staël, and the whole party, what Madame de Krudener had written in his album; on which Madame de Staël observed, that she had the highest admiration for Madame de Krudener, because in her one could see enthusiasm in its highest perfection. After this Wolff read portions of his poetical translations of Isaiah and Jeremiah; and Schlegel gave him a hint about his mode of reading—finding fault with him because he continually read with too much emphasis, an observation of which he availed himself in future.

At Turin, he also met in the library two interesting persons, Professor Pieron, professor of the Oriental languages and librarian, and an English gentleman, who has ever since been Wolff's friend, and whom he will again have occasion to mention when he gives an account of his arrival at Rome. This was a man of the highest accomplishments, well versed in Latin and Greek, and in Italian, German, and French literature; and who is still alive, "a fine Old English Gentleman of the olden time." His name is David Baillie, Esq. And by-and-by, after all the ambassadors, and Professor Pieron, and David Baillie, and Abbate Tosi, had furnished Wolff with letters of recommendation to the foreign ambassadors and cardinals, and to that celebrated member of the Inquisition, Benedetto Olivieri, a Dominican friar in Rome, Wolff was requested by David Baillie to accompany him to Genoa.

In Genoa, he took leave of Baillie, and embarked for Cività Vecchia in a little felucca, being accompanied by a pious, good, excellent Spanish friar of the Dominician Order, whose name was Padre Quarienti, with whom he conversed about Don Quixote of La Mancha. But, as the wind was contrary, he remained at Porto Fino, ten Italian miles from Genoa, for three weeks. The wind then changed, and after three days more, he arrived at Leghorn. But when the wind again changed for the worse, and Wolff's money had decreased to half a louis d'or, he was afraid that this would soon be spent, so he set out on foot from Leghorn for Pisa. This was in May, 1816, and the heat at that season was so overpowering

that Wolff found it difficult to walk, and he was still 300 English miles from Rome; and having had no letters of credit for any of the towns on the road, he did not know what to do. So he knelt down and prayed. Scarcely had he prayed for a few minutes, when a vettura came up behind him, destined to go to Rome. Wolff arranged with the vetturino to take him as far as Pisa, for which he agreed to give him a quarter of a louis d'or. But there were sitting in the carriage several passengers, and one of them was struck with Joseph Wolff, and asked him where he intended to go? Wolff said, "I intend to go to Rome, to enter the College of the Propaganda, and to become a missionary." The stranger said, "Why do you not agree with the vetturino to take you to Rome? He would do so for six louis d'or." Wolff said, "I have only a quarter of a louis d'or left myself; but will you trust me, and pledge yourself to the vetturino that I will pay him? If so, I will pay you in a day after my arrival in Rome. I give you my knapsack as security, until you have the money." The stranger replied, "I don't want your knapsack. I will advance you the money, for you have honesty written in your face."

So Wolff continued his journey to Rome; passing through Sienna, where he stopped to look at the room of Santa Catarina of Siena, who in her writings reproved the pomp of the Popes with much power and energy. And there he saw the paintings of Correggio. During his journey, he was joined by two Franciscan friars from Spain; an old one, and a young one. The old one was an ignorant jackass; but the young one was a man of the highest talent, who gave Wolff an insight into the cruelty of the Inquisition in Spain.

At last, Wolff arrived at the frontier of the Papal States, where he saw the cross planted, with the papal arms in the centre, superscribed with the word *Pax*, by which Wolff was most agreeably surprised. But on his proceeding further, he saw a gallows, and criminals hanging upon it, whereupon he could not help making the remark to one of his friends, "There does not seem to be perfect peace in the Papal States!" Perugia, thou art another proof that the millenial time has not yet arrived!

At Faenza, Wolff made the acquaintance of a most interesting young man. This was Orioli, Professor of Chemistry in Bologna. He was versed in all the writings of the philosophers of France, England, and Germany, and he said to Wolff, "Look out at Rome, Wolff; *Con Dio è perdono, un prete non perdona mai*—With God there is pardon, a priest never pardons." At Viterbo he saw the sepulchre of Santa Rosa,

which performs many miracles. The nuns gave him a piece of her girdle, which he put into his pocket; but he lost it half an hour after.

CHAPTER IV.

Rome and its Society; Pope and Ecclesiastics; Collegio Romano and Propaganda; their Discipline; is Expelled from Rome.

AT last Wolff arrived in Rome, when he found that he had travelled in the vettura in company with Prince Salignac, and his interesting daughter, ten years of age. And the person who had advanced him the money was an officer of the Piedmontese army, who had left it in order to go into the desert of Egypt, and live there as a hermit, and atone for his sins. There seemed great conviction of sin in this man.

Wolff, on his arrival in Rome, met with his friends Johannes and Philip Veit, sons of Madame Schlegel, and step-sons to the great Friedrich Schlegel. Here Wolff must enlarge a little on the family of these two remarkable men, who were both painters, of high celebrity in their own country. Madame Schlegel (who was a daughter of Mendelssohn the philosopher) was married first to their father the Jewish banker Veit; but Friedrich Schlegel became acquainted with her, and wrote in her praise a novel called "Lucinde;" to which Madame Veit replied by another novel entitled "Florentine." After this, she was divorced by Veit; but the two sons followed their mother, and were soon after baptized with her and Schlegel himself into the Roman Catholic Church, by Cardinal Severoli, the Pope's Nuncio at Vienna. Nevertheless, the noble old banker, Veit, never forsook his children, but made them the heirs of his fortune. Johannes Veit advanced the money to Joseph Wolff on his bills on Germany at once; and he thus was able to repay the Piedmontese officer, who continued his journey into the desert of Egypt, to die there as a hermit. Wolff looked out for him afterwards, on his arrival in that country, but could never find him.

Painter Overbeck, and the two Veits, and the son of the philosopher Plattner, went the same day with Wolff to that extraordinary man, the Abbate Pietro Ostini, of whom we shall have a great deal to say; and who took Wolff at once to Cardinal's Litta's, and announced to his Eminence that a

young man of the Jewish nation had arrived, who wished to enter the Propaganda. Litta said, "This can be nobody else but Joseph Wolff. I must immediately recommend him to Pius VII." Wolff was then called into the room, where Litta received him with the greatest cordiality, and said to him, "This evening your arrival will be announced to his Holiness Pius VII."

Here we must make a few remarks about Ostini. Pietro Ostini was Professor at the Collegio Romano, and taught ecclesiastical history there, even before the exile of Pius VII. to Fontainbleau, and he also continued to hold this office after the return of that amiable pontiff, and his cardinal. But during their banishment Ostini became a partisan of Napoleon, and favoured his government in Rome; which fact (in a subsequent conversation he held with Wolff) he did not attempt to deny, but simply said in reply to Wolff's reproaches, "I held myself neutral at that time." However, it had struck Ostini that events might change, and the Pope might return; so to secure his approbation, he undertook the conversion of celebrated Protestants to the Romish Church, in which attempt he wonderfully succeeded. He converted the celebrated painters, Overbeck, Vogel, and Schadow, and the poets Tieck and Werner, Princess Gagarin, and many others. He was not a man of great learning, but of much taste and judgment. He knew very well that the ultramontane system would not do with Germans, and therefore he adopted the system of Bossuet; and after he had converted a crowd of celebrated Germans, he introduced them in a body to the confessor of the Pope, Bishop Menocchio, who still remained in Rome, and was a performer of miracles, healing the sick with the sign of the cross; and Ostini desired this great man to confirm his converts. When, however, the Pope returned from Fontainbleau to Rome, he showed himself (it is to be regretted) more severe than his friends had expected. Many of those who had espoused the cause of Napoleon were exiled to Corsica; Cardinal Maury was seen by Wolff lying stretched in a black gown, at the foot of the altar, as a penance; and his Holiness exclaimed, "Ostini must go to Corsica." But here Menocchio interfered and said, "Nay, your Holiness, this must not be—for Ostini has been a mighty intrument in the hands of God, for bringing in many great heretics to the church." Pius VII. pardoned Ostini accordingly, and all Rome shouted, "Ostini ha cambiato!" (Ostini has changed!) and so he had; for as Wolff observes, he never saw such a cringing fellow as he had become. Whenever he saw a great man, whom he knew to be intimate with

the Pope, he instantly bowed to the ground, so that his nose almost touched the earth.

However, to return to Wolff. He was introduced by the Prince of Saxe Gotha to Cardinals Consalvi, and Pacca, and by Monsignor Testa to His Holiness Pope Pius VII., who received him with the greatest condescension; Wolff had seen him previously in the Church of St. Maria Maggiore, and had been deeply impressed by the sanctity of his appearance, and now wished to kiss his feet, but he held out his hand, which Wolff kissed with great simplicity. Pius VII. talked with him about Stolberg, Schlegel, and Hoffbauer, and then desired him to read some part of the Hebrew Bible. This he did, and the Pope said to him, "You are my son,"—(*Sieto mio figlio!*)—implying his affectionate interest in him. "The Propaganda is not yet restored from its confusion during my exile,* but you shall go to my own seminary, and hear the lectures at the Collegio Romano, until order is re-established. I shall give directions for your reception." The Pope's voice was as soft as a child's, his countenance remarkably mild, and his eyes had an habitually upward glance, though without pretension or affectation. Wolff gently and caressingly patted his Holiness on the shoulder, saying, "I love your Holiness!" (Io amo la vostra santità.) "Give me your blessing!" Then kneeling down he received the benediction of that holy man, of which he will always treasure the most pleasing recollection, in spite of those bigoted Protestants, who declare the Pope to be Antichrist!

And thus on the 5th of September, 1816, Wolff entered the seminary of the Collegio Romano; a part of the establishment which is appropriated to the use of young Italians who are being educated as Priests of the Diocese of Rome. Wolff was told that his admission there was an unprecedented act of favour; and that the Pope had sent for the Rector, and specially recommended him. On his entrance he received the usual dress of the pupils, namely, a violet blue garment, and a triangular hat. It was the custom of the place, whenever a novice arrived, to put him under an elder pupil, who became his "Angelo custode," and made him acquainted with all the usages of the place. To the honour of the pupils and pro-

* During the exile of Pope Pius VII. at Fontainbleau, the Collegio Urbano della Propaganda Fede was partially used as barracks by the French soldiers, and altogether thrown into confusion. On the return of the Pope in 1814, a restoration was commenced, but it was not fully completed until the year 1817.

fessors of that college, be it said, that they treated Joseph Wolff with the greatest kindness and cordiality. They were young men of the highest intelligence and talent; lively, fiery, witty, cordial Italians; some of them of high birth: among others there was Count Ferretti, the present Pope Pius IX., a mild, pious, liberal-minded young man, who was well acquainted with the writings of Savonarola, and warmly recommended them to Wolff. And when Ferretti became Pope in 1846, Wolff (then in England) remembered the advice of his old acquaintance, and purchased all Savonarola's works, which had been so favourite a study with the now celebrated man.

Another of Wolff's co-disciples at the Collegio, was Conte Mamiani from Pesaro, nephew to the Cardinal Galeffi. Mamiani, then only seventeen years of age, was a youth of extraordinary talents, whose name is mentioned in "Cancellieri's Biographies of Talented Italians." He was a wonderful improvisatore, and of remarkably gentlemanly conduct and manners.

Nevertheless, there were strange instances of ignorance to be found among the pupils, of which Wolff once took advantage in his own favour. A fellow-student was badgering him, as was rather their custom at first, about the superiority of Italy over Germany, and urging the fact even upon religious grounds;—"Only consider the number of saints Italy has produced," was his argument; "whereas in Germany you have none!" Wolff exclaimed, "Be quiet, or I will prove to you that you are a very ignorant fellow!" "Well," answered the student, "if there are any German saints, name them, and tell us how many." "Will you count them?" asked Wolff. "By all means," said the other. "Very good," said Wolff, "now begin." And then beginning to number them off on his own fingers, he said—

"Who was Göthe?"

"Good!" said the student. "Well, there is one, certainly."

"Who was Schiller?" continued Wolff.

"That is two, then," remarked the student.

"Who was Jean Paul Richter?"

The student nodded consent to the third.

"And who was Kotzebue?"

"Come! I must grant you four."

"Who was Baron Trenk?"

"There, there! five!"

But Wolff's list was not exhausted. He went on with Wieland, Herder, &c., in quick succession, till he came to his thirtieth and last saint, Schinderhannes, the celebrated robber, and there he stopped.

"But, after all," remarked the student, "what are thirty saints for such a country? The number is pitiful!" "There now!" exclaimed Wolff, "I told you that if you would not be quiet I would prove that you were a very ignorant fellow, and that is just what I have done!" And then he explained to him the joke.

When the lectures at the Collegio Romano commenced, Piatti, professor of dogmatics, opened the course, and gave the first on the subject of predestination.

Wolff sat near him, at his right hand, when Piatti dictated the following words:—

"My dear hearers:—This is a most perplexing subject, I therefore must give you a precautionary warning. The question of predestination is a very difficult one, therefore you must neither take the Scripture, nor the Fathers as your guide, but the infallible decision of the Roman Pontiffs. For Pius V. has declared, in one of his Bulls, that if any one should say that the opinion of St. Augustine on predestination has the same authority as the decision of the Popes, he shall be *Anathema.*" Wolff at once took fire, and said, before them all, "Do you believe the infallibility of the Pope?" The professor said, "Yes." Wolff said, "I do not."

He was at once surrounded by the whole college; Bonelli was especially indignant, and exclaimed, "Bad and impious people seldom do believe the infallibility of the Pope; but if you want to stay at Rome, drive away these iniquitous thoughts!—'*Scacciate questi pensieri cattivi!*'"

Wolff became furious, but has since confessed that he did not show the real spirit of Christianity in the opposition which he offered. Nay, he owns that it argued a great deal of vanity in him as a young man, to attempt to be a Reformer. For, what would they have said in Cambridge, if Wolff, during a lecture delivered by the Regius Professor, had got up and protested against the sentiments of the Professor? Would he not have been stopped by the Professor and the whole audience at once? He ran to Cardinal Litta, and told him the dispute he had had, and that he did not believe the infallibility of the Pope.

Litta's conduct was most delightful. He showed the meekness of an angel, merely saying,

"My son, do not dispute, I beseech you, with those hot-headed young men. For, if you dispute, I cannot protect you. And you will be persuaded of the Pope's infallibility when you hear the reasons."

Soon after, Wolff took umbrage on another point. His

curiosity was excited in the highest degree, to hear how the College of Rome would, in the Course of Lectures upon Church History, treat the "History of the Reformation," by Luther, and his excitement rose to such a pitch, that he was almost frantic with impatience. Ostini was, as has been said, the Professor of Ecclesiastical History; and in spite of not being deeply learned, he was a man of astonishing mind and acuteness, and had a powerful gift of reasoning. His lectures, therefore, were very interesting, his account of the Crusades most beautiful, and his defence of celibacy ingenious. Wolff remarked too, that in lecturing on the history of Henry IV. and Gregory VII., he showed both prudence and candour; for as long as he was able to defend the latter against the Emperor, he did it; but when he came to facts mentioned of the Pope which he could not defend, he merely read the history, and left the pupils to form their own judgment. At last, however, he arrived in his lectures, at the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

"Now," thought Wolff, rejoicingly, "now we shall come soon to the history of Luther!" But he was disappointed; the moment Ostini came to the period when Luther had to make his appearance, he closed the whole course of Ecclesiastical history, and began again with the first century.

Wolff asked him, openly in the college, "Why do you not go on!" He coolly replied, "It is not the custom at Rome."

But Wolff was not only dissatified with Ostini's lectures, but with the conversations he heard between him and the other professors. There was nothing of religion, or of the improvement of the soul in what they said; but they talked about the flattering letters His Holiness received from such and such a potentate. One could easily look into the inmost soul of Ostini, when one heard him say, "I shall have a hand in that business—Cardinal Consalvi patted my shoulders. I have been even noticed by Count Blacas," &c.

The French interest was at this time in the ascendant at Rome, whilst Austria was hated and detested: so much so, that one day the whole college exclaimed to Wolff, "*Wolffio, l'imperadore d'Austria è crepato*"—Wolff, the Emperor of Austria, has died like a beast! Wolff replied, "I am not come here to learn about Austria and France. I am come here to understand the best mode of proclaiming the Gospel of Christ."

There was a great fuss made by the Tractarians, when Dr. Hampden was appointed Bishop of Hereford. They said such a thing had never been heard of, as that a man, who inclined

to German neology (which Wolff never could find out Dr. Hampden did), should be made a bishop. Some even went so far as to say, "It is enough to make one go over to Romanism." "The whole Church should protest against the appointment." And actually thousands of clergymen put down their signatures to the protest; but when Wolff was asked for his, he declined giving it. Again, when they protested against Gorham's appointment, they said, "This is enough to make a man become a Romanist." And Wolff was again asked for his signature, but again declined giving it. Upon which one of the clergymen went so far as to call him a "turncoat;" but for this he did not care a farthing. Now, however, it is well they should know why he acted thus. It was because both Hampden and Gorham were people of unspotted morality, and Wolff has always been the advocate of liberty of opinion.

But there was Baron von Häffelin, Titular Archbishop of Elvira, and Bavarian Ambassador at Rome, against whom both Ostini and the Pope himself warned Wolff, telling him that he should have nothing to do with him; because he was convicted as one of the *illuminati;* a disciple of Weisshaupt, the atheist; a jacobin in his politics, and with a number of natural children around him. And yet that very man was made cardinal, six weeks after Wolff was warned against him, and without his having given the slightest symptom of change of sentiment; and there was only one cardinal who protested against his appointment, and he did so in vain. How foolish, then, of the Tractarians to say, that the appointments of Hampden and Gorham were enough to make them Romanists! Let the cases be compared! When Wolff asked Ostini why Häffelin was appointed a Cardinal? the answer he gave was, "Because he made a beautiful Concordat between the King of Bavaria and the Pope!"

Wolff foresees in spirit that Newman and Dodsworth will by this time have felt the force of Wolff's observation, and that they will yet seek more than ever before, a real unity, that real unity that will be when Christ shall come a second time in majesty and glory. And they will see that in the Church of Rome, as well as in the Church of England, the prophecy of Ezekiel is fulfilled: "Overturn, overturn, overturn, until he come whose right it is, and I will give it him." (xxi. 27.)

Another circumstance is to be mentioned, by which Wolff was offended, and gave offence.

Cardinal Della Somaglia came to the Collegio Romano, in

the room of the rector. He was an extraordinary man; powerful in scholastic learning, gentlemanly in his appearance, a man who had been exiled with Pius VII. to Fontainbleau, and had withstood every encroachment of Napoleon. This man, when eighty-five years of age, was made Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and he was dean of the College of Cardinals.

When Wolff came to him in the rector's room, His Eminence treated him with great condescension, and asked him his views respecting the Church of Rome, of which Wolff still spoke with the highest enthusiasm. He asked him, among other things, what branch of study he most liked? Wolff answered, "The study of the Bible in the original tongue." Cardinal Della Somaglia replied, "You must not rely upon that; and you must never forget that the Church is the interpreter of scripture. I will give you an instance. There is a word," His Eminence continued, "in one of the Prophets (he knew not which), which is translated, 'A virgin shall conceive and bear a son.' There was a long dispute about it, whether it means 'Virgin,' or not; and people could not agree, until the Pope was asked; and the Pope decided that it meant 'Virgin,' and then the dispute was at an end. So, you see, the Hebrew language is an ornament for a priest, but no necessity; for the Pope at last must decide everything."

Wolff replied with a most unpardonable sneer, "How *can* the Pope decide, if he does not know Hebrew!"

Upon which Della Somaglia rose, and said, "Wolff, I am afraid for you, that you will become a heresiarch!" And Ostini repeated the very words to Wolff afterwards, "His Eminence, Cardinal Della Somaglia, is afraid that you will become a heresiarch!"

Although Wolff at this moment believes that his reasoning was correct, yet he was so much struck by the meekness of Cardinal Della Somaglia, that on returning to his own room he said to himself, "Cardinal Della Somaglia has, after all, shown a more Christian spirit than I have done," and he burst into tears.

Wolff does not justify his frequent rudeness to his superiors; but one good result certainly followed from his habit of questioning the infallible authority of his teachers. His desire for studying the Holy Scriptures grew stronger and stronger, and he would sometimes remain alone in his room to read them when the other pupils went to take exercise in walking, or to assist in the churches; and he sometimes even took his bible into the lecture-room, to the neglect of the

lectures on scholastic divinity. He had at first no Oriental books, nor means to provide himself with a master at the Seminary; but when Mr. Baillie, with whom he had travelled from Turin to Genoa, called upon him and found how he was circumstanced, he bought him books, and gave him two guineas monthly, which enabled him to take an Oriental teacher, and to pursue his studies. This provoked a good deal of animadversion from the other pupils. They said, "Of what use will the Holy Scriptures and the eastern languages be to you, if you do not know scholastic divinity, which alone can enable you to refute the sophisms of heretics?"

Wolff wept when so urged, but did not give up the point. At last, Cardinal Litta commanded him to study the scholastic divinity, which his other pursuits so much interfered with, and he did so for a short time. But he used to get weary very soon while so engaged, and would often get up and walk about his room, reciting passages from the Scriptures, in the deepest melancholy: especially the following verse, in Hebrew,—"Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness; let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation, and let righteousness spring up together; I, the Lord have created it."

Nevertheless, Wolff was not altogether the only one in the College who ventured upon freedom of thought. Mamiani once said to him, "Wolff, I never can be reconciled to the union of the sword with the cross: there must be a change, *i. e.* a severance of the spiritual and temporal powers." Mamiani became Prime Minister to Pope Pius IX., in the year 1848, when he contributed to produce, in some degree, the change he then spoke about. He is now Minister of Public Instruction to the King of Sardinia. His improvisatorial powers have been already mentioned; and they were often a source of wonder and delight to his fellow-students, when, during their vacations, they made excursions to Tivoli—the ancient Tibur—near Mæcenas' Villa, where the College had a very fine country house. There Wolff read Horace in the Poet's own villa, and enjoyed himself very much; for the collegians continued very kind to him, let him say what he would, and plenty of amusements were provided. The Cardinal sent ventriloquists and others for their diversion, and they visited several monasteries in the neigabourhood, as well as all the ancient ruins, as of the Sybil's temple, &c. And on these occasions they had pic-nics, where they drank *aurora*, a delicious beverage, composed of coffee, chocolate, milk, and sugar, mixed together; eating with it exquisite *pasticci*. And then it was that

Mamiani would enchant them with his improvisatorial genius. Some one gave him a theme, and he at once broke forth into a most spirited tragedy, with different persons and voices. Only Italians are capable of thus improvising.

One day, during their stay at Tivoli, Wolff went with his fellow collegians to a Franciscan monastery, where they were celebrating the festival of St. Franciscus Assissi. All Romish monks are accustomed to preach sermons on the day of their patron Saints, which they call "Panegyrica;" and Wolff on this occasion heard the Panegyricum of St. Francis of Assissi, preached by a friar of the Order. He enlarged on his sufferings and miracles, and told them that the church of St. Peter was one day on the point of tumbling down, when St. Francis upheld it with his shoulder. He also said that he had on his body the five wounds of Christ; and then he went on to say, "Francis of Assissi has taken upon himself the sins of the whole world." Wolff, on coming out of the church, said to his fellow collegians, "That Franciscan friar is a jackass." To which they all agreed. They then returned to their country house, where the day finished with a treat of beautiful music; and, after a residence altogether of two months at Tivoli, they returned to Rome to the college.

Wolff is anxious here to have his opinion of the Roman Colleges thoroughly understood. Differing, as he constantly did, from both teachers and pupils in their scholastical opinions, not in the dogmas of the Church, (as the foregoing anecdotes have shown,) he must yet uphold to admiration the moral and religious training he witnessed in those establishments. Neither in the Collegio Romano, nor the Propaganda, did he ever hear an indecent observation, either from priests, prefects or pupils; nor see one single act of immorality. A strict surveillance was the system of the Collegio Romano.

The Prefect, who is a priest ordained merely upon having a slight acquaintance with theology, the performances of the mass, and how to read the breviary and pray the rosary, receives ten scudi (£2) a month, in addition to his victuals, for taking care of the pupils. Besides calling them every morning to the rosary prayer and the litany, and closing the doors of their rooms every evening, he has to keep watch during the day that they are duly employed over their studies in their several apartments. In one of the panels of the doors of these rooms there was always a small hole filled with glass, and covered outside with a moveable shutter. Through this hole the prefect could, at will, peep from time to time, and ascertain how the students were employing themselves. No

student was allowed during the hours of study to visit the room of another; and by these precautions the most watchful superintendence was maintained. The young men, however, aware how small an amount of learning was necessary for the fulfilment of a prefect's duties, always called him "*L'Asino*,"—the donkey—amongst themselves; and Wolff suggests that it was perhaps in the Collegio Romano, therefore, that he first acquired the habit of calling people "jackasses."

On one occasion, in the afternoon, the heat of his room having become insufferable, Wolff undressed completely, and was seated in his chair reading and singing, when *L'Asino*, lifting up the shutter, espied the unusual sight. He laughed, and shouted out, "*Che fate?*" "What are you doing?" Wolff answered, "It is too hot." The prefect went away laughing to the Rector, and told him that Wolff was sitting in his room naked and singing. The Rector replied, "What is to be done? He is a German!"

The Prefect called the pupils every day for the rosary prayer, and closed the doors of their rooms in the evening. On his opening the door and awakening them in the morning, one of them had to recite the Litany of the Virgin Mary, and the rest to cry *ora pro nobis*. After this they went into the private chapel, and read a meditation taken from the book of the Jesuit Segneri, which contains many good and beautiful things. But the description of Hell and Paradise there given, is the same Wolff once read in a Rabbinical book, and in a Surah of the Koran. During recreation, after the first studies of the day were over, the pupils (invariably accompanied by the Prefect), walked out, and visited several churches, performing a silent prayer, for a few minutes, in each of them. After which, they went to the Porta Pia, or the Quirinal, where there is always a gathering, both of the inhabitants of Rome and visitors. There they might meet, any day, cardinals, prelates, princes, noblemen, their own friends, and strangers from foreign lands—Germans, Spaniards, English, French—even travellers from Chaldæa, Abyssinia, Jerusalem, &c. And thence they returned to the college, where, after a prayer, each pupil retired to his own room for further study. In the evening again, they assembled in the corridor of the building, where their friends in the town visited them, and they conversed freely on any matter they pleased. Then followed supper, and then, before they retired to rest, they went again to the chapel, where a portion of the Gospel, and meditations from Segneri or Rodriguez, were read aloud. Such was the daily routine at the Collegio Romano, varied, as has been seen,

during vacations by expeditions into the country, and even temporary absences.

And in the Propaganda, to which Wolff went afterwards, the regulations were very similar, only with this addition, that in the time of recreation, letters from all parts of the world were read, giving accounts, both of the progress of missionaries, and of their complaints that there should be so few labourers in the vineyard. In one of these from one Du Burgh, then in the United States of North America, the following outpouring occurred:—

"Alas, alas! whole districts here have embraced the Protestant religion, because there were no labourers of the Church of Rome. Prince Gallizin (son of Princess Gallizin of Münster), has to do all the work alone, as missionary; going about with the rosary and cross in one hand, and the breviary in the other, to convert the whole of America to the true faith."

An American gentleman, Barber by name, originally belonging to the Protestant Episcopal Church there, but who had become a Roman Catholic, and was visiting the Propaganda, heard Du Burgh's letter read, and made the observation that almost all the Protestants in the United States were very well-intentioned, although as he now thought mistaken. To which Professor (afterwards Cardinal) Ostini remarked, "Wolff is right in maintaining that we ought not to say all Protestants are lost; for 'Multæ ovis foris, multi lupi intus' —*There are many sheep without and many wolves within, the Church.*"

Every true Christian must see the value of this remark, and acknowledge the liberality which dictated it; and if the Missionary Societies of England would look at the Roman Colleges, with the same candid spirit, they would see many things there, which they might take as a model with great advantage to themselves, instead of finding sweeping and indiscriminate fault because differences of religious opinion exist. The cardinal prefect, and the rest of the cardinals, who are members of the Propaganda, are not mere patrons, giving their names and subscriptions, but never going near the place, nor troubling their heads about it, as is the case with patrons of English Societies; who leave everything in the hands of a few individuals, of whom even the nominal committee knows little or nothing; and who are often retired tradesmen, or unemployed naval officers, without either knowledge or interest in the matter.

In the Propaganda the patrons are workmen, and do their own work, or see for themselves that it is done. They visit

the college, will attend sick pupils, cover them up in their beds, send them suitable presents, as of cakes, with twenty or thirty candles burning on them; or, in cases where amusement is necessary, will order actors, ventriloquists, and jugglers to be fetched for their entertainment: and the Pope himself does not disdain to visit among them. Surely this is a contrast to English customs, and not very much in their favour!

If Pius IX. would begin to unite with the wonderful discipline of the Church of Rome, the highly spiritual principles of the Jansenists, and combine them with the scientific powers of the Jesuits, that Church would become the model of all Churches, and a perfect union might then take place. Spirits of Pascal and Quesnel, unite your prayers with mine that this may take place!

Again, on the return of Propaganda missionaries from places where they have been stationed, they are consulted by the assembly of cardinals, as to what has been done, and what remains to be done, in that particular locality; instead of being, as in England, sent to a poky lodging-house, in High Holborn, and submitted, from time to time, to the humiliation of being lectured by some long-nosed, snuff-taking lady, of the so-called Evangelical party, whose only care is to bid them beware of Puseyism, over-formalism, &c., &c., &c., whatever happens to be the religious bugbear of the day. In short, at Rome, the value of a man's work is both ascertained and acknowledged; and a missionary coming from a distant country is frequently consulted privately by a cardinal, as well as publicly by the general assembly of cardinals and monsignori—the subject of these discussions being the necessities and results of the mission. And, when he is sent forth again, he is not hampered by instructions from a petty committee, or even a cardinal, but he goes out as *Missionarius, cum omnibus facultatibus apostolicis.*

All the German artists and learned men—amongst others Bunsen, and the philologist Becker, the editor of Plato—called on Wolff, during their stay in Rome; and Niebuhr also, who arrived there during somewhere about that time. And Wolff delivered in the college a lecture to the Germans generally, on Isaiah and Jeremiah, and the historical books of the Old Testament; and visited, in company with his fellow-pupils, the seven churches of Rome, and said an Ave Maria in each church.

Wolff has always thought it delightful to see Rome still the rendezvous of the most learned men in the world. So it has always been, and so it is now. Moreover, he is convinced of

the liberality shown there to strangers, travellers, and savan of every sort. He cannot believe that Winkelmann had any reason for committing the hypocrisy of becoming a Roman Catholic in order to make researches in the Vatican Library. Wolff himself has heard, in the Café Greco, unbelievers discussing the merits of revelation with believers, perfectly unmolested. From the Protestant German painter Vogel too, he one day heard a story which showed what freedom of speech was generally allowed; and the account of which will prove what liberty of association the students of the Collegio Romano enjoyed.

The Saxon Minister, Abbate Adorni, had much wished to convert Vogel to the Roman Catholic faith; and he, in self-defence, one day asked, "Pray tell me, Abbate Adorni, if the Roman Catholic religion is so much better than the Protestant, how is it that the Protestants are more moral than the Roman Catholics?"

To which inquiry the Abbate made answer,—

"I admit what you say; but I will tell you the reason in a moment. The devil has the Protestants in his hands, as it were, leading them about like dogs in a string; and thus being sure of them at last, he does not trouble himself with tempting them now, knowing that let them be as moral as they please, it will do them no good. Whereas, if he does not attack the Roman Catholics with all his might, they are certain to slip through his fingers and go to heaven!"

To hear this story from Vogel was natural enough, but great was Wolff's astonishment next day, when Ostini himself alluded to it, saying, "Imagine, Wolff, the mischief done by such arguments as those of Abbate Adorni with Vogel?"

It is a curious circumstance, that years afterwards, Vogel himself joined the Romish Communion.

Wolff once proposed the foundation of a new religious Order at Rome, to be composed of painters, sculptors, and artists of all kinds; and got the letter suggesting this delivered to the Pope by the Prince of Saxe Gotha. The Pope replied to him through Mons. Testa, that he prayed God to bless his zeal, and hoped great things would one day be done by him; and he sent messages to the Superiors of both the Collegio Romano and the Propaganda, recommending "his dear son" Joseph Wolff to their attention.

And the kindly feeling was warmly reciprocated. Wolff saw many fine sights while he was in Rome, for instance, the Canonization of Alfonso Maria Liguori, the founder of the Redemptorist Order, and other imposing spectacles; but no-

thing that ever impressed him so much as when that holy, good, trembling old man, Pius VII., with a crown upon his head, entered the church of St. Peter, and kneeling down at the sepulchre of the Apostle Peter, offered up a silent prayer, amidst the dead silence of the whole crowd in the church. Then Wolff burst into tears.

Soon after Wolff had returned from Tivoli to the college, he received a visit from His Royal Highness, the Crown Prince, afterwards King of Bavaria, accompanied by his celebrated physician Ringseis, a religious Roman Catholic, who had added to his Catholicism the mysticism of Jacob Böhme, the shoemaker, the great theosophist of Germany, soon after the Reformation.

But in spite of the respect which was shown him, he was often very unhappy, for his continual disputes destroyed all devotional feeling and Christian meekness; and yet he could not resist engaging in them, although his best friends counselled him otherwise. The painter Overbeck said one day, with much justice, "We should bear the prejudices of other men with gentleness and humility, because we are all more or less prejudiced."

But Wolff could not see this properly then. On the contrary, he argued with Overbeck; "The Protestants of Germany believe me to be a hypocrite in entering the Roman Catholic Church; and I should be such if I were to consent to their abuses." Overbeck's answer to which was, "You are not yet able to check such things as these: you must wait as Christ did, till you are thirty years of age. Nay you will surely fall into the same error, and embrace the doctrines you now abhor, if you will not hear the voice of your friends." Nevertheless, Overbeck spoke for the time in vain, as will be seen.

One day, indeed, matters became quite boisterous at table in the Collegio Romano. One of the pupils said; "Wolff, how could you pat the Pope's shoulders? Are you not aware that the Pope is God?" Wolff became as red as a turkey cock, and said, "How can you dare to say such a thing? the Pope is dust of the earth, *polvere della terra.* If he was God, I could not have touched him." All the collegians, and the professors, and rectors, and vice-rectors, rose from their seats, and exclaimed, "Wolff, what are you saying?" Wolff said, "This fellow called the Pope God; and I say he is dust of the earth; who is right?" One answered, "Is it not said, ye are gods?" Wolff said, "Yes, which may be broken to pieces." Another said, "He is God on earth, for he has all power in heaven and

on earth, and in purgatory." And, again, another said, "One may call him God, in a large sense." Wolff replied, "I shall not call the Pope God either in a large or a small sense: he is dust of the earth." Another said, "He may be called God in a most pious sense." And to Wolff's utter surprise, every one of the most learned men belonging to the Court of Rome defended and supported the expression.

But here one frank confession must be made. It may well be asked, Why did Wolff always attack the abuses and irrelevant points of the Church of Rome, when he was only a pupil in the place for a particular object? Protestants, as well as Roman Catholics, advised him not to do so. Niebuhr, Stolberg, and Cardinal Litta, as well as many others, all agreed on the point. They said, "You, Wolff, are only a pupil; you are neither bishop nor priest; be quiet till you have heard more, and have a position."

Wolff answers frankly, that although he hopes that love for Divine truth has been one of his ruling motives from his youth upwards, yet his great enemies all through life have been—vanity and ambition; cherished and encouraged alike by injudicious friends and covert foes. He owns that during his life at Rome, his vanity made him believe that he knew everything better than those by whom he was surrounded; and as people told him that he was like Luther in outward appearance, he resolved, if possible, to be a Luther also in his stormy and wild career; while, at the same time, his insatiable ambition made him wish and aim at becoming Pope, as he once openly avowed in the College. And, being then an admirer of Gregory VII., he said he wished to be like him in daring and firmness, but to do exactly the contrary to what he did, and to signalize himself by abolishing celibacy, and the worship of the Saints. He even told his fellow-pupils of the name he intended to assume when Pope, namely, Hildebrandus I.

At last, in December, 1817, the Propaganda was rebuilt, and Wolff was about to be transferred into that College. He was therefore very much engaged in packing up and preparing to move, and in changing his academical dress. So he entered the lecture room rather late, and made an apology, saying, "Pardon me, I am very late, because I am going to make a metamorphosis." Abbate Menocchio, Wolff's greatest friend, good naturedly replied, loud enough for all to hear, "Take care, if you go on disputing as you do now, you will be making a third metamorphosis;" at which every one burst into a fit of laughter. But there is a beautiful custom at Rome, that before one enters upon a new situation, or place, one goes to a retreat.

Wolff went, therefore, with all the collegians of the Propaganda, to a monastery built upon Monte Cittorio, of the order of St. Vincent de Paula, inhabited by holy men, but suspected to be Jansenists; and he found among those monks deep and silent devotion, not the spirit of controversy. They always rose early in the morning, and went to the chapel, which was only half lighted; and every day, on some different subject, a silent meditation was carried on. Not Segneri, but Thomas à Kempis was read; and, during dinner, the life of Filippo Neri. To Wolff's utter astonishment, in the life of Filippo Neri, the cause of Savonarola was declared to have been just, and that he was put to death most unjustly by Alexander VI. Wolff, now about twenty-one years old, lived fourteen happy days in that retreat, leaving it with great regret; and a few days before Epiphany, was at last introduced into the Propaganda, built upon the Piazza d'Espagna. On the day of Epiphany, the pupils gave an "academia" in forty-two languages. This was an exhibition at which the pupils publicly recited speeches. It was in the evening. All the ambassadors were present, and all the cardinals, and the German artists, and French priests. Wolff spoke in five languages, and chanted so that the hall rang; and all the auditors were in raptures, and applauded him; and the Italian collegians of the different colleges present kept saying, "Look at him, look at him, what tremendous eyes he makes!" "*Guardateli, guardateli, gli occhi che fa!*" After the whole was over, the servants of the cardinals, together with their masters, slapped his back and said, "*Per Bacco, per Bacco! che voce! che voce! che occhi! che occhi!*"

An Armenian Bishop said, "His voice goes up above the heavens."

At last, the lectures commenced, and were attended by young Irishmen, by Armenians, Bulgarians, Maronites, Chaldeans, Abyssinians, Negroes, and people from Algiers and Tunis. The Chinese pupils had their college at Naples, because they were not able to bear the climate of Rome. The pupils in the Propaganda were dressed in a long black gown, with a red girdle around it; there were five red buttons at the collar, indicating the five wounds of Christ—the red colour being the symbol of the danger of losing his life, to which a Missionary is exposed; and they wore three-cornered cocked hats: and thus Wolff was dressed. The rector of the Propaganda was at the same time teacher of *dogmatica*, and Finucci was the professor of Biblical literature and casuistry. The rector was Raimondo Serdomenici, a dreadful dogmatist, of which fact

one cannot give a better idea than by allowing him to speak for himself. He once asked Wolff, "Is it dogma that Jesus Christ died for all?" Wolff said, "Yes; for Scripture says, he gave himself a ransom for all.'" Serdominici said, "No such thing; that is not a dogma of the Church; it is only a dogma that he did not die for the elect only, against Calvin." Wolff said, "Why should it not be dogma, for Scripture declares it?" Serdomenici said, "The Church has not so decided" —then he continued, "it is not yet dogma, that the Virgin Mary was born without sin; but the time may come when the Church will so decide, with the annexation of *anathema* to any person who does not believe it." A prophecy fulfilled in 1858.

At another time, the question was proposed, whether Jansenius was a heretic? The rector said, "One cannot exactly say that, for he says at the end of his work, that he submits everything he wrote to the decree of the Church. But if the Church had burnt him, she would have done well." Whereupon Wolff exclaimed, "The Church has no *right* to burn." The rector said, "How do you prove that?" Wolff said, "It is clear—it is not allowed to murder. 'Thou shalt not kill!'" The rector said, "May a shepherd kill a *wolf*, when he enters the flock?" Wolff replied, "A man is not a beast." The rector replied, "Seventeen Popes have done it." Joseph Wolff replied, "Seventeen Popes have done wrong."

During that whole conversation, two gentlemen were standing at the door of the room, and heard the conversation; one of whom was Henry Drummond, the late Member for Surrey, Wolff's steady friend to the last moment of his (Drummond's) life; as he publicly declared, at Freemason's Tavern, in 1827, he was resolved to be. His words were: "I will remain Wolff's friend to my dying hour, though all England should trample upon him!"—and he nobly carried them out. His expression of countenance was such, that to look at was to love him, even when he made the most sarcastic remarks. The other was Hallyburton, afterwards Lord Douglas, of Edinburgh. Both delivered letters to Wolff from Pestalozzi, Fellenberg, and Zschockke, from Switzerland. The first words of Drummond were, "Wolff, go with me to England!" Wolff replied, "No; I shall not stir until I am turned out." The next day, David Baillie came to Rome, and brought letters on Wolff's behalf from the Duchess Litta, Cardinal Litta's sister, from Milan.

Wolff, at that time, had one visitor after another. Amongst them, his friends Niebuhr, Bunsen, and Brandis, called upon him; and Niebuhr told him, "Wolff, you are in danger. In

case you see the blow coming, fly to the Prussian palace." Just at this time also, a certain Baron Von Akerblad called on him, and entered into conversation with him on prophecy. Akerblad was an unbeliever; he took up the Bible and said, "Now, Wolff, what do you make of this prophecy: 'He shall establish his kingdom upon the throne of his father David?'" Wolff answered, "This must be understood spiritually." Akerblad replied, "I have not been made an infidel by Voltaire, but I have been made an infidel by you divines. You go to the Jew, and try to throw down his throat those few prophecies which you deem to have been fulfilled literally; and as soon as the Jew turns round, and shows to you prophecies which stare you in the face, you turn round and demand of him that he should understand them *spiritually*."—Akerblad was right;—for, for one convert, the divines of the present day make to Christianity, they make ten infidels, with their phantomizing systems of prophecy: as Wolff has since learnt to believe.

Wolff's stay at the Propaganda had now become very critical; yet, amidst all these controversies, the pupils and professors behaved very amiably towards him, as their constant joking with him showed. Observing that he was very fond of tarts, they all one day sent their tarts on a plate to him, which he carried up stairs to his room. He then invited for the next day, all his friends, the German artists, Protestants, and Roman Catholics, to his room, and gave them a dinner; whilst the pupils and professors standing outside, shouted, in a laughing and not angry way,—"Here, look! Wolff has assembled all the heretics of the place in his room, and is giving them a dinner,"—the dinner consisting chiefly of the tarts which had been given up in his favour by themselves.

Thus Wolff spent his days, notwithstanding all controversial quarrels, most agreeably in the Propaganda; and had frequently occasion to admire, amidst the intolerance and bigotry of some priests of the lower order, the highly liberal-minded principles of Pope Pius VII. And even the bigotry he witnessed forced his respect at times, as being the development of undoubted piety. Wolff recalls now a young man, who often provoked him by entreating him not to eat more than eight ounces of food upon a fast day, because the theologians had ruled that that was the proper quantity; but whose countenance as he spoke was nothing short of heavenly in expression. With this youth, Pedrucci by name, from Perugia, Wolff had a dispute one day about the nature of

hell fire; Wolff maintaining that it could not be a material fire, which so offended Pedrucci's stern faith, that he called him "beast." Wolff then became incensed, and appealed to authorities, and Menocchio looked up the matter in the theological dictionary, and found that most of them, and among them St. Johannes Damascenus, contended for a metaphorical interpretation. Whereupon, poor Pedrucci wept for his undue zeal, and begged Wolff's pardon like a child.

A circumstance happened which hastened Joseph Wolff's removal. All the pupils became discontented with the new rules given to them, and rose in open rebellion against the rector. Wolff sided with the pupils, and declared the rules monkish. One evening a letter arrived from Henry Drummond, saying, "Wolff, come out of Babylon." But although the letter reached Wolff, it was first read by the College, and thus Drummond's words became known to the authorities. Now, a custom prevails in the College, that every night after prayer, the door of every pupil's room is shut. But Wolff observed, through a little window which was in the door of the room, that after his was locked, the rooms of the rest were left open; and that one after the other the students were called to the Rector's room; and the next morning Wolff heard from his fellow pupil, Rese, who is now Bishop of Michigan in America, that all the pupils had been examined about Wolff's sentiments. That same day Wolff was asked by the Rector whether it was dogma that Christ had died for all? He answered "Yes," but the Rector said "No." On which Wolff asked "Why?" when the Rector replied, "Because the Church has not decided, and has only declared heretical the doctrine of the Calvinists, that Christ died for some, and has reprobated the rest." Wolff exclaimed, "It needs no decision of the Church, for Scripture has clearly decided, which says, 'He gave himself a ransom for all.'" The pupils took Wolff's part, and one of them, Dragano by name, from Bulgaria, said, with all the warmth of a Bulgarian, "If Christ died not for all, we need not all worship Him." Wolff wrote instantly to Cardinal Litta, and said, "The Protestants of Germany were right, the Propaganda teaches errors;" and, unfortunately, Wolff added in his own name, the argument used by Dragano (in order not to compromise Dragano), that, if Christ died not for all, all need not to worship Him. Next day Litta himself entered the College of the Propaganda, and went at once to Wolff's room, and sat down. Wolff attempted to kneel before him, but His Eminence told him to sit down. Cardinal Litta said, "I have

read your letter, in which there is a great deal of nonsense (*de' sproposiți*). First, ask any theologian you please, and he will tell you that Christ died for all is not dogma, because the Church has not so decided; and the words of Scripture, therefore, may mean, that He died for 'many' (as it is said also once); and as to your argument that if He died not for all, we need not all worship Him, it is most absurd; for we do not worship Him because He died for all, but we worship Him because He is God." Wolff gave up the argument entirely. The whole demeanour of Cardinal Litta was that of a highly-dignified prince, devoted priest, affectionate father, and believing Christian.

At that same time Wolff received letters from Monsignore Testa, private secretary of the Pope, a learned, amiable, and pious prelate, warning him, in the most affectionate manner; telling him that a tempest was over his head, that his sentiments were disapproved by the Propaganda, that he was in danger of being turned out. Testa wrote to Cardinal Litta at the same time, and spoke to him as well, recommending Wolff to his protection. Litta replied, "I can no longer save him." A few days after this, a tailor came to Wolff's room, (the tailor of the Propaganda,) and took the measure of his clothes. In the same way, the shoemaker came and took the measure of his feet; the hatter came and took the measure of his head. Wolff was in great apprehension, and did not know what to do. And presently his friends, the painters and artists at Rome, heard that something was going on amiss with him; so they came to him, and said, "We have come here to tell you that we will all go in a body to the Pope, if anything is done to you!"

At last, on the 15th of April, 1818, Cardinal Litta sent for Wolff. The messenger merely said "Cardinal Litta wants you." Wolff went. He was instantly admitted to the Cardinal's presence. His Eminence said, "Your sentiments, my dear Wolff, are clearly known; your correspondence is known;* and we know by that correspondence your opinions and manner of thinking. I therefore have to announce to you the sentence of Pope Pius VII., who is acquainted with all the circumstances; and though I feel as if my right arm was being cut off, it is better that I should lose my right arm, than the whole body; so you must leave us, for if you remain longer, you will spoil all the rest (*mi guastate tutti gli altri*). You are not for

* Wolff had, in spite of several warnings, corresponded in a very unguarded manner, with Bunsen and other German friends; and these letters had been intercepted and read.

the Propaganda; your views differ from our's; you must return to Vienna. Here are two letters, the one for Cardinal Lante in Bologna, who is Cardinal Legate in that town; and the other for Count Leardi, the Pope's Nuncio in Vienna; and now you must go with a gentleman who will accompany you to a house, where you must remain till you set out." In the adjoining room Wolff found the clothes for which all the measurements had been taken. He put them on; an excellent glass of wine was given to him, it was Tokay; he drank it, and was refreshed. Then he left the house with the "gentleman" Cardinal Litta had mentioned, and who was, in fact, a member of the Holy Office, *i. e.* the Inquisition, and on the road he met with Chevalier Bunsen. He said to him, "Dr." (for he was not yet Chevalier) "Bunsen, I am taken to the Inquisition." Bunsen ran to Niebuhr, and told him of it. Wolff was brought to Signor Degeler, the lawyer of the Holy Office; in whose house he was put under arrest for fifteen hours, watched by a little dwarf, and not permitted to see his friends. He wished to walk out, but that of course was not allowed. Writing, however, was not forbidden; so he sent a letter of farewell to his friend Vogel, the painter, which was safely delivered to him. Wolff was asked questions, which he is not at liberty to disclose, as he took at the time an oath not to do so, and he never will disclose them.

But to do the Propaganda justice, we may be allowed to observe, that the statements of his sentiments were correctly reported, and that no injustice was done to him; for, with the opinions he entertained, many of which were totally in opposition to those taught at Rome, he certainly never was a Roman Catholic, in the sense which could have justified the Propaganda in sending him out as a missionary.

At three o'clock in the morning, the courier of the cabinet of the Pope (what is called here a "king's messenger") appeared with a carriage, escorted by five-and-twenty gens d'armes, and bringing the member of the Inquisition before spoken of; and Wolff having got in, was thus rolled out of the Holy City. Wolff said, in relating this story, "My mind was overclouded with gloom." A gloom which the presence of his guard-like companion was not at all calculated to dispel: moreover, he was apprehensive of the contents of the letters that he had with him, which were sealed. At last, after pondering the matter over in his mind for some time, he said to himself, "If these letters contain an order to put me in prison, I shall try to effect my escape. Otherwise, I shall go on and tell the people candidly that I opened their letters to see what was in

them about myself; and that I considered I was entitled as a prisoner to do so." Wolff accordingly opened the letters, in which, however, he found himself highly recommended.

But he was not satisfied, even then. He knew that his companion had other letters, and tortured himself by conjecturing that *they* possibly contained the true orders about him; whereas the letters put into his own hands might have been actually intended as a blind, the probability of his opening them having been anticipated! This was a terrible idea; and Wolff, on the strength of it, watched an opportunity when his friend's eyes had been closed for a short time, to attempt to abstract the letters from his pocket. But at the first touch, the man (who was disguised as a soldier) observed, quite coolly, opening his eyes and keeping Wolff off, "It is of no use. I am not asleep. *I do not intend to sleep!*"

After this, of course, Wolff had no resource but to submit to his fate, and so they proceeded to Bologna, where, on his arrival, he delivered the letter to Cardinal Lante, and said that he had opened it, because he considered that, as a prisoner, he had a right so to do; and that had it contained an order for imprisonment, he should have made his escape.

Cardinal Lante reported this to Cardinal Litta, who wrote a very affectionate letter to Wolff on the subject, only regretting that Wolff should have so little confidence in him, as to believe him capable of treachery. And he ordered the Pope's Nuncio at Vienna to show to Wolff, on his arrival there, the private letters which had been written by the Propaganda about him, by the perusal of which Wolff perceived that they had acted throughout towards him with the kindest intentions, without treachery or dissimulation. This was confirmed so recently as on the 4th February, 1861, when Wolff dined with David Baillie at 14 Belgrave Square, and they talked over Wolff's banishment from Rome, and Mr. Baillie said, "Soon after your departure, I came back to Rome from the East, and immediately called on Cardinal Litta, and asked him the cause of your dismissal. The Cardinal spoke of you in the highest terms but said, we could keep him no longer, for his sentiments were totally at variance with ours; so we sent him away with all the consideration due to his character." All this shows that Achilli and Gavazzi gulled the English public, when they described the Cardinals as altogether destitute of principle and good feeling. Cardinal Litta's letter (which reached Wolff at Vienna) throws such light upon his character and feelings, that a translation of it, in full, is subjoined.

"DEAR WOLFF,

"The letter, which you have written to me from Bologna, although it has made more poignant that sorrow which I have ever felt from the moment that I was obliged to take the resolution of sending you away from Rome, gives me, nevertheless, some ground for consolation, since you assure me that you will ever love the holy Catholic Church. I fear, on the other hand, that in your understanding, and perhaps in your heart, you make a distinction between the Catholic Church, and its head, who is the Pope. But I flatter myself that in future your sentiments may be more sincere than they have been in times past. I myself warned you personally, and through the medium of Ostini, many times, to break off your dangerous correspondences; you did not obey me; and having had more confidence in some pretended friends, than in persons who sincerely wished and acted well towards you, you manifested, even without restraint, your opinions and intentions. From this it was seen clearly, that instead of being grateful and attached to that See of Rome which nourished you, and which is the true centre and mistress of the universal Church, you cherished, on the contrary, sentiments of aversion—nay, even of horror—for this good mother: that secretly you were beginning to be in a disposition to render of no avail the cares of the Propaganda, by proposing to yourself, if sent to the East, objects and purposes totally different from those which the Holy College has in view. With such sentiments you would have corrupted your companions, brought up in true obedience and attachment to the Holy See. In consequence of these things, which I stated before announcing to you your departure, and which you could not, nor can now deny, it became necessary to remove you from the College of Pope Urban. Nevertheless, even in this case, it was proposed to retain you some time longer at Rome, in consideration of that countenance and support which you, conscious, perhaps, of the danger to which your practices exposed you, contrived to procure for yourself. You, who judge me capable of punishing without a just motive, and without forewarning, or listening to reason, will not believe me if I tell you that this resolution, to which I was unavoidably led, has given me the greatest pain; but God knows how much I have suffered, and how much I still suffer! I never supposed you to be a member of the Bible Society, in which there is no wonder that many good persons have unawares enrolled themselves, because the venerable name of the Holy Scriptures, which are the writing and word of God, naturally must attract minds zealous for the Divine glory, and

the salvation of their neighbours. But it is precisely of the most excellent things that the greatest abuse is made. I hope, however, in the mercy of the Lord, and in His omnipotence and infinite wisdom, that He will bring good out of evil, as He has brought forth light from darkness, and the creature from nothing. But without a special aid, which we ought to hope for from God towards his Church, certain it is, that the enterprize of translating the Holy Scriptures into all languages, even the lowest and the most barbarous, and of multiplying and pouring forth copies of it, in order to give them into the hands of all persons, even the most stupid and rash, without the aid of anything to explain the obscure meanings of it, and to solve those great difficulties which were obstacles even to the acute and sublime understandings of the Augustines and Jeromes, cannot be denied to be a most dangerous thing; as opening the way to a thousand errors, which has been shown before now in the examples of the heretics, and as is seen more clearly, in the present day, by the more monstrous absurdities of the Methodists, and the other innumerable sects, who think that they see in the word of God their own ravings. What must one say, moreover, if, in the regulations of this Society, it is laid down as a fundamental point, that the most authentic version must be the English, which has been convicted by our Irish Bishops and English Vicars, of many errors, made by the pretended Reformers? What if, even among the German versions, there are adopted faulty and corrupt ones, as that of Luther, so much the more seducing than the others, from the purity and elegance of its language? The Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church does not shut up the heavenly treasure of the Divine Scriptures, as some calumniously say it does, under the title of the Court of Rome; of which title I am not ashamed, but even boast, and ever have boasted; even amongst the disgraces of our exile, professing myself to be a member of the Court of Rome, and on that very account more united to the centre of unity, and to the sovereign See, the depository of the doctrine and power of Jesus Christ. This See of Rome, to which error cannot have access, as the experience of so many ages demonstrates, inasmuch as her faith is made sure by the never-failing promises of Jesus Christ,—this See, which teaches to all the truth of the faith, has prescribed the rules and the cautions with which any one, who remains attached to the doctrines of the Fathers, and to the interpretation of the Church, ought to treat this precious gift of God, and not surely to profane it rashly, and to abandon it, as it were a vile and trivial thing, into the hands of idiots and impure persons. Our

holy father, Pius the Seventh, himself, has, in his briefs, spoken against such an abuse. But enough of this argument. I send you a letter for Hoffbauer. Profit by this disgrace, which you owe to yourself, for not having obeyed that which I ordered you, through the medium of Ostini. I am not angry with you, although my duty has obliged me to take a resolution which has given me great pain. I wish to help you in any other way, and you can write to me with freedom. I pray God that He will preserve you from evil companions, and perfect in you that great gift which He has bestowed upon you, in calling you to the faith.

"Your most affectionate

"LAWRENCE CARDINAL LITTA."

"P.S.—By the first opportunity, your own books and some others will be sent to you from the Propaganda."

CHAPTER V.

Returns to Vienna; Monastic Life in Switzerland; Henry Drummond; Becomes a Member of the Church of England; Lewis Way, the Philanthropist; Studies at Cambridge; Charles Simeon; Is turned out of the Synagogue.

WHILST Wolff was at Bologna, he was introduced by Cardinal Lante to Mezzofanti, a gentleman acquainted with 76 languages and 112 dialects, whose reputation has since been very great. He also renewed there his acquaintance with Orioli, who received him with the greatest kindness. At length Wolff left Bologna for Vienna, Cardinal Lante having provided him with a companion, who, like the last, was a member of the "Holy Office." And thus he arrived with a company of travellers in a vettura, at Venice. One of the travellers it is worth while to describe a little. He was a painter of the Italian school, and he came up to Wolff and said, "I see what it is disquiets your mind, I will comfort you;" adding, "Wolff, my dear friend, you cannot do better than submit yourself to the Church; reflect well upon this text, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church.' These are terrible words, full of meaning. The best thing one can do, is to submit to the Pope, who has the keys

of Heaven. Since I have become an obedient child to him, I have kept from vice, and I sing the hymn to the Virgin Mary, '*Salve, gran madre e Vergine, abbi di noi pietà, nel celeste, tramite, passa di sfera, in sfera, e la natura intiera, muta osservando stà.*'"

Wolff's appointed companion on the road to Vienna was Dottore Mazio, a native and resident of Bologna, and he succeeded that other member of the Inquisition who had brought him from Rome to Bologna. Mazio was enthusiastically attached to the order of Jesuits. He always said, "I like the Jesuits, for they know human nature, and make due allowance for human frailties."

On their arrival at Venice, Wolff at once called on the Governor-General, Count de Goes, and told him that he was the prisoner of a member of the Inquisition. His Excellency bade him go quietly to Vienna, where he would be protected by the police. On reaching Leibach, Wolff called on the Benedictine Monks (for Mazio permitted him to go about alone on *parole*). These friars were acquainted with his doings at Rome, and were much interested in him, and they reported his case to their friends at Vienna.

At last Wolff arrived at Vienna, but in a most melancholy frame of mind. The recollection of having been sent away from his friends at Rome, without being able to embrace them before his departure—that he had been banished by Pius VII., whose private piety he so deeply respected, and whom he liked very much,—that he had been separated from a visible Church, and condemned by its Bishop,—the idea that he should now become an object of persecution,—all these things stood clearly before his mind; as well as the probability that his career was now stopped, and that he should never be able to preach the Gospel to his brethren. And, in his distress, he wrote a letter to Hoffbauer, of whose piety he always had a high opinion. But even before he received this letter, Hoffbauer, having heard of Wolff's banishment, and the reason of it, came to see him in his lodgings, and conveyed him to his own house. At first, too, he seemed inclined to take Wolff's part, and to be irritated against the Church of Rome; but in three days he changed his tone, and said, "Rome is, notwithstanding, mistress of the Catholic Church, and the Pope the true successor of St. Peter. Rome was the only Church which believed in the true divinity of Christ in the time of the Arians, and you have not done well in disclosing the shame of the Universal Mother." Nevertheless, he was received with kindness by all his old friends. Friedrich von Schlegel and his wife, Werner

the poet, Madlener the mathematician, and others, all rallied round him. Hoffbauer had numbered many great men among his recent converts; among others the philosopher Günter, and the mighty genius Dr. Emmanuel Veit, besides Mendelssohn the philosopher. These all argued with Wolff, and overpowered him by the force of their reasoning. They asked him if he knew the sad condition of those German Roman Catholics who denied the authority of the Pope; namely, that they had become Socinians, or embraced an allegorical, so-called philosophical system of Christianity; which was true in many cases, there was no doubt; but still Wolff's mind was not altogether satisfied. He remained for a while with Hoffbauer, however, and resumed his usual cheerfulness, and then he determined to enter the monastery and embrace the Order of which Hoffbauer was the Vicar-General.

While in this establishment, Wolff's turn for mimicry and practical jokes was often exercised for the amusement of his fellow-students. On one occasion, when Madlener, the mathematician, who had a habit of abstractedly repeating his remarks over and over again, was in the act of delivering a lecture, and pointing out some proposition, he suddenly said, "This proposition has never been made out—this proposition has never been made out;" and was continuing to repeat these words, when Wolff broke in, "A peasant's son found it out long ago." Madlener was absorbed, and did not answer. "A peasant's son found it out," said Wolff. Madlener did not reply, and Wolff repeated his remark. At last the mathematician was roused, and said, crossly, "Why do you disturb me? *What* did he find out?" "That two and two make four," was the pert reply; which set the assembly in a roar of laughter, in which, after making a face of woeful perplexity, Madlener joined heartily himself.

Wolff observed with astonishment the immense influence which Hoffbauer (a man who seemed to have returned from the Middle Ages) had obtained among the clergy and nobility in Vienna; for the most learned men of the University had become ultramontane, and noble ladies came and kissed his hand. At last Wolff desired him to send him to his monastery at Val-sainte; but to this Hoffbauer would not make up his mind; and indeed he began daily more and more to tyrannize over Wolff, continually reproaching him for his behaviour at Rome; which treatment, although he bore it with the greatest submission, making excuses for Hoffbauer's irritable temperament, was very distressing to him. At length he decided to leave Vienna on a certain day. So he went to

the vestry of Hoffbauer's church, where he met Father Johannes Sabelli, who had just ended the celebration of the mass; and who said to Wolff, after hearing his determination, "I predict to you two things; the first thing is, that you will not leave Vienna to-day; the second thing is, you will not remain in Val-sainte. I see this, as in a vision, after having performed holy mass." So Wolff tried to leave Vienna that very day, in order to prove to Johannes Sabelli that he was a false prophet; but although he did his best to accomplish his object, he was not able to get away, as there was a delay occasioned over procuring his passport. Johannes Sabelli therefore had cause to crow over him. At last Wolff left Vienna, in the month of October, 1818, for Val-sainte, having obtained Hoffbauer's consent. He travelled through Austria, and was affectionately received, with great hospitality, by the Benedictine friars of Krems-Münster, who were well versed in German literature, but were complete neological Protestants in their sentiments. And as they had in their hands the education of youth, one needed to have only a moderate talent for prophecy to foresee, that a great revolution would one day take place in Austria, which might upset the whole fabric of the great Hoffbauer.

In the Benedictine Monastery of Lambach, on the frontiers of Austria, Wolff found the monks enthusiasts for the fine arts. At Salzburg he met with the great oriental scholar Sandbichler, occupied with the study of unfulfilled prophecy, and reading the Apocalypse. He said, "Revelation is not given for the purpose of keeping us in the dark respecting future events, but to enable us to find out what God has unveiled for the edification of the Church." This divine believed in the future personal reign of Christ, the restoration of the Jews, the renovation of the earth, and the coming of Antichrist. Wolff also met with an interesting man, the poet Weissenbach, who was very witty, as the following anecdote of him will show. Weissenbach came one day to visit Friedrich Schlegel; when Schlegel, and his wife, and the rest of his company, went into an adjoining closet to confess their sins to Hoffbauer, and to receive absolution: after which they desired Weissenbach to go to Hoffbauer and confess also; whereupon he began to search the pockets of his coat, waistcoat, and trousers, and then he said, in a most serious way, "I am sorry to find that I quitted Salzburgh in such a hurry, that I left all my sins behind me; so I have not one to confess here."

Weissenbach wrote in Wolff's album the following verses:

"*Dich hat Gott hereingerufen*
Weit von fern in sein Haus
Und von seines altars stufen
Sendet er dich wieder aus."

God has called thee from far
Into his house:
And He sends thee out again
From his altar steps.

From Salzburgh, Wolff entered Bavaria, where he found the whole of the clergy in arms against the concordat, lately concluded between the Pope and the King of Bavaria. Proceeding into Switzerland, he first of all went to the canton of Schwytz, where he heard a great deal of an "estatica," a nun who was continually translated into the air, and had the five wounds of Christ in her body, and spoke like a prophetess. She had just died, but many were said to be cured by her miracles after her death. Wolff has read what she said in a trance, and all the expressions were most beautiful. From thence he went to the celebrated Monastery of Maria-Einsiedlen, to which pilgrims resorted, travelling thither for hundreds of miles. Wolff remained there certain days, and read Hebrew with several of the monks; and then he passed on to the monastery of his destination at Val-sainte.

This religious house formerly belonged to the Order of La Trappe, but now to the Redemptorists—the name of the Superior being Père Passerat—a tall, meagre-looking gentleman, who spoke very eloquently. On entering the monastery, Wolff saw these words inscribed on the gate, *Jejunabis, et plorabis, cràs enim morieris.* Wolff, like an obedient novice, knelt down before Passerat, and received his blessing, and begged his permission to read the Vulgate translation of the Scriptures in Latin. He also made himself useful by teaching German and Latin to the pupils. Every Friday evening they assembled in a dark room, put out the candles, and then everyone flagellated himself. Wolff attempted to join in this self-discipline; but he gave himself only one stroke, and then administered all the other blows to his leather trousers, which were pushed down to his knees, and it made a loud sound. The others, observing this device, laughed very heartily; and several of them afterwards followed Wolff's example—especially one, who stood near the wall, and gave it also the benefit of the lash. His name was Joseph Srna.

It must be confessed that Hoffbauer, with all his violence, had far more judgment and good taste than Father Passerat; and Wolff has not the least doubt but that, on account of Passerat's want of judgment, many of the most distinguished members of the Order left the monastery in disgust, and became secular priests. For instance, the poet Werner, Emmannel Veit, and others besides, would not submit to the degradation of Passerat's manners; and were driven away by them. Wolff got his share of Passerat's monastic excess; for when he once talked with him, in the presence of the others, and was sitting before him upon the stove, he received from him three blows upon the head, which inflicted severe pain. Passerat ordered another of the members to hold out his hand, which he struck with a whip. This, however, was not done in a fit of violence, but for the purpose of inspiring humility and meekness, which is a part of the monastic system. For the same end he desired Wolff to kiss the feet of the monks, an order which he obeyed, but at the same time bit their toes. He would also put one student to shame before the rest, which it was evident none of them liked. Besides this, his views were most contracted; as, for example, once, when at dinner, a student said "the Church had no right to burn," and wished to discuss the subject after they had finished eating. But Passerat replied, in the coolest way, and to cut the matter short, "Why cannot the Church burn? They burn in Spain to this day," And then he repeated the grace, *Laudate Dominum in excelsis*, &c., and all discussion was at an end.

At the request of Wolff, whilst the others were dining, one of the students read aloud Count Stolberg's Ecclesiastical History; but when the reader came to the passage in which the author expresses himself against mental reservation, thus —"that if the system of mental reservation were to become the universal system of the Catholic Church, the whole Church would become a gang of rascals," the reading was forthwith stopped.

Another thing which offended Wolff was, that there was so much double dealing in the monastery. It had only been established a few years, and the Government of the Swiss Canton only permitted them to embody sixteen members in their Order; yet they knew how to manage so as to have above thirty members. Wolff, therefore, lost all respect for the whole Order: so much so that he began to transgress every rule of it, and turn the whole into jest. Every Saturday evening, before prayer, all the members were accustomed to kneel

down before the Rector, Passerat, and to accuse themselves openly, before the rest, of little faults. This did not amount to confession, but was merely an act of self-humiliation. Wolff, when the turn came to him to accuse himself before the rest, always accused somebody else. So, for instance, one day he said, "Father Berset looks like a peasant, and has a head like a stone." The pupils were so amused, that they cried, "Go on!" On which he continued, "Father Sabelli is as cunning as a fox." Again, "When Father Joseph snores, he alarms the whole monastery." Of another he said, "He looks like a freemason." However, there was one who was very angry about it, and said, "If I was the Father Rector, I would have turned that fellow out long ago!" On the Saturday following, Wolff accused this man of impertinence—and so it went on for a while.

But, at last, Wolff observed that spies were set over him, and that these spies were his own pupils. They were asked by the Rector whether he had never given any one of them letters for Protestants; and actually one of them, Hüper by name, urged him on to give him letters. Wolff knew at once for what reason he wanted them, viz., to deliver them at once over to the Superior, Père Passerat. So Wolff wrote a letter to Père Passerat, in which he said, "My dear Superior. Hüper is continually wanting me to write letters to heretics. I therefore denounce him to you as a consummate scoundrel." This letter Wolff sealed, and after writing on the envelope the address,

"To the Right Reverend
The Protestant Bisop of
Kundersplun,"

he gave it to Hüper, saying, "There! take this to the post, and don't say a word to the Rector about it." This was just what he did not do, but carried it at once to the Rector, as Wolff had expected. When they met at dinner there was a general laugh, in which the Rector and his secretary, Sabelli, heartily joined. Wolff knew the cause of it, and told the Rector that it was not right to act in this way, and set spies over him. The Rector protested that he had orders to do so, but did not tell him whence the orders came; but no doubt they were from Rome.

Amidst all this, Wolff saw that he got daily further from his object of becoming a missionary; and besides this, the Rector and all saw that he was totally unfit for monastic life, and decided that he was only fit for being among crowds of people. During this time of anxiety, he was dreadfully

afflicted with headaches; he had, however, to ask more than twenty times for his dismissal, before it was granted.

At last they gave him a testimonial of good conduct, and allowed him to depart. He then came to an old friend at Vevay—Monsieur Gaudard by name—a mystic, but an excellent Christian—a disciple of Jacob Böhme. Thence Wolff went to Lausanne, where a rather curious incident occurred.

He was walking in the street, when a lady, who appeared to him to be an Englishwoman, happened to be passing him. Wolff stopt her, and asked her whether she was an English lady? She said, "Yes!" Then said Wolff, "Do you know Henry Drummond?"

She replied, "Yes," and like a flash of lightning, she asked Wolff, "Are you Abbé Wolff?" Wolff said, "Yes," and she said, "Come with me then," and forthwith brought him to the house of Professor Levade. She said, "I have been looking out for you for some time. I was at Rome, and heard all that happened to you there, and here is a letter which I have for you. You must go to England; Henry Drummond is waiting for you, and we shall send you at our expense to London."

Wolff, who had intended to remain at Lausanne, giving lessons in Hebrew, Chaldean, &c., until he had collected money enough to take him to Jerusalem, found all his plans changed by this proposal. The name of that lady was Miss Greaves, whose sister is still alive at Torquay; and Wolff saw her cousin Joseph Greaves again in January, 1860, at Torquay. Miss Greaves' character must not be altogether passed over. She was a lady of the highest benevolence, and was very active in circulating the Scriptures. But, soon after Wolff left her, she was converted to Quietism by Chevalier D'Yvon; as were also her brothers and sisters. Her brother, Alexander Greaves, was ordained in the Church of England; but he returned, and became a kind of Quaker. Her brother Joseph was a great admirer of Pestalozzi, and a disciple of Jacob Böhme; and he supported himself for some time by eating only one egg, and drinking Hunt's coffee, every day; but his constitution gave way under this regimen. Mrs. Gardiner, a sister of Miss Greaves, is still alive and a holy woman. Another Greaves, her brother, went to Miss Fancourt, who had been bed-ridden for nine years, and was given up by all her physicians, and he said, "In the name of Jesus Christ, arise and walk!" which she did, and was perfectly cured; and she married, and died twenty-five years afterwards, leaving children strong in body, and tender-hearted

like their mother. Dr. Wolff asserts with Maitland, the librarian to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and with Claudius of Germany, and with Jung Stilling of Germany, that the Lord glorifies Himself, even in this age, by miracles; and, therefore, that the miracle wrought by Mr. Greaves upon Miss Fancourt, is not to be derided, and Wolff firmly believes it.

Wolff thanked God in prayer for his providential meeting with that lady. There was just then at Lausanne, an English clergyman, the reader at the Whitehall Chapel, whose name was the Rev. Thomas Jones, and who said that he should be happy to take Wolff back with him to London; an offer which was accepted. They arrived at Geneva in the month of July, 1819; where he met with his old friends, Empaytaz and Madame d'Armand, whom he had known in the year 1816, with Madame de Krudener. They all exclaimed at once, "Cher Wolff! Cher Wolff! Enfant de la Nature—Enfant de la Providence—Enfant de Jésus Christ!"

Madame d'Armand was in bed, not quite well. She made the sign of the cross, and said, "I am a follower of Madame de la Motte Guyon." Madame de la Motte Guyon was the foundress of the Quietists, who converted Fénélon, and made him write his book on Divine Love. Her autobiography was declared by her subsequent enemy Bossuet, to be the finest book he ever read, after the Bible. She was the writer of that beautiful hymn,

> "Could I be cast where thou art not,
> This were indeed a dreadful lot!"

Through these friends Wolff became acquainted with Monsieur Mulliné, who introduced him to Professor Pictet, who belonged to the "Eglise Nationale," and recommended him by letters to the Huguenot clergy at Lyons, amongst whom was Monsieur Monod.

A very curious thing happened to Wolff at Lyons. He, who never was able to divest himself of a hankering after Romish priests, called on a Romish clergyman. Wolff stared this man so fully in the face, that he became frightened, and told the servant to remain in the room until that stranger had gone. Wolff said, "Well, if you are afraid of me, I need not remain here." He said, "No, no, stay here, I will talk to you, but I do not know you." Wolff gave him some outlines of his life. The priest asked him to sit down. They conversed for a while. The priest said, "I see the end of your career—I am sorry for you. 'Vous deviendrez hérésiarque.'" This was the second prediction of the kind. The first was in the

same words by Cardinal della Somaglia, the second by this priest.

Wolff then continued his journey from Lyons to Paris, in company with Mr. Jones, who entered into conversation with him about religion, and then said, "You will never be able to get on with any Missionary Society in England, for you take the authority of the Church and tradition as your guide."

Wolff arrived with him at Paris, where he met with a most interesting man, Mr. Robert Haldane, a Scotch gentleman of large fortune, who had originated a dissenting party in the Scotch Church, which went by his name, the "Haldanites." He had written a Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans; and his brother is the celebrated James Haldane, whose wife was related to Sir Walter Scott.

Robert Haldane was very much pleased with Joseph Wolff, and so was his wife, and they begged him to go with them to London, as they were great friends of Henry Drummond. Wolff therefore asked Jones if he might go with them, and as Jones had something to do in Paris, he willingly consented to it; and Wolff confesses that he was rather glad, for he observed in Robert Haldane more spirit and talent than in Jones.

Jones could only tell him that the Church of England was better than other churches, but Robert Haldane entered with him into the depths of scripture, and laid before him most beautifully the doctrine of justification by faith, which perfectly agreed with the views of Father Dens and Cardinal Bellarmine. And thus they went on conversing as they travelled in Haldane's carriage, until they arrived together at Calais. Landing at Dover from Calais, Wolff believed every Englishman he saw to be a robber, so he told Haldane that he was afraid that all his countrymen were thieves.

"What!" said Haldane, "the women too.

"Certainly," replied Wolff, "every one of them. Will you protect me?"

Haldane laughed immensely, and said, "Never mind, I am with you, I will keep them aloof."

And thus it was that Wolff came at last to London, and went to Charing Cross to Drummond's bank, where he found his friend Henry Drummond himself.

Mr. Drummond took him at first to a private boarding-house, No. 60, Paternoster Row, the house of Mrs. Stennet and her two daughters, and a week afterwards to his own residence, Norland House, Kensington Gravel Pits.

And here began to be verified the words which Count Stolberg said to Wolff when they parted: "Do not become vain,

Wolff, about what I shall tell you now, namely, that you are a young man who will become the friend of men of principle and influence wherever you go: such men will be sure to take an interest in you." Wolff has experienced the truth of this at all periods of his life. He became at this time, as a youth, the friend of Drummond, Lewis Way, and Simeon; and has now for more than fourteen years rejoiced in the friendship of a man as holy and sincere as they were—the uncompromising and highly-principled George Anthony Denison, and his most excellent wife.

Wolff learned to understand the English language very quickly, and on his first Sunday in London attended the service of the Baptists, accompanying Mr. Drummond to it. After it was over, Drummond asked him how he liked it? Wolff replied, "Not at all." There was not, he said, the slightest reverence in that service, and he therefore wished Drummond to take him to the Vicar Apostolic of the Pope, Dr. Poynter. Drummond replied, "I will take you to another place of worship." And accordingly he took Wolff to Mr. Evans, another Baptist minister, but Wolff was no better pleased.

Then he took him to a Quakers' meeting, where they sat for two hours without talking, and playing with their walking-sticks; but Wolff would have nothing to do with them. He said, "This is nothing."

Then another friend took him to a Methodist minister, the famous Richard Watson, a holy and excellent man, who explained the views of their community, which Wolff found to resemble, in many points, the Church of Rome in its good phases. But still this did not suit Wolff. At last Drummond said, "I see what it is you want, Wolff!" and took him to the Episcopal Jewish Chapel in Palestine Place, Bethnal Green, Hackney, where the service was performed according to the rites of the Church of England, by the Rev. Charles Sleech Hawtrey. Wolff was now enchanted with the devotion and beauty of the ritual, as performed by Mr. Hawtrey, and at once expressed himself satisfied. Drummond said, "I see you will belong to the Church of England; nevertheless, you will find a great deal of pride and annoyance in that Church, as well as in the Church of Rome."

Henceforth accordingly Wolff considered himself to be a member of the Church of England, but his liberality towards other denominations was without bounds. So much so, that he took the sacrament from Dr. Steinkopf of the Lutheran Church one Sunday; and, on the next, from a clergyman of the Church England. His view then being (as it is to a great degree now),

that members of the living Church of Christ, *i. e.* those who in the last days shall compose the Church which is to be the Bride of the Lamb, are to be found among the baptized members of all denominations; whilst on the other hand he maintains that the only divinely-constituted Church is that which has preserved the Apostolic Succession.

Drummond and Hawtrey introduced Wolff to that holy and good man, the Rev. Lewis Way, whose history is remarkable. He was a barrister of small fortune, when one day a Mr. John Way, a gentleman totally unconnected with him, passed Mr. Lewis Way's chambers, and saw his name written on the door. He made his acquaintance, and soon afterwards that old man died, and left to the barrister £300,000, with the condition that he should employ it for the glory of God. Lewis Way immediately took Holy Orders in the Church of England; and his design was to devote his life to the conversion of the Jewish nation, and the promotion of their welfare, temporal and spiritual. Which desire and object he expressed in the beautiful paraphrase, made by him, of the 62nd chapter of Isaiah:—

"For Zion's sake I will not rest,
I will not hold my peace:
Until Jerusalem be blessed,
And Judah dwell at ease.

"Until her righteousness return,
As daybreak after night—
The lamp of her salvation burn,
With everlasting light.

"And Gentiles shall her glory see,
And kings proclaim her fame,
Appointed unto her shall be
A new and holy name."

Lewis Way then heard that there was a Society existing, composed of churchmen and dissenters, for the purpose of converting the Jews; and that society was very much in debt. Upon which he nobly came forward, and offered to liquidate the whole debt, which amounted to £20,000; on condition that the dissenters should retire, and leave the whole management to churchmen. They accepted his terms, and he took sixteen Jews into his house, and baptized several of them; but, soon after their baptism, they stole his silver spoons, and one of them, Josephson by name, was transported to Australia, having forged Mr. Way's signature. However, nothing disturbed him in his purpose; so he went to the Congress of

Aix-la-Chapelle, and interested all the Powers of Europe in favour of the Jews. Noble Lewis Way had one Jew still under his care; a young man of extraordinary talents, named Nehemiah Solomon, whose beard he had shaved off; and after he had got him instructed in Latin and Greek, he had him ordained Deacon, by Dr. Burgess, the Bishop of St. David's. After this, Lewis Way set out on a Missionary tour to Russia, and read with the Emperor Alexander the 44th chapter of Isaiah, and when he came to the passage in the 28th verse, that says of Cyrus—

"He is my shepherd, and shall perform all my pleasure, even saying to Jerusalem, thou shalt be built, and to the Temple, thy foundation shall be laid."

Lewis Way looked significantly at Alexander, and Alexander looked at him,—both thinking that perhaps the Emperor might be the instrument, even as Cyrus was, for bringing back the Jews to their own land.

Lewis Way was accompanied on this expedition by Solomon, his Jew *protégé*, and by Sultan Kategerry-Krimgherry, a Tatar nobleman, who was sent by the Emperor Alexander to Edinburgh to study. Sultan Kategerry-Krimgherry, a Muhammadan by birth, was baptized in Edinburgh, and was made a member of the Kirk of Scotland; and married in Edinburgh a Miss Nielson.

On reaching the Crimea with these two converts, Lewis Way desired Solomon to preach to the Coraite Jews in the place called Jufut-Kaleh, near Bakhtshe-Seray; but whether Solomon preached, or did not preach, admits of a doubt.

It was after this expedition, and when Lewis Way had returned to England, viz., in the year 1819, that Joseph Wolff met that earnest man, still flaming with fire for the zeal of promoting the Gospel of Christ among the Jewish nation. In the year 1820, Solomon returned to his patron from the Crimea, pretending that he had a doubt about the Trinity. Lewis Way sent him to Scott, the commentator, in order that his mind might be settled upon that important point; and so it seemed to be after a stay of three months. But Wolff saw him afterwards, and said to Henry Drummond, "This man is not sincere; he will break out terribly some day."

However, Solomon was ordained a priest; and seemed to be going on well, when, to make his story short, he suddenly ran away, after having drawn £300 from the Society, and was never heard of afterwards.

Nothing, however, disturbed Lewis Way: and soon after he

went to Palestine; but there he was shamefully deceived by a Mount Lebanon Christian, and was so distressed by the circumstance that it made him burst into tears; yet he continued his operations among the Jews, with the same earnestness as over, and at last the dear man died at Leamington, broken-hearted.

Wolff was introduced in London to that man of God, the Rev. Charles Simeon, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, himself of Jewish extraction, who waited more than 50 years for the salvation of the Lord to the Jewish nation; and, besides him, to Dr. Marsh of Colchester, and to Hawtrey; all of whom decided that Wolff should go to Cambridge, at the expense of the Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, for they wished to train him as a missionary; and that he should study theology under Simeon's private tuition, and the oriental languages under the great Samuel Lee, who had been brought up a carpenter. This remarkable man went one day, when a youth, to the Roman Catholic Church, and heard the mass performed in the Latin-language. Displeased with himself, because he could not understand one word of it, he bought a Latin grammar, and learnt it by heart. After this, he sold the grammar, bought a second-hand Latin dictionary, and thus by degrees made himself acquainted with Latin, Hebrew, Chaldean, Syriac, Arabic, Persian, Hindoostanee, and Sanscrit; and he became the celebrated Regius Professor of Cambridge University.

Under Dr. Lee, Wolff read Arabic, Persian, Chaldean, and Syriac; and on the first day after his arrival in Cambridge, he received a visit from the great Sanscrit professor of Germany, Dr. Bopp, who presented him with his translation of the celebrated Sanscrit poem, "Nalus." Wolff was pleased, and wishing to have a second copy for one of his friends, and having in his pocket just then, exactly the £1, which was the price of the book, in a bank-note (such as were at that time in use), he paid it at once for the book. Bopp put, as he thought, the bank-note into his pocket, and gave Wolff another copy of his poem. Wolff, coming to his old friend Mrs. Dornford, also a great friend of Simeon's, said to her, "I have bought this book for a £1 bank-note, which was just the sum I had in my pocket." Whilst Wolff was saying this, he put his hand into his pocket, and drew out the identical bank-note for £1. Mrs. Dornford stared, and he exclaimed, "This is certainly extraordinary; I had one £1 bank-note in my pocket, which I gave to Dr. Bopp, and he put it into his pocket in my presence; and I could take my oath that I had

only one £1 bank-note in my pocket; and I could also take my oath that Bopp put the very bank-note into his pocket, and did not give it back to me. Yet now I find the very same bank-note in my pocket. There is witchcraft in this, of which I have heard a great deal among the Jews."

Scarcely had Wolff finished speaking, when the servant of Dr. Bopp arrived with a letter containing the following account: "My dear Wolff, you made a mistake last night; for you gave to me, instead of the bank-note, the enclosed advertisement of a grocer's shop." So the mystery was solved.

Wolff proceeded zealously in his studies. He read fourteen hours every day. He rose at 2 o'clock in the morning, and gave himself little time for eating. He had a companion with him in his room for a while, whose name was La Roche, who excited his emulation by his diligence and zeal. La Roche was sent, by the Church Missionary Society, to Benares, six weeks after Wolff's arrival in Cambridge. He had also studied in Tübingen. He was a fine, noble soul, of great piety, and of an enlarged mind; and Wolff regretted his departure much. However, that excellent man remained not long in India. Worn out by continual labours, and from the total ignorance of the directors of the Society, how to regulate his great genius, he returned to this country, and died on board ship, just as it was entering the Thames.

Wolff went every Saturday to Simeon, and read a theme on a theological subject. He translated Limborch's controversy with the Jew Orobio, from the Latin into English. To Limborch's book, the life of Uriel Da Costa was affixed. What an awful life, and what an awful end, was that of Da Costa! Uriel Da Costa was a descendant of those Jews in Spain, who were forced to become Roman Catholics by the Inquisitor Torquemada, and Cardinal Ximenes. But centuries passed on, and the descendants of those forced converts had become Roman Catholics by birth, parentage, and education. Such was the case with Uriel Da Costa, his mother, brother, and sister, nephew, and cousin; and, having been brought up for the Romish priesthood, he became Canon in the Cathedral of Oporto. But, in spite of centuries having elapsed since his ancestors were Jews, Da Costa never forgot the fact, and one day he said to his mother and relations, "Is it not extraordinary that our ancestors have been Jews, and that they were forced to embrace the Roman Catholic religion? Come, and let us read the Old Testament, and see what the Jews believe?" They did so, and then, with one consent, said, "Let

us fly to Amsterdam, and embrace the Jewish religion—the religion of our ancestors—which is better than that of the Roman Catholics."

Amsterdam is a place to which those Christians resort who wish to embrace the Jewish religion; and it continues to be their custom to find refuge there at this day. Soon after this, Uriel Da Costa, with all his relations, went to Amsterdam, and they were solemnly and openly received into the Jewish synagogue, about 160 years ago. But the inquiring mind of Uriel Da Costa soon observed that the Jews had corrupted many laws of Moses; and he spoke his mind freely about it, and called them the perverters of the Law of Moses. Whereupon the Jews, in order to convince him that they were right, and he wrong, inflicted on him, several times, forty stripes save one. Uriel Da Costa put an end to his existence by suicide, after he had written his own life, which ends with these words, "Reader, be not angry with me, I sought the truth, but did not find it."

In the year 1820, 150 years after the time of Uriel Da Costa, his great grand-nephew, Isaac Da Costa, who was born and educated to the Jewish religion, had become a most distinguished and celebrated lawyer of Holland, and a great poet in the Dutch language. He was also a gentleman of great wealth and learning, and lived with his mother, brother, sister, cousin, and nephew, in Amsterdam. He read the life of Uriel Da Costa, and said to his mother and family, "Is it not extraordinary that our ancestors were brought up in the Christian religion? Come, and let us examine the merits of the Christian religion;" which they did, and Isaac Da Costa went to Haarlem, to Bilderdick the poet, and read the gospel with him. He then returned, and read it with his family, and also the writings of S. Bernard and Thomas Aquinas, and also the works of the Dutch reformers; and then Isaac Da Coata, with his whole family and relations, were baptized, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and he immediately began to preach, and, through the grace of God, became the instrument of the conversion of Dr. Kapadose, a celebrated physician in Amsterdam. Wolff heard Da Costa in after times, on his return from his journey to the East.

Wolff also heard Kapadose preach, and describes his sermons as being like a clap of thunder; and maintains that only those Jews, who are converted in such an extraordinary way, are worth anything.

* Thus, for instance, Neander in Berlin; Emanuel Veit, in Vienna; the two Veits step-sons to Friedrich Schlegel;

Monsieur Ratisbon of Strasbourg; all of whom are true lights in the Church of Christ. But Jews who are converted by Societies, are like Eastern fruits cultivated in green-houses in Europe, and have not the flavour of those which are naturally grown.

And there is a great deal in what the Apostle Paul says, in the first epistle of Timothy, first chapter, 16th verse. "Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might show forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to those which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting."

Paul's conversion has been a type of the way in which many Jews shall be converted after him, namely, suddenly, by miracle, by inspiration. For the grace of God comes often suddenly, as genius came upon Corregio, as a boy, so that, when in afterlife he stood before the masterpieces of Raphael, he was able proudly to exclaim, "*Anch' iô sono pittore!*" (and I also am a painter!) So the landscape painter, Koch, originally a shepherd's boy, by looking at the beauties of nature in the Tyrol, whilst his goats fed around them, was inspired to paint. His master flogged him for it, and he ran away, but eventually became the most distinguished landscape artist in Rome.

Wolff remained in Cambridge for two years. He read almost all the works of St. Augustine, and Bishop Butler; also the astronomical discourses of Chalmers, Bishop Kidder's writings, and the German divines; as well as the works of Bishops Bull and Andrews, and Robert Hall's sermons.

Everything he undertook he succeeded in learning, except one thing, which Simeon tried, but in vain, to teach him, namely, how to shave himself. Mr. Simeon actually appointed an hour (12 o'clock) to instruct him, in the first place, how to sharpen a razor; but the moment Wolff tried, although Simeon had told him to keep the blade flat, he did just the contrary, and cut the razor-strop in two. Simeon gave him a slap, laughed, and gave up the shaving lesson.

One day, Wolff came to him quite wet through from the rain, and read a dissertation, which he had written. Simeon rubbed his hands, and said, "I am rejoiced to observe that your mind is expanding, I am quite delighted with this; you have fully entered into the subject, come to me on Monday." Next Monday Wolff went, when Simeon said, "Now I want to make you glad; here is a beautiful umbrella for you, but I know that you will lose it, so I have put my own name upon it, and then, if you do lose it, they will bring it back to me,

and I will return it to you." But, most unfortunately, the umbrella was stolen, and nobody brought it back; so Wolff in despair went to Mrs. Dornford and said, "I don't dare to go any more to Mr. Simeon, because the umbrella he gave me has been stolen." Mrs. Dornford replied, "I will now give you a piece of advice; write a very good essay, and if you see that Mr. Simeon is pleased with it, tell him your misfortune." Wolff remained up all night, and wrote an essay with all his learning in it. Simeon rubbed his hands again, and said, "I am rejoiced; you have become quite a man in your thoughts;" and then the following dialogue took place between them.

Wolff.—"Mr. Simeon, are you really pleased?"

Simeon.—"Very much pleased indeed; quite rejoiced."

Wolff.—"Could I tell you anything I wished?"

Simeon.—"Anything, I shall never be displeased with you."

Wolff.—"Your umbrella is gone!"

Simeon.—"This is nothing more than I expected."

Wolff was more convinced than ever, when he arrived at Cambridge, that he had been wrong at Rome in getting up in the Lecture-room, and contradicting the Professor and whole body of students; for, when he once contradicted Professor Lee in the same manner, who was lecturing on Isaiah, Dr. Lee at once said, "Wolff, this is not allowed at Cambridge." Wolff was exceedingly struck by this, and said to himself, "What extraordinary patience they must have had at Rome, to have tolerated what is not allowed in a Protestant University, and in a land of liberty!"

When Wolff was once at tea at Mrs. Dornford's, Mr. Whish, a clergyman from Bristol said to him in the presence of Joseph Dornford, "Wolff, you have a better Pope in Mr. Simeon than you had at Rome." To which Wolff replied, "In order that I might have no Pope, I left Rome; and I will not have another Pope at Cambridge." Mrs. Dornford said, "I hope you will not contradict Mr. Simeon, when he tells you anything." Wolff answered, "I would, if I thought he was not right." Joseph Dornford said, "You are perfectly right in not acknowledging Mr. Simeon as Pope." Simeon then entered the room, and when the case was stated to him, he said, "You are perfectly right, my love, and I embrace you for your sincerity."

On another occasion, Wolff drank tea at Mrs. Dornford's, her son, Joseph Dornford, and Mr. Gladwin, afterwards an incumbent at Liverpool, being present. They talked together about the British and Foreign Bible Society, when Wolff

asked, "Why do not all the Bishops patronize this society?" Joseph Dornford said, it was a most difficult case, and Gladwin explained the reason. "Only consider," he said, "that the British and Foreign Bible Society is composed of members of every sect which does not acknowledge episcopal authority; and you will see in what an awkward position the Bishops are placed, when they attend the meetings of the society, and a Socinian may be in the chair. And what guarantee can they have, that the society will not publish Socinian translations?"

Wolff describes his stay at Cambridge as a happy time. He was called by the members of the University Mr. Simeon's and Professor Lee's "pet." The society of Baptist Noel, and Lucius O'Brien, and Crawford in King's College, and of Lamb and Scolefield, who was afterwards master of Bennet College, electrified him daily more and more with ardour for proceeding as a missionary to the Jews and Muhammadans in Jerusalem, and other parts of the East.

Wolff now relates what took place one day at a public meeting of the Church Missionary Society, where Mr. Simeon, Daniel Wilson, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, and Gerald Noel were speaking. Simeon said, "I have accompanied on board the ship, when they set forth as missionaries, men like Thomason, Claudius Buchanan, and Henry Martyn, and I hope to accompany many more such next May," and saying this, he jumped about like a dancing dervish. Upon which, Daniel Wilson rose on the platform, and said, "If all were to leap about with the vigour of youth, as our elderly friend Mr. Simeon has done, all prejudices would soon disappear;" and then Daniel Wilson also jumped and danced about, like his friend.

With nothing was Wolff more pleased than with the perusal of Henry Martyn's Life; and even now he frequently recites the translation by Henry Martyn of the song of a Persian muleteer, which is as follows:—

"Think not my heart can ever dwell
Contented far from thee;
How can the fresh-caught nightingale
Enjoy tranquillity?"

"Oh, then, forsake thy friend for nought
That envious tongues may say
The heart that fixes where it ought,
No power can rend away," &c.

Wolff deeply sympathised with Henry Martyn's sufferings in Sheeraz, and the contradictions he suffered from Sabat, the

pretended convert from Muhammadanism to Christianity, who afterwards died as a pirate.

After Joseph Wolff had been nearly two years at Cambridge, he received a letter from Henry Drummond to the following effect:—

"My Dear Wolff,

"I am grieved to the very heart that you should allow yourself to be kept so long by the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. What can you learn from them which you do not already know? Tell them that you must go out immediately, and if they don't send you, I will send you out at once. There is as much pride in the Church of England as there is in the Church of Rome."

Wolff replied to him—

My dear Friend,

"They want me to stay here a little longer, that I may get more knowledge of the world. The Jews' Society for Promoting Christianity has been disappointed by every Jew they took up. One became a Muhammadan, another a thief, a third a pickpocket: and I am determined to remain here to show there is a sincere Jew in the world. They want me to spend, also, a few months with Lewis Way, in order to get more knowledge of the world."

Drummond wrote to Wolff in answer—

"You are almost as great an ass as my friends Lewis Way and Charles Simeon are. What knowledge of the world can you learn in Stansted Park? Knowledge of the world can only be gained in the world."

Nevertheless Wolff went on a visit to Stansted Park, whence he was determined to go to Portsmouth, to preach to the Jews; therefore he wrote a note and sent it to Lewis Way's room, which note contained the following:—

"My dear Mr. Lewis Way,

"I knew that you would make a fuss, if I told you that I wanted to go and preach to the Jews in Portsmouth; I have, therefore, gone there, without your leave."

Wolff set out on foot from Stansted Park, when Mr. Alexander—now Dr. McCaul—came after him at full gallop, and brought him back, as he was afraid that the Jews would tear him to pieces. Simeon also came to Stansted, and said, "My dear Wolff, you ought to stay a little longer, for two reasons: first, in order to acquire more experience of the inner life of a Christian; secondly, in order to learn how to shave yourself. How can you be a missionary, without knowing how to shave yourself, or even how to make tea, for you lately put the

kettle on Mrs. Dornford's table?" Wolff said to himself, "It is time to set out, for if I am to stay until I learn how to shave myself, I shall never start at all." So he wrote to Henry Drummond, who wrote to Lewis Way, and to the Committee, in a most angry manner—

"You are, indeed, a real Jew's Society! Eye for eye, and tooth for tooth, is your rule. I will not allow you to keep Wolff any longer—I will send him out myself!"

Wolff was then called before the Committee, and asked, "Whether he looked with respect and regard on the Society?" He replied, "Not only with respect and regard, but also with gratitude for their kindness;" and added, "that he should always cherish a feeling of affection towards them all."

Sir Thomas Baring, the President of the Society, now at once gave Wolff letters to his friends at Gibraltar and Malta; but before we leave Cambridge altogether, we must survey it a little, as we have already surveyed Rome. One cannot but be struck with this fact in coming from Rome to Cambridge.

Rome appears at once in all its institutions, in all its manners, as the Capital of the Papal power,—of a power which, with all its learning and all its disasters, and in spite of the mighty schism of Martin Luther, has, nevertheless, not yielded an inch to the Protestant communion. And every one entering Rome will at once say, "Here is the Pope; the infallible head of a Church which cannot change!" Cambridge, on the other hand, is in all its institutions, in all its regulations, the representative and mistress not of an ultra-Protestant Church, but of a Church which has striven to retain all the good that is in the Church of Rome, and to remove Romish abuses from her, as well as the ultra-Protestantism of the Continental communities. And the struggle is going on. She has certainly not yet succeeded in exterminating Antinomianism from her Church; for Wolff was horrified with the spirit of some naval officers, who had entered Catharine Hall as students, when he was there, and who, scarcely knowing even the elements of Divinity, set themselves up as teachers. There was one, especially, who was always falling into a passion, and would then excuse himself by saying, "I am, after all, a child of God!" The good Charles Simeon, on the one hand, withstood the formalism of that portion of the Church, called by Conybeare the "High and Dry;" and, on the other hand, the filthy Calvinism of some of those preaching lieutenants of the Navy who have been alluded to. Simeon was a good and stunch churchman. His sermon on baptism is beautiful; and, besides this, he admitted

the holiness of a man like St. Bernard. Whereas, one of those preaching lieutenants, who had never read a word of St. Bernard's writings, actually called that great and holy man a "villain" in Wolff's presence. Wolff speaks to this day, with affection, of the beautiful, eloquent, and learned sermons of Benson, afterwards Master of the Temple; also of the learned Dr. Marsh, Bishop of Peterborough's sermons; and though he does not consider Professor Lee to have been a good preacher, yet he admired the simplicity of his character; and he learned also to love others at Cambridge, who entirely differed from his views, such as Baptist Noel, Layland Noel, Gerard Noel, and Mr. Mudge.

Wolff was once asked to which Universities he gave the preference—the German or those of Oxford and Cambridge. He replied, without the slightest hesitation, "I prefer Oxford and Cambridge to the most celebrated Universities of Germany. For, though in Germany more branches of science may be taught, yet, with regard to solidity and discipline, which alone form good, great, and religious men, Oxford and Cambridge are very far superior to any other establishments of the sort. The German professors are the slaves of the boys, their pupils; and should one of them dare to displease a student, the rest of the students would all to a man combine, and march out of the town, and could only be induced to return by the professors following them, and humbly apologizing. And this is especially the case in the Protestant Universities of Germany. I once," added Wolff, "asked Professor Lee, of Cambridge, 'What would your Cambridge professors do if the students threatened to leave the University?' He at once replied, 'We would expel every one of them!'" And so it should be. It is quite ridiculous in Germany to hear a beardless boy say, 'Da fühlt man sich' (literally, 'One feels oneself'—is conscious of the powers within one). I was struck with horror," said Wolff in conclusion, "on meeting in Mocha, in Arabia, a German youth, a student of one of their Universities, who had taken arms under the Egyptian tyrant, Ibrahim Pasha, and who boasted of being a revolutionist and an atheist. He said to me, 'It was in the University that I learnt to *feel myself*, and to disobey the professor.' I replied, using his own words, 'And now you have learnt to *feel yourself*, it has made you the slave of a Muhammadan tyrant.'"

Before Wolff left England, the first time, he visited the Jewish Synagogue in Duke-street, London. It was on a Friday evening, and the congregation were performing Divine

worship. Wolff, however, disregarding the fact that they were engaged in their religious service, began to circulate tracts published by the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews. The Jews justly indignant at this unwise proceeding, not only turned Wolff out of the Synagogue, but actually beat and kicked him, and took away his hat, which they afterwards threw after him into the street. But it must not be omitted that the more respectable Jews subsequently apologized for this rude behaviour.

CHAPTER VI.

Gibraltar; Argues with Jews; Malta, further arguments; Cleardo Naudi; Alexandria; argues with Marpurgo; Mr. Salt, Sir Gardiner Wilkinson; Magic; Cairo; Messrs. Carne and Clarke; Mount Sinai; taken prisoner by Arabs; return to Cairo.

WOLFF embarked for Gibraltar on the 17th of April, 1821, accompanied on board by Augustus Bayford, now Dr. Bayford, then a boy about fifteen years of age; and amidst a storm, which perhaps others did not think anything of, but which frightened Wolff, who was a great coward at sea, they arrived at Gibraltar. Here he was kindly received by John Bailey, Esq., Lieutenant R.N., at whose house he soon took up his residence; also by Dr. Parker; and the Wesleyan missionaries, Rees and Croscombe. Wolff was requesed to pray in the Wesleyan Chapel, which he did, but with some hesitation of speech. The whole congregation, however, groaned, as if much touched. When he had done, Rees prayed in turn, and it was a beautiful outpouring of devotion, addressed to the majesty of heaven. But the whole congregation was silent; which is, among these people, a sign of disapprobation. After Wolff left the meeting-house, Rees said to him, "Now you see a little of the spirit of my flock; I am not popular among them, and so they groaned when you prayed: and, though I certainly prayed with as much fervour as you did, they were silent." Wolff was so much disgusted with the spitefulness of the congregation, and no less so with the remark of their minister, who should not have minded their groans, that he said to him, "You will never catch me praying in your meeting-house

again." Nevertheless, he kept up his friendship with Mr. Rees, and was taken by him and Mr. Croscombe to the house of a very intelligent and respectable Jew, named Gabay, with whom he had both then and afterwards some very interesting conversations.

Rabbi Gabay was considered by the Jews themselves to be the most learned man among them, and they called him "The wise man." He had travelled in Germany, France, and England; spoke Hebrew, Italian, Spanish, and English, and had learned Arabic from a Moorish gentleman.

When Wolff first visited him, he found him, surrounded by his wife and children, interpreting a Rabbinical book to two Jews. Gabay received him with the utmost kindness, and then proceeded to try him, first in Italian, then in Arabic, then in Hebrew, to ascertain what he knew; after which, he showed him the travels of Niebuhr, translated into French, which language he understood pretty well. On Wolff's asking for an Arabic Bible, he brought him the Arabic translation of the Old Testament, published by the Bible Society; and then they read together a great part of the first chapter of Genesis.

After this was over, Wolff being anxious to hear something of the state of the Jews at Gibraltar, asked Gabay's permission to question him on the subject; and this being granted, the following dialogue ensued:—

Wolff.—"How many Jews are there at Gibraltar?"

Gabay.—"Three or four thousand."

Wolff.—"Have they a chief Rabbi?"

Gabay.—"Yes; his name is Rabbi Joseph, from Morocco."

Wolff.—"Is he a learned man?"

Gabay.—"In the Talmud only."

Wolff.—"Are the Jews at Gibraltar all Talmudists* or Coraeem?" †

Gabay.—"There are no Coraeem: all are Talmudists; but we hear there are some Coraeem at Morocco."

Wolff then told Gabay of the conversations Lewis Way had had with the Coraeem Jews in the Crimea, and of his journey

* The sect who hold to Rabbinical interpretations of Scripture, and tradition.

† The sect who reject tradition, and admit Scripture only as their rule. How Dr. McCaul, in his pamphlet on Marriage with a deceased Wife's Sister, could dare to assert that the *Coraeem*, or *Caraites* only began to exist in the 12th century, is *inconceivable;* because Muhammad's mother was a Jewess of the daughters of *Koraita*, as the Coraeem are called in the Arabic langnage. See *Masoodee.*

to Aix-la-Chapelle, with which account Gabay was very much pleased, and said, "*Love produces a much greater effect than anything else.*"

To this all present assented, and Wolff remarked that true Christians in every age have loved the Jews.

He then inquired further, whether the Jews at Gibraltar had a king? To which Gabay replied, "No; for the Jews are now without king, and without prophet, and without ephod."

Yet, although this was true as regards a regularly-appointed and anointed king, the Jews at Gibraltar have the custom of giving the title of "king" to one of their number. At the time of Wolff's visit, this Jewish king's name was Carthosa, a man, it was said, of liberal mind; but as he was unluckily just then on a visit to Lord Chatham in England, Wolff did not see him.

The conversation between Gabay and Wolff continued by the latter inquiring whether Gabay had heard of the new synagogue, which the Jews in Germany had established.

Gabay asked, "What are their principles?"

Wolff answered, "They are, alas! Deists, viz., neither Jews nor Christians." To which Gabay replied, "They are the beast spoken of in the Revelation of St. John!" After which he showed Wolff a Hebrew Bible, with the commentary of Jonathan (Targum Jonathan).*

Wolff looked at it, and said, "Has Targum Jonathan the same authority among the Jews here as Targum Onkelos?" †

Gabay exclaimed, "Yes! for Targum Jonathan is written by inspiration of the Holy Ghost." Wolff asked, "How may this be proved?" Gabay answered at once, "By tradition." "By what tradition?" inquired Wolff. "By that of the Rabbis," was the Jew's reply. "But," persisted Wolff, "how do you prove the truth of that tradition of the Rabbis?" This was a close question, and Gabay returned no answer, but broke off, and turned the conversation to another subject; a mode of getting out of the difficulty which he practised again when Wolff showed him the sermon on the Mount, and asked what he thought of the doctrine. Gabay answered at first, that he considered the whole as a history; but when Wolff pressed him further by inquiring whether he approved of it, he just said, "I like fine and grand words;" and once more broke off the discourse.

* Targum is the name given to Chaldee Paraphrases of the Old Testament.

† See page 5.

Before Wolff left, however, Gabay asked him whether they should read the Bible together in Hebrew, to which he gave a ready assent, and then received from Gabay a warm invitation to take up his abode in his house. This he did not do, but called on him several times afterwards, that they might speak together about religion.

Just before parting, on the first occasion, Wolff asked concerning the Jews generally at Gibraltar, whether they were in the habit of reading the Old Testament.

But the answer to this may be easily anticipated. Gabay exclaimed, "Alas! no! for Gibraltar is too much a town of business." Shortly after this interview, a rich Jew, named Hassan, who had become a convert (though of rather a lukewarm sort) to Protestantism, requested Wolff to call on him; and at his house Wolff met his brother, Joseph Hassan, a great Hebrew scholar, and still a strict, but reasonable Jew.

Wolff spoke to this man at once about Christianity, and gave him the fourth and fifth chapters of St. Matthew to read. He did so, and was much struck when he came to the passage, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not to come to destroy, but to fulfil." He read it twice over, and continued to read, till Wolff asked, "Do you approve of this doctrine?" Joseph Hassan answered, "I cannot yet give you my decided opinion, for I have never read the New Testament; I know only the Old Testament, but I will tell you my view about the Messiah, and about Jesus. The design of the Messiah was, according to the prophets, to restore Israel into their own land, and to make them kings and priests; to redeem them from captivity, and to make them a righteous people. And He, the Messiah, must be their king, and mighty to save. But Jesus was sacrificed, it may have been for a very good purpose, but this very circumstance shows that He was not the Messiah."

Wolff replied, earnestly, "I am entirely of the same opinion that the Messiah will come one day, and restore Israel to their own land, and every true Christian believes it; but they must first look on Him whom they have pierced, and mourn."

But although Wolff believed this at that time in a general way, he had not yet those definite ideas of the second advent of our Lord, which afterwards enabled him to combat successfully this favourite argument of the Jews. His visit to the Hassans was followed by another to Gabay, when they discoursed for two hours upon the interpretation of different passages of Scripture referring to the Messiah, but with no par-

ticular result, although with unabated good feeling on both sides.

Another Jew, with whom Wolff became acquainted at Gibraltar, was Mr. Ben Oliel, who was said to be not only the richest Jew, but the richest man in the place. He was Consul-General of the Emperor of Morocco, and gave Wolff and his friends, Lieutenant Bailey and Dr. Parker, who accompanied him, a most cordial reception, inviting them to his country house, and offering to give all the information he could about the East. Nor did his kindness abate, or he betray any displeasure, even when Wolff told him that he was a Jew by birth, who had, through conviction, entered the Christian Church. On the contrary, he promised to give him letters for the Prior of the Spanish Convent at Jerusalem, asking for an introduction for Wolff to the Jews at Jerusalem. He was pleased to find that Wolff could talk with him in Hebrew, and also in Arabic, and was glad to hear accounts of the Jews residing at Paris and in Germany.

By Mr. Ben Oliel, Wolff was soon after introduced to the presidents of the three chief synagogues at Gibraltar, and from them he learnt that there were not above 1,600 Jews in the place; and that the Jews of Portugal were much more faithful to their religion than those of Spain. Mr. Ben Oliel accompanied Wolff and his friend, Lieutenant Bailey, to their synagogue also, but Wolff was not, of course, allowed to preach.

On a third visit to Gabay, he went, by appointment, in the forenoon, at half-past eleven, to read Spanish, and was met at the gate by Gabay's son, who, when he saw Wolff, ran in to tell his father; and on entering the room, he found there Gabay and three Jews with white beards, dressed after the Turkish manner, besides four other respectable Jews, of the Portuguese persuasion, and several Jewish ladies. They all arose as Wolff came in, and Gabay shook hands with him, and he made his bow to the others, who responded kindly, showing by their countenances a mixture of respect for him with confidence in themselves. Wolff began by desiring Gabay to read the Bible with him in the Spanish tongue; on which Gabay inquired what chapter he would like to read?

Wolff declined choosing, for although he longed to name a chapter in which the Messiah is spoken of, he did not know whether Gabay would like to argue with him in the presence of other Jews. He therefore told Gabay, as his master, to choose the chapter. Gabay did so, and took Isaiah xi.—"And there shall come forth a stem of Jesse," &c.; and when Wolff,

continuing to read, came to verse 6,—"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid," Gabay interrupted him, and asked, "What is the sense of this verse?"

Wolff answered, "That there shall be universal peace." After the chapter was concluded, a silence of several minutes followed; the Turkish Jews sitting, in these moments of meditation, as is their custom, with their hands on their beards. At last a young Jew, whose countenance expressed solidity and seriousness, opened the Hebrew Bible, and all the others followed his example, and the young Jew asked: "Mr. Wolff, do you understand the contents of this chapter?"

Wolff answered, "The prophet speaks here of the Messiah." On which the young Jew asked again, "Does the wolf dwell with the lamb, and does the leopard lie down with the kid?"

Wolff's reply to this was a warm assertion of his faith in the crucified Saviour as the true Messiah: and he spoke it with a force and an agitation that must have fully persuaded his hearers that he believed what he professed to believe. And "no anger, no gnashing of teeth, no laughter, no blasphemy followed" (as Wolff himself recorded at the time in his journal), adding, "God be praised for it!"

Nevertheless, the young Jew, whose countenance and eyes, whilst looking at the aged ones who were searching the Scriptures, expressed his desire to cut Wolff in pieces; not with violence, but with the force of his arguments, and with the sword of the Scripture, pressed him again by saying, "You have poured out your feelings, but I desire arguments." To which all the Jews responded together, "Arguments! Arguments!" And then once more Wolff asserted, "The Messiah is come." And once more the young Jew reiterated, "But the lamb does not dwell with the wolf; there is not yet that universal peace."

Wolff answered, "That will take place at his second coming." To which the young Jew objected, "How do you prove two comings of the Messiah?"

Wolff said, "When we find the greatest part of the prophecy respecting the Messiah fulfilled, in one who declared himself to be that Messiah, then we must believe that he was the Messiah, and are bound to believe what he revealeth unto us. Messiah has come, and he tells us he shall come again. Many of the prophecies are not yet fulfilled, and he must come a second time to fulfil them." Which argument was right as far as it went, but Wolff had not yet learnt to combat the stronghold of the Jews from the words of the Messiah himself—

"O fools, and slow of heart, to believe ALL that the prophets have spoken," &c., as will be more fully shown hereafter.

Wolff was detained longer at Gibraltar than he originally purposed, and so had other interviews with his friend Rabbi Gabay, and made further acquaintances. Among them, that of Mr. Ben Aruz, respected by all the officers of the garrison as an honest man and a gentleman. He was also a man of property, and it is to be remarked that Wolff found the richer and more educated Jews much more willing to listen to his arguments, and think well of his efforts, than the poorer orders.

One conversation with Mr. Ben Aruz was interesting enough to be worth citation. Mr. Cohen, another Jew, in whom Wolff had taken great interest, but who subsequently turned out very unsatisfactory, took him to the house of Ben Aruz, and the dialogue between them was as follows:—

Ben Aruz.—"I am very much obliged for the New Testament; I say always to my friend Cohen that Mr. Wolff is a very sensible man, of great talent, who gains much money, and eats well, and drinks well, and believes in his heart what he likes; all the Jews in Gibraltar are a parcel of fools, who argue with you about the prophets and the law. I was in the world, and know the world very well; I have done myself just what you Mr. Wolff are doing—I went about with bishops arm in arm; I lived many times in convents, and was the *galant homme* of all the ladies, but in the midst of all these things in my heart I was a Jew—and so you are, Mr. Wolff—and you are right!"

Wolff.—"It is sad indeed that you know so little of the spirit of the law of Moses and the Prophets as to think that a man may be a *hypocrite*, and nevertheless be a good Jew. If you, Mr. Ben Aruz, have acted thus in your youth, for a little meat and drink, you have acted wrong, and I tell you that you have not been happy that whole time. And do you think that I should be such a fool as to deny my God, my Saviour, for money, for meat and drink? There will be a day of resurrection, a day of universal judgment, and if I should then be in such a state as you suppose, my wretched soul would be in an awful condition. But no, no; I believe with all my heart, all my soul, in Jesus Christ, my Saviour, my Redeemer!"

Mr. Cohen here got up and went away, and Wolff was left a little while alone with Ben Aruz.

Ben Aruz.—"Mr. Wolff, I am a man of honour, a man of secrecy, and I assure you with an oath, that I will not betray you,—but tell me sincerely, do you believe in Jesus Christ?"

Wolff.—"In Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God—in Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God—in Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God—the heaven above is my witness, and the earth beneath."

Ben Aruz.—"Of what use is *the Son?* we have the Father, and in Him we believe!"

Wolff.—"Do you believe in the Father?"

Ben Aruz.—"I believe."

Wolff.—"And all that He commands?"

Ben Aruz.—"And all that He commands I am obliged to fulfil."

Wolff.—"The Father commands, '*Kiss the Son!*'"

Ben Aruz.—"I tell you Mr. Wolff, you will cry out at your death, 'I have sinned, I have committed iniquity, I have done wickedly.'"

Wolff.—"Yes, you are right, I shall cry out indeed, 'I have sinned, I have committed iniquity, I have done wickedly,' but at the same time I hope to add, 'I trust in thee, Jesus, my Lord, and my Redeemer, and my God!'"

On a subsequent occasion, Rabbi Gabay attacked Wolff again with the word עַלְמָה (Isa. vii.) and said, "It is true that עלם signifies to *hide*, but I will show you that עלמה may signify something else; but first of all show me your proofs that עלמה signifies Virgin."

Wolff.—"I will give you three;—1. From the origin of the word itself. 2. From the oldest translations. 3. By citations from the New Testament. 1. Origin עלם *hide*, עלמה a woman hidden, after the manner and custom of the East, until she is ripe for marriage. 2. The Greek Translators one hundred and eighty years before Christ translated it Virgin. 3. The Evangelist Matthew would have not been so bold as to translate it Virgin, if the Jews had not generally understood *Virgin* under עלמה. And there are other passages to the same effect."

Gabay.—"I will prove to you by Kimchi's Dictionary, that עלם must have another original signification beside *hide*."

Here he opened Kimchi, and showed Wolff נעלמים, which Kimchi translated חוטא *sinner*, but Gabay did not read all through Kimchi's interpretation; but suddenly stopt short, whereupon Wolff exclaimed with great vehemence, "Mr. Gabay, go on! go on! go on!"

And according Gabay was obliged to continue, and then it appeared that Kimchi mentioned the reason why נעלמים has the signification of *sinner*, viz.,—because he *acts in secret places*. The above-mentioned Ben Aruz, who was a friend of M. Gabay entered the room here, and beginning to talk, used

the same arguments that he had done the day before, but Wolff maintained his ground.

Ben Aruz.—"You are obliged to confess the name of Christ!"

Wolff.—"Yes, you are right, I am obliged to confess the name of Christ, constrained by the grace of the Lord!"

Ben Aruz.—"Because all your present welfare depends upon this profession, you mean."

Wolff.—"All my *present* and *future* happiness and welfare depend upon it!"

Ben Aruz.—"Courage, Mr. Wolff!"

Wolff.—"Which Jesus Christ my Lord will give me!"

Ben Aruz.—"Hold Him fast."

Wolff.—"*I will by his grace hold Him fast.*"

Ben Aruz.—"Or you lose yourself?"

Wolff.—"*Or lose myself for ever.*"

Ben Aruz.—"You have a great talent."

Wolff.—"I am a poor weak creature, a sinner who hopes to be saved by Christ Jesus, by his blood!"

Gabay.—"He neither slumbers nor sleeps, the Watchman in Israel!" (*He said this in Hebrew.*)

Wolff.—"He neither slumbers nor sleeps, the Watchman in Israel!" (*Wolff, in Hebrew.*)

Gabay.—"Hear, Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord!" (*in Hebrew again.*)

Wolff.—"Hear, Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord—and Jesus is the Messiah!" (*Wolff, in Hebrew.*)

Tears stood in the eyes of Gabay, at Wolff's earnestness, and Ben Aruz himself became more serious. And Wolff had at any rate the comfort of feeling, that no one present could suspect him of a trifling spirit.

Another day, five or six Catholic priests asked Wolff to go with them to their house; where they brought him into a dark room—where nobody looked him in the face—and there they began to talk about the Pope. They used the Latin tongue. Wolff told them he loved Pius the Seventh very much on account of his liberality. One of the priests told him, unasked, that he was at Rome in 1817 (just when Wolff was in the Propaganda), and knew well Cardinal Litta. Wolff said to him, I received, after my departure from Rome, a very *affectionate* and *interesting* letter from that very Cardinal Litta." Then they began to argue about the Pope's Infallibility.

Wolff.—"*Ecclesia Gallicana non credit Papam esse infallibilem.*"

Capucin.—"*Ecclesia Gallicana credit minus quam debet.*"

Wolff.—"*Quomodo probas?*"

Capucin.—"*Papa est caput ecclesiæ, ergo infallibilis esse debet.*"

Wolff.—"*Verbum digito Domini scriptum, non dicit hoc.*"

Capucin.—"*Nec tibi, nec mihi, sacra scriptura data fuit, sed ecclesiæ.*"

Though there was a good deal of sound reasoning in that Friar's remarks, yet they were spoken in such an unamiable and hostile manner, that Wolff was not at all easy in the company of these priests, and was glad to come out from them. He suspected by their countenances that they hated him, and would have consigned him to the Inquisition if it had been in their power. On the other hand, some of the Protestant Christians at Gibraltar feared that Wolff's life was not safe among the Jews; but this was quite an unreasonable apprehension, as little circumstances constantly proved. For instance, one day he strolled out of the town alone; and in returning to Lieutenant Bailey's mistook the road and came into a solitary place; where he met several Jews, who smiled, and brought him in the right way. He went alone too into their houses, and to their synagogues, and they shook hands with him on those occasions quite kindly. He always showed himself very serious to them, in order to keep up that respect which he felt to be necessary among them.

Of the many Jews with whom Wolff associated at Gibraltar, there was only one, Jonas by name, who treated Wolff with real enmity, and he was very violent, even trying to raise a mob against him; in which attempt, however, he did not succeed. But Wolff was much grieved by some of the English Christians, who were high Calvinists; especially by a long-face pulling lady with a whining voice, a daughter of that holy man, S—— of P—— Q——, in whom indwelling holiness had triumphed over his Calvinistic views, as true Christianity of the heart will always counteract the practical tendency of every false system. But his daughter did not inherit this largeness of mind. She was continually bothering Wolff not to argue with the Jews about the truths of the Gospel, but only to preach to them the sovereignty of grace, and the doctrines of election and reprobation.

On the 16th June, 1821, after having remained two months at Gibraltar, Wolff embarked on board the Shamrock, a merchant vessel, commanded by Captain Senner, of Liverpool, bound for Malta. Among the passengers there was one very

interesting one, Lieutenant Toole by name, a young gentleman of the highest talent and acquirements.

Wolff gave him the "Researches of Claudius Buchanan" to read, in which Toole took the greatest interest, especially where that excellent writer points out those passages of Scripture, relating to the dispersion of the Jews, on which he observes, "The Hindoo persecutes the Jew without knowing the reason of his doing so."

Toole kept continually saying, as he read, "An extraordinary fact, an extraordinary fact!" and from that time he became more serious, and read his Bible every day during the passage to Malta.

That excellent young man afterwards died in Africa, where he went with Clapperton to Bornou.

On his arrival in Malta, Wolff was obliged to perform quarantine, as there had been fever at Gibraltar. And here the Maltese doctor, Cleardo Naudi, agent for the British and Foreign Bible Society, and for the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, who also translated the New Testament and various tracts into Maltese for the Church Missionary Society, called on Joseph Wolff, and invited him, when released from quarantine, to take up his abode at his house. A short sketch of the life of this remarkable man will interest the reader.

He began his career in 1816, when he attracted the notice of Henry Drummond, then at Malta. He had, at that time, written a tract in Italian, entitled "The Fear of Man." Drummond asked him to lend him this tract, and, soon after, Naudi saw his own tract printed at his friend's expense, with the name of Cleardo Naudi affixed to it. This brought him into notice in England, and the Bible and Missionary Societies gladly employed him as their agent at Malta: after which, he also became member of the committees of all the societies then existing in Malta, as auxiliaries to those in London. At last, through the acuteness of the Rev. William Jowett, missionary from the Church Missionary Society, (or, as he was ridiculously called, the "literary representative of the Church Missionary Society;" a title he wisely gave up afterwards, moved thereto by the sarcastic but just remarks of the late Henry Drummond,) suspicions began to be entertained with regard to Naudi, which led to the Church Missionary and Bible Societies dismissing him from their service. Yet, for some years, he was still employed by the London Missionary Society, but, after a while, he lost that post also. He then persuaded Keeling, the Wesleyan missionary, that he

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had converted a number of Maltese to the tenets of the Wesleyan connection; but that, as yet, they were unwilling to give their names; and having on the death of his first wife, who was a Maltese, married an Englishwoman, he introduced her to the Wesleyan missionaries as a Roman Catholic lady from England, who was desirous of embracing the Protestant faith; and to the Roman Catholics as a Wesleyan, anxious to return to the bosom of the true Church. So, at certain hours of the day, she received instruction in the Protestant religion from the Wesleyan missionary, Keeling; and, at other times, she was catechised by a Roman Catholic priest in the tenets of the Church of Rome. And one Sunday morning, at nine o'clock, she accompanied her husband to the Wesleyan chapel, and abjured the errors of Popery; and three hours after, at twelve o'clock, she went to the private chapel of the Roman Catholic bishop, and solemnly renounced the damnable heresies of the Methodist persuasion!

Nor did this end the deception. On the contrary, she received the holy communion every week in the Roman Catholic chapel in the morning; and in the evening related her "experiences," in company with Naudi, in the class-meeting of Mr. Keeling, describing her conversion, and how there "fell from her eyes, as it had been scales;" and that since then, as she worded it, she had not *sinned*, but *backslidden!*

At last, in 1834, Naudi was completely unmasked, and dismissed by the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. His career, however, was not yet ended. In 1835, he set out for England; and when Wolff heard that, he said to his darling wife, and to other friends in Malta, "Now, mark my words, this fellow will go to the Irvingite chapel, and break forth in an unknown tongue, and he will return to us an Evangelist of the sect." In 1843, Wolff and his wife, Lady Georgiana, paid a long visit to Henry Drummond, and then heard that Naudi had come to England in the year 1835; had really gone to the Irvingite chapel, and heard the unknown tongues; and then, suddenly inspired, broke forth himself. And in the list of the officers of the Irvingite religion, which Wolff saw that year, the name of Cleardo Naudi appeared, as Evangelist for the Island of Malta. This extraordinary man returned to Malta during the time of the cholera, where he really distinguished himself by his attendance on the sick and dying, from morning to night, with a zeal which gained him the respect of all the inhabitants of the place, and of the British Government there. And, finally,

poor Cleardo Naudi died the victim of those righteous labours, having caught the disease himself; in consequence of which a pension was granted to his widow: and thus, odd to say, the name of this curious man is now remembered with gratitude and respect. And Wolff thinks that the pompous coldness with which he was treated at the outset, by some of the missionaries, may have contributed to make him what he was, though exactly what *that* was, it is difficult to judge. Schiller is right in saying, "That we are still in need of a Linnæus, to classify the motives of the human heart."

But to return to Wolff's visit to Malta in 1821. He took up at that time his abode with Naudi, who gave him every assistance in his power, in his missionary pursuits. Mr. Joseph Greaves introduced him to a rich Jew, Ben Simra by name, who was just then in his warehouse, in the midst of many Jews and English Christians.

Mr. Greaves said—"Mr. Ben Simra, I introduce to you Mr. Wolff, who has been strongly recommended to me from England." Mr. Ben Simra stood, with his hands behind him, looking at Wolff in a contemptuous manner; and, turning away from him, said to Joseph Greaves, "This man must not come into my house. He ought to follow a better trade." They bowed and left him. It was a bad beginning. However, that same day Wolff had the visits of two Jews; the one, Luzena by name, a Jew from Ragusa, whose whole object was to find out whether Wolff could introduce him to rich merchants. Roguery was in his eyes. The other Jew, Cohen by name, was a fool, and made a fool of Wolff. He complained that the Jews persecuted him, and pressed him to pay his debts, because he wanted to become a Christian. Wolff at last found out that this man was not sincere, for the observation frequently made by Hoffbauer was verified in that fellow—"Most fools are knaves." He one day came to Wolff, and told him that he had had a dream that he should find a treasure in a certain place, and he actually made a fool of a Maltese who came to assist him in digging after that treasure, but they found nothing.

Wolff attempted to preach in the synagogue, and entered it with several English officers and civilians for that purpose. The officers and civilians were asked politely to sit down, but Gomez, the churchwarden the chief of the Jews, came up to Wolff, and said, "Thy memory and thy name be blotted out from the book of life! Instantly you leave!"

Wolff said, "You have no right to turn me out from a place of public worship."

Gomez said, "This is private place of worship, and, if you ever dare to come in again, you will be insulted."

Wolff left with his friends, and returned to Naudi, where he had an encounter with a Maltese Catholic, an architect, who was a complete atheist, and whose name was Gronniet. Wolff lost too much time in conversing with that profane infidel and revolutionist; but his English Christian friends, together with Naudi, always took his part on such occasions. To show the weak and ignorant way in which such people argue, part of a dialogue between Wolff and Gronniet is subjoined:—

Signor Gronniet.—"The whole of Christianity is an imposture of the priests."

Wolff.—"You were born a Roman Catholic, and, having seen the superstition of your Church, you think that the true system of Christianity consists in that."

Gronniet.—"I do not believe in any divine revelation."

Wolff.—"What reasons have you for not doing so?"

Gronniet.—"If God had desired that man should act and think after his pleasure, He could have done it, and all men would be constrained to think as He likes."

Wolff.—"How should you, a worm, dare to prescribe a rule for God, how He should act? Read the Bible, and I hope you will have other views."

Gronniet.—"Every nation pretends to have a revelation from God. What nation, now, is in the right way?"

Wolff.—"The very circumstance you mention, that every nation pretends to have had a revelation from God, should satisfy you that there must be some truth in it. Examine, therefore, the documents of the several nations, and read—I tell you again—the Bible."

Gronniet.—"The Bible is an imposture."

Wolff.—You have not read the Bible and cannot prove it."

Gronniet.—"Volney proves it."

Wolff.—"I do not argue with Volney; I argue with you."

Gronniet.—"The world was from eternity."

Wolff.—"Prove it."

Gronniet.—"What would God have done before He created the world?"

Wolff.—"Will you prove a thing by your ignorance?"

Gronniet.—"You admit that God is the *soul* of all things?"

Wolff.—"I do not understand this *spinozistical* nonsense, that God is the *soul* of all things; He is the *Creator* of all things."

Gronniet.—"The word *Barach* in Hebrew does not signify *create*, but *make*."

Wolff.—"*Barach* signifies nothing, for there is not such a word to be found in Hebrew. You have heard something, but not well. It is *Barah*, and signifies *create;* but, if I should admit that it signifies *make*, you told me just now that the whole Bible is an *imposture*, and you nevertheless would prove your infidelity by the authority of the Bible. I must, therefore, draw this conclusion, that you are an impostor; but I tell you again that ברא signifies *create*. Here is the dictionary."

Gronniet.—"I do not understand Hebrew."

Wolff.—"Then you must not assert a thing which you do not understand."

Gronniet.—"Volney proves it."

Wolff.—"Volney is a liar! Prove the contrary, if you are able."

Gronniet.—"The Koran is better than the Bible."

Wolff.—"You have never read the Koran; I know it. You have never looked into the Koran."

Gronniet.—"In the Bible is one contradiction after another."

Wolff.—"Here"—(he produced a Bible)—"show me one, if you are able. I challenge you to show me one."

Gronniet.—"I will bring you a book which will prove to you that there are contradictions in it, for I myself have too much to do."

Wolff.—"But you must confess that you have proved nothing, and that you will never be able to defend your absurdities by one reasonable proof. My dear friend, you are in an awful state. Read the Bible, where you will find the way of salvation, Jesus Christ; without Him you will undoubtedly perish."

Gronniet.—"Why does He not punish me, if there is a God, at this moment. I speak against Him."

Wolff.—"You are punished at this moment, for your conscience—(I know it)—reproves you, while you are blaspheming the Lord."

Gronniet.—"There is no such thing as blasphemy."

Wolff.—"You are a blasphemer."

Gronniet.—"There are many great men who did not believe."

Wolff.—"Yes; all those who wish to continue an immoral life. But truly great men, such as Sir Isaac Newton, Hugo Grotius, and Leibnitz, have been believers."

Gronniet.—"I will come again, and bring the books of Volney and Voltaire with me."

Wolff.—"I shall be very glad."

Mr. Sheridan Wilson, Minister of the Independent denomination, and missionary of the London Missionary Society, invited Wolff to preach openly in his chapel, which offer Wolff accepted.

It was his first attempt at public preaching; and not only he himself, but all his friends, felt great anxiety; one especially, who was a gentleman in every respect, by education, learning, and conduct—the medical officer of the English regiment then there—Dr. Gaisford by name.

It will be as well to describe his appearance. He was always dressed in regimentals, as all in the military service are. He was exceedingly good-natured, six feet high, and immensely fat.

He said, "Mr. Joseph Wolff, I never felt so attached to a missionary in my life, as I do to you. I very ardently desire that you should acquit yourself, in your first attempt at public preaching, with *éclat*. You must, therefore, write your sermon to-day" (this was on a Monday), "and I shall come twice every day to hear you recite it."

All the other friends of Wolff were extremely amused with the interest Dr. Gaisford took in the young missionary, whom he declared to be amiable in the extreme; and they said they also must be present to see how old Gaisford drilled Joseph Wolff.

They all accordingly came, ladies as well as gentlemen, and were seated in Dr. Naudis's large room; when at last, old, tall, fat Dr. Gaisford entered, and said to Wolff, "Now, first of all, imagine here is the pulpit: you must mount it in a grave way, put the handkerchief on the pulpit cushion, and, when you find yourself a little exhausted, you can take it up and wipe your forehead with it. Every word must be pronounced distinctly; and with emphasis, where emphasis is required; clearly and slowly. Now begin—let us hear!"

So saying, he seated himself at a little distance, and bent his head in an attitude of close attention: and when he thought that Wolff had failed in giving proper emphasis, he got up and corrected him, walking towards him in a military manner.

However, on the Thursday he said, "I see I shall be able safely to advise all my friends to come to your preaching, also the Roman Catholics who understand English. But on Saturday I shall inspect you again." Which he accordingly did, and then said, "Now I am satisfied. I see that we may all attend."

On the Sunday following, Wolff had an immense congregation, and acquitted himself *à merveille*, as Gaisford himself expressed it to all the people as they came out. "However,"

said he, "it is no wonder! I have taken considerable trouble with him, and he will turn out a good missionary." Then turning to Wolff, he remarked, "Now I shall have something to say to the Jews for having treated you so rudely." So he went to the synagogue, and called them a set of ragamuffins, not fit to breathe the air, for having treated so ill an amiable and talented man, who they ought to have known was his friend!

The poor Jews were frightened to death, and were apprehensive that great tribulation would fall upon the holy congregation of Israel for their misbehaviour. But Wolff conversed with a few of them, and they were a little conciliated. That excellent man, Gaisford, died in 1823, of dropsy.

Wolff remained for some time longer in Malta, and made many acquaintances in the house of Charles Henry Smith, Superintendent of the Dockyard. He was introduced also to several interesting characters, two of whom are well worthy of being noticed. The one was Professor Rossetti, who wrote the remarkable commentary upon Dante Alighieri, in which he tries to prove that Dante was a Carbonari. His commentary is fanciful, but Wolff was charmed with Rossetti himself; nor can he ever forget his terrible recitation of the death of Ugolino and his children in the Tower, and how he gnawed at the head of his enemy in hell. Rossetti extemporized a most wonderful poem, describing the cruelty of Archbishop Ruggieri. He was evidently acquainted with all the scholastic writers of his church.

By the side of this scholar used often to sit a hero, General Carascosa, who had fled from Naples, and both these men took the deepest interest in Wolff, and said, "Wolff, your amiable conduct will carry you through the world."

Nevertheless, Rossetti advised him not to go to Alexandria as he had purposed, because the war with the Greeks had just broken out. But he went notwithstanding, proceeding in a Maltese ship; and, on his arrival, found the town exactly as it is described by Volney. The change from European life was complete; everything was now Eastern. A Janissary came on board the ship, asking for letters. He was the Janissary of the English Consul, Mr. Lee. And there was there also the British Consul-General of Egypt, who commonly resided at Cairo—Henry Salt, Esq., the fellow-traveller of Lord Valentia, in Abyssinia; a man of deep learning, very skilful in reading inscriptions, and most eminent in drawing—cold in manner, but kind in heart. Mr. Salt complained that the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews had just

sent a most unfit missionary to Jerusalem, Melchior Tschudy by name, with his little wife: a man who was evidently a mere speculator. He had already offered the Pasha to drill the Arabs in military tactics in the Desert, provided he was made Governor of Arabia, and Commander-in-Chief of the troops! He played the quack also, and sold medicine to the ladies, in order that they might be blessed with children; moreover, he pretended to know witchcraft. Wolff wrote all this home, and got the fellow dismissed.

At Alexandria Wolff met with more success among the Jews than in Malta. He was first introduced to Dr. Marpurgo, the Jewish physician of the Pasha, who had desired his acquaintance. Marpurgo had been for many years in Egypt, and spoke Arabic, Turkish, French, Italian, English, and German, with the greatest facility. He was, however, one of those Jews who believe nothing. He had married a Jewess of Egypt, who certainly was not the lady for him, as none of the Eastern ladies can be, for a well-educated European. All their talk is about dress, and their gait is that of an elephant; and Marpurgo's own view about them was, that they were all daughters of the devil. Nevertheless, his father-in-law was a worthy old Egyptian Jew, with a fine venerable beard; and Marpurgo used to say to Wolff, "How I should laugh if you were to succeed in baptizing my father-in-law!" Wolff visited him first one evening, when he had with him a traveller from Prussia, Dr. Hemprich, a naturalist, who was investigating subjects of natural history, between Egypt and Abyssinia: and the two came down upon Wolff, and argued for three hours on religion. Hemprich said at last, he could not conceive that anybody would go to the East, and expose himself to such an unhealthy climate, and to so many dangers, for the missionary cause, unless he were a fanatic: but to this Wolff replied that Hemprich himself had been sent out by his Government to acquire more knowledge in natural history, and found the motive sufficient. Was it incredible that some should take pity on the degraded state of Jews and Muhammadans, and desire to give them the knowledge of better things? Marpurgo then remarked, that, if Wolff would but consider the conduct of the several denominations of Christians in the East, who were ready to murder each other before the altar, whilst Jews and Muhammadans lived together in perfect peace, he would no longer wish to join the Jews to such communions. To which Wolff protested that his object was to make them acquainted with the word of God, and with their Saviour; and then they might become a light to enlighten those Gentiles, who called

themselves Christians, but were so unworthy of the sacred name. The conversation was in German, and was conducted in the most friendly manner; the disputants sitting together on a sofa to talk. In conclusion, they evidently left the victory to the missionary, whom they afterwards introduced to the rest of the Jews. Among others to a rich one, Sananas by name, who had two wives, for polygamy is allowed to, and practised by, the Jews in the East. He had a young wife and an old one; and at this Jew's house Wolff was surrounded by the greater part of the Jewish community, to whom he preached the Gospel in the Hebrew tongue. He was also invited to dinner by Sananas, and conversed with many of the guests upon the subject of Jesus being the Messiah. Meantime, his acquaintance with Drs. Marpurgo and Hemprich was continued from the first. They called on him together at the British Consulate, and Dr. Marpurgo gave him an account of a manuscript of the Pentateuch, preserved in one of the synagogues at Cairo, which was supposed to have been written by Ezra, and which was considered so sacred, that an anathema was pronounced by the Rabbis at Cairo, against every one who should open the door of the chest wherein it was preserved. Marpurgo added that he had intended to take it out, but sickness had prevented him. He also told Wolff of another manuscript of the law of Moses (ספרי תורה) *Sepher Torah*, preserved by twelve Jewish families, at a place called Malta (not the island), near Cairo, which was supposed to have been written a thousand years before, and which was said to have performed many miracles. Many Jews from Cairo, and other places, performed pilgrimages to that Sepher Torah; and one day, afterwards, Wolff asked permission to see it, and was allowed by the Jews to do so, when the worship in the synagogue was over, and most of the congregation had dispersed. The sanctuary was then opened, and the Torah taken out, and Wolff read in it; after which, he said, "This Word ought to be read day and night, for it is the Word of God, which He gave by Moses upon the Mount Sinai, amidst thunder and lightnings; and we ought to be thankful to the Jews that they have preserved this law, and even counted the letters, in order that we may be sure it is the same Word which was given to Moses upon the holy Mount." He spoke this—half in Italian, half in Hebrew, and sometimes in Arabic,—and all the Jews present applauded his sentiments.

But to return to Marpurgo's visit with Dr. Hemprich. After speaking of these manuscripts, it was clear they wished to talk more; and a question or two from Wolff soon brought

on another discussion. He addressed himself to Dr. Hemprich, and asked,—

"What is the chief object of your travelling? With what branch of knowledge do you intend to enrich our native country, our dear Germany?"

Hemprich.—"The chief object of my research is natural history."

Wolff.—"A very important research. It is worth while to undertake labours and hardships in every research which tends to promote the truth."

Hemprich.—"Quite true, especially as one of our German philosophers says, 'Those sciences will always pay for their labour which are below and nigh unto us, the *physical* sciences; but the inquiry into metaphysics always loses itself in the clouds, and we know as little as before.'"

Wolff quite understood what Dr. Hemprich meant, and was now very anxious to continue the discourse, that he might, by God's blessing, show these men that belief in Holy Revelation was not an inquiry in the clouds. He had not now to do with ignorant pretenders, but with men who had studied, and were skilful in argument. So he addressed Dr. Hemprich again as follows:—

Wolff.—"Where did you study philosophy?"

Hemprich.—"At Breslau."

Wolff.—"What is the name of the Professor at Breslau, who gives public lectures in philosophy?"

Hemprich.—"Dr. Stephens."

Wolff.—"Does not Dr. Stephens follow the system of Schelling?"

Hemprich.—"Yes; but I went to hear him only for amusement. It is true he is a man of great talent, but his lectures often consist of nothing but mere bombastical expressions."

Wolff.—"This is, alas! too often the case with teachers of philosophy in Germany; but I should, notwithstanding all this, never wish to hear a lecture upon philosophy, or a lecture about truth, with the mere view of amusing myself; for if we go for our mere amusement only, we must be already prejudiced and conceited; and thus we are in great danger of remaining in darkness, while believing ourselves to be wise."

Hemprich.—"I do not say that, at the first, I went with the intention of amusing myself, but I did so afterwards, when I heard his pompous expressions."

Wolff.—"I know very little of the philosophy of Schelling, but I have read a dissertation of his some years ago, entitled, 'The Deity of Samothrace,' in which there is much truth,

although some parts are very obscure. Count Stolberg himself, who did not like the system of Schelling, acknowledges the excellency of that treatise."

Hemprich.—"Count Stolberg was fond of mysticism."

Wolff.—"I myself reject mysticism, in a certain sense; but that term being often used in different senses, I should be glad if you would be so kind as to tell me what you understand by mysticism."

Hemprich.—"I am ready to lay before you the profession of my faith, that you may understand what I mean by the word mysticism. I believe in the existence of a God who has created the whole of Nature, and has given a certain law by which this universe must be governed; but He does not depart from that law which He has laid down, and I do not, therefore, believe in the miracles related in the Bible."

Wolff.—"That the Lord governs the world by a certain law which he has laid down, *concedo majorem*; that He does not depart from that law without a great design or purpose, *concedo minorem*; but that He does not depart from that certain law, even for the execution of a great design, *nego minorem; ergo, conclusio tua est absurda.*"

Hemprich.—"If He should be obliged to alter that law, He would not be *omniscient.* Why did He not create all things in such a manner that He never should have need to suspend the law of Nature?"

Wolff.—"You yourself must be first *omniscient*, to be able to decide what the Omniscient ought to do. Now it is in his law to alter the usual way of Nature, for the execution of great purposes; but it is very presumptuous for a creature who knows so little of the usual course of Nature (for you would not make so many great voyages if you already knew all the laws of Nature)—it is very presumptuous for such a creature to ask, Why did the Creator act *thus*, and not thus?"

Hemprich.—"The existence of the supreme Being—of the Creator—is proved by the order which we observe in this universe. If such an extraordinary event as a miracle should take place, the order of Nature would be destroyed; but God cannot be the author of *disorder!*"

Wolff.—"We cannot call it disorder, if the Maker of the world gives an extraordinary turn to Nature which is beyond what we can conceive; we have seen many phenomena in Nature which we have not yet been able to explain, and certainly nobody will say, on that account, that such phenomena are *disorder.*"*

* Monsieur Ratisbonne, the famous converted Jew, who wrote the

Here Marpurgo turned the conversation in another direction, by asking, Why, if God is omniscient, He created men, of whom He knew that He must root them out again by means of a deluge?

Wolff.—"He is *omniscient;* He knows therefore, why He did create them. I myself, who am not *omniscient,* do not pretend to know the reason."

Hemprich.—"According to your system, we are obliged to believe all the miracles which the Hindoos and Pagans relate."

Wolff.—"No; we must take into consideration the tendency of these miracles. The tendency of the miracles related in the Old Testament was to show that God would redeem his people Israel out of the bondage of Egypt, and that God—Jehovah alone—must be adored. The tendency of the miracles related in the New Testament, was to persuade men that Jesus was the Saviour of the world, who should reconcile us again with our heavenly Father,—an undertaking, the truth of which, according to the promise of it, was well worthy of being proved by extraordinary circumstances, to make it manifest that He it is who takes away the sins of the world."

Hemprich.—"According to your belief, sin cannot exist, for you admit the Divine influence in everything; and God cannot be the author of sin. Who is the author of sin!"

Life of St. Bernard, gives the most sublime view of miracles, the most exalted idea of the condition of man before the Fall, and the most glorious glimpse of what he shall be hereafter, in the following passage:—"Miracles are the most striking proofs of the restoration of man to his primitive rights; they recall the power which, in the beginning, he received to rule over nature, and to command it, in the name of its Creator. That power, that high prerogative, may be regained by every man; for all, in virtue of the Creative Word, bear within themselves the force which subdues the elements, rules over creatures, and commands the earth. But this force is latent, degenerate, in chains; and the noble chief of creation, the uncrowned king of this world, has, by the original catastrophe, fallen to the level of the creatures whom he was called to govern: and even to depending on those whom it was his mission to free. Hence, as says St. Paul, the groanings of all terrestrial things, who sigh after their deliverance, and wait for the manifestation of the children of God: hence, the laborious work of liberation and of purification which man has to accomplish on this earth; and in proportion as he raises himself, and is restored to harmony with his eternal principle, in the same proportion he recovers, with the gifts of God, his glorious prerogatives; and participates once again, in the mighty power of God." (James iii, 7.)

Wolff.—"Thus you see the necessity of sacred history. All men are under the government of God. Men should, therefore, be supposed to be good; but I feel in my heart a will rebelling against the Divine will. Whence does it come, O Lord, that all my imaginations are so evil every day, that I rebel against the law of God? Those who worship two principles fall into the most monstrous absurdities. Where can I find the origin of my depraved nature satisfactorily explained? I answer, I open the Book of books, and therein I meet with the following words: 'God created man in his own image; in the image of God created He him. And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat, but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it, for in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die.' Eve, by the serpent's device, 'took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave unto her husband, and he did eat; and then they knew that they were naked;' and hence came *sin* into the *world*, of which God is not the author, but only man's weakness. But, thanks be unto the Lord, He left us not in despair; He has promised that 'the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's heel,'—even Christ Jesus, who reconciles us again with God, through his death."

On hearing this, Marpurgo made the remarkable observation:—

"But the Hindoos have almost the same tradition."

To which Wolff replied,—

"Which proves that this important occurrence actually took place, or the tradition could not be so universal."

Marpurgo now complimented Wolff upon his knowledge of Hebrew, and Wolff expressed a wish to read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah with him, which they subsequently did; and Marpurgo showed Wolff his library, and pointing to a copy of Seneca, observed, "Seneca is my daily prayer-book." Wolff afterwards heard that Dr. Marpurgo had spoken of him with the greatest regard.

Marpurgo died in two or three years; and as his mother-in-law told Wolff, slapping her hands together at each statement, "We cried, we howled, we wept," (*sarakhna*, *aayadna*, *bakeena*,) "as is customary among us, but when we looked for the money, there was none!"

With Mr. Salt Wolff conversed about the mighty enterprises of the Romish Propaganda in Abyssinia; and of the wisdom of Father Payse, who instructed the youth of that country; and then allowed them to argue with the old Abyssi-

nian priests, in order to prove to them the superiority of European learning over the learning of the Abyssinians in general.*

While at Alexandria, Wolff performed Divine service, in the English language, in the British Consulate, in the presence of all the English subjects; and he visited there also the Eastern Christians, giving away Bibles to all, without money and without price. He preached, moreover, to the Italians; but when Salt rode out with him to show him the monuments of the Jewish Cemetery, he found but little interest in them, never scarcely caring for anything, except to see men of different races and characters. Indeed, he was six times in Cairo before he saw Pompey's Pillar, or took any notice of it. One day, an old Polish Jew, seventy years of age at least, of a tall stature, and with a white beard, called at the Consulate, bringing with him his Bible, and the Commentary of Rabbi Solomon Isaac; and with him Wolff was really delighted. Nor can he forget to this day the impression which this man made upon him; for he was in appearance like Abraham of old times, and had left his country in order to spend the remainder of his days in Jerusalem, and there await the arrival of the Messiah.

Wolff began by asking him to write down his name upon a piece of paper which he gave him; and the old man, after saying that he felt honoured that such a great man should show him so much attention, wrote as follows, in Jewish-German characters: "Yehiel, the son of Feibish, from the land of Russia, from the Government of Mohilev, from the city of Sklov. He resides now at Jerusalem, waiting for the coming of the Messiah."

Yehiel then told Wolff he had heard that a Jew who had been converted, was going to Jerusalem to prove that the Messiah was come. Wolff answered, "I am going to Jerusalem!" Yehiel replied, "Sir, none will be converted; for we have been scattered now for more than 1,700 years among all nations; persecuted and despised; our holy city destroyed, and the 1,700 years have been passed in constant and continual endeavour by the Gentiles, to persuade us that Jesus was the Messiah; but, at the end of the 1,700 years, we disbelieve it still!" He added, "Centuries and centuries have passed, since Christians have tried to convert us, by pouring out our blood, and by persecuting us. And centuries and cen-

* Archdeacon Mackenzie, who is now going to Africa, ought to make search in those places, whither Father Lobo went, and where he left marks of his labours. Also, he ought to look after the Roman Catholic Christians in Ganga, and to study Ritter's Geography.

turies have passed, and yet we stand a people separated from the nations, and exclaim every day, 'Hear, Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord.'"

Good, mistaken, old man, upon Wolff's speaking to him of the signs and miracles of our blessed Lord, he said, "Yes, Jesus performed wonders and signs, but remember the words of Moses—the peace of God be upon him!—in Deuteronomy xiii. 1st to part of 5th verse, 'If there arise among you a prophet, or a dreamer of dreams, and giveth thee a sign or a wonder, and the sign or the wonder come to pass, whereof he spake unto thee, saying, Let us go after other gods, which thou hast not known, and let us serve them; thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams: for the Lord your God proveth you, to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul. Ye shall walk after the Lord your God, and fear him, and keep his commandments, and obey his voice, and ye shall serve him, and cleave unto him. And that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams, shall be put to death; because he hath spoken to turn you away from the Lord your God.'" &c. Here he wept awhile, but then continued, "Jesus of Nazareth came and performed wonders and signs, and said unto our ancestors, 'Let us go after three Gods whom our fathers knew not;' and therefore He was put to death by our forefathers justly, with all his wonders and signs." He said this with the greatest animation, and Wolff then, in order to prove to him that Christ never advised any such thing as the worship of three Gods, told him that Jesus had taught his disciples to address themselves in prayer to Jehovah as "Our Father, which art in heaven; Hallowed be (not the name of other gods, but) Thy name; Thy kingdom come." And he also showed him the passage in Matthew, where it is said, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." After further conversation Yehiel left him, promising to call again.

Wolff was introduced by Salt to an American gentleman, a captain in the navy of the United States of North America, who had become Muhammadan from conviction, Mr. George Bethel English by name, but who now called himself "Muhammad Effendi," and with him he determined to travel to Cairo. They set out in a boat accordingly, and travelled together from Alexandria to Cairo; and the first day had an argument which lasted fourteen hours uninterruptedly! Mr. English, cold in his manner, smoked negligently at the same time; but Wolff neither ate, drank, nor smoked, but was in a

continual fire throughout. At the end of their conversation, English burst into tears, and said, "Wolff, you have done two things; you have totally undeceived me in one respect, for, before I saw you, I never thought that it was possible that a Jew could be such a firm believer in the divinity of Jesus Christ. Secondly, I now see more than ever I did that the Christian religion is a religion of the heart; and, though you have not solved all my difficulties, yet you have done one thing, you have spoken to my heart. I have ceased to be a Muhammadan, and you may tell Mr. Salt and Mr. Lee that you have spoken to my heart." An Albanian Muhammadan was also in the boat, and Wolff attempted to speak to him; but the fanatic only replied, "Allah, Illa, Allah, Oo-Muhammad Arrasool Ollah;" "God, but God and Muhammad, the prophet of God;" and he threatened to throw his Christian interrogator into the Nile. Mr. English told Wolff that he had been made a Muhammadan by reading Eichorn's Commentaries on the Bible; Bishop Marsh's translation of Michaelis; and Warburton on the discrepancies of Scripture.

Thus Wolff arrived, peaceably and quietly, with his American companion at Cairo, or properly Caheirah-Almeser, "Egypt the Exalted;" and, by Mr. Salt's orders, his Chancellor, Santini, an Italian, assigned a room to Wolff in the British Consulate. But Santini was not a nice man; he cheated Wolff by making him believe that the best present one can give to a Bedouin chief is a small bottle of castor-oil; so Wolff bought from him some hundred bottles for £10, which made all the English people laugh from Cairo to England; and Wolff heard of it from Henry Drummond, on his arrival at home, years after; who said to him, "How could you be such an ass as to be taken in with castor-oil? You ought to have told him that you would give him £10 if he would drink it himself."

But Wolff was fully indemnified for the trick which had been played upon him, by forming the acquaintance here of both Captain Caviglia, and with Mr., now Sir Gardiner, Wilkinson.

Caviglia was an Italian, a Genoese, captain of a merchant vessel. His ship was wrecked on one of the shores of Greece, but he was saved in a providential, almost miraculous, manner. Then he said to himself, "Now I will devote my life to the investigation of nature, the works of God, and to the study of antiquity." Whereupon, he went to Egypt, and spent the greater part of his days in the Pyramids; and found most mighty monuments of ancient time, which he sent, under the protection of Mr. Salt, to the British Museum. His great

study, however, was the Bible, especially the Old Testament. He compared the contents of it with the existing monuments in the Pyramids of Egypt, and with the ancient history of that country; and came to the conclusion that the Pyramids of Egypt had not been the sepulchres of ancient kings, but colleges in which freemasonry was taught and practised; in fact, that they had been lodges for freemasons and ancient mysteries. His grand books, after the Bible, were the "Mysterium Magnum" of Jacob Böhme, and St. Martin. He believed that angels have bodies; and, with Tertullian, that the soul is a body. He one day sat down and wrote against the Roman Catholic Church, but retracted everything that he wrote a short time after. With regard to science and theology he said, the system of *reserve* must be used. The deacon is not allowed to speak as much on religion as the priest; and the priest not so much as the bishop; nor the bishop as much as the archbishop; and the archbishop not as much as the pope.

When Wolff asked him the reason of all this, his reply was simply (after looking first around him, as if he was watched by an unseen spirit), "In the temple of Solyman were two pillars, the name of the one was Jachin, and Boaz was the name of the other." When Wolff asked him to explain, he merely replied, "*Più non vi posso dire*" (more I cannot tell you). Wolff at that time thought that all this was absurdity, and told Caviglia so, which made him remain a long time away, to Wolff's great regret and sorrow, that he had been so severe in his ridicule.

But now Wolff understands the whole reason for this mystical answer, and Caviglia was quite right not to tell it. And, though Wolff knows now what prevented Caviglia from speaking more plainly, he can himself only repeat to the reader the same words—*Più non vi posso dire.* Once Wolff asked his friend how old he was? Caviglia replied, "Four times fifteen." When Wolff asked why he replied in this way, he answered, "*Più non vi posso dire.*" And so Wolff must again say to the reader, although he knows the reason for that reply—*Più non vi posso dire!* Caviglia also one day asked Wolff where he came from, and whither he was going? Wolff said he came from England, and was going to Jerusalem. Caviglia said it was not the answer he expected. Wolff asked, what answer then must he give? Caviglia replied, this he must find out; and he has since found out the expected answer, but cannot tell it to others!

As to Mr., now Sir Gardiner, Wilkinson, no description of

him is required. His writings on the "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," and his gigantic labours in Upper Egypt, are too well known to the world. Wolff may only observe that he is in every respect a most excellent, amiable, and highly-principled gentleman.

Now for something about magic; for, although the event about to be recorded happened after Wolff's *second* journey into Egypt, he will give it in this place. Wolff was asked whether he believed in magic; to which he replied that he believed everything that is found in the Bible; and even, though all the philosophers should ridicule him, he boldly repeats that he believes everything in the Bible; and the existence of witches and wizards is to be found there, of whom, doubtless, the Devil is the originator; and Wolff believes that there are spirits in the air, for the Apostle tells us so; and Wolff believes also that the Devil has access, even now, into Heaven, to calumniate man, for so we read in the Book of Job, and in the 12th chapter of the Apocalypse. However, with regard to witchcraft, he has seen it with his own eyes, and here he tells the story.

He was sitting one day at the table of Mr. Salt, dining with him. The guests who were invited were as follows: Bokhti, the Swedish Consul-General, a nasty atheist and infidel; Major Ross, of Rosstrevor, in Ireland, a gentleman in every respect, and highly principled; Spurrier, a nice English gentleman; Wolff himself; and Caviglia, who was the only believer in magic there. Salt began to say (his face leaning on his hand), "I wish to know who has stolen a dozen of my silver spoons, a dozen forks, and a dozen knives." Caviglia said, "If you want to know, you must send for the magician." Salt laughed, and so did they all, when Salt suddenly said, "Well, we must gratify Caviglia." He then called out for Osman, a renegade Scotchman, who was employed in the British Consulate as janissary and cicerone for travellers. Osman came into the room, and Salt ordered him to go and fetch the magician. The magician came, with fiery sparkling eyes and long hair, and Salt stated to him the case, on which he said, "I shall come again to-morrow at noon, before which time you must either have procured a woman with child, or a boy seven years of age; either of whom will tell who has been the thief." Bokhti, the scoffing infidel, whom Salt never introduced to Wolff, for fear he should make a quarrel betwixt them, said, "I am determined to unmask imposture, and, therefore, I shall bring to-morrow a boy who is not quite seven years of age, and who came a week ago from Leghorn. He

has not stirred out of my house, nor does he know anybody, nor is he known to anybody, and he does not speak Arabic; him I will bring with me for the magician."

The boy came at the time appointed, and all the party were again present, when the magician entered with a large pan in his hand, into which he poured some black colour, and mumbled some unintelligible words; and then he said to the boy, "Stretch out your hands." He said this in Arabic, which the boy did not understand. But Wolff interpreted wha tthe magician had said, and then the boy stretched out his hand flat, when the magician put some of the black colour upon his palm, and said to him, "Do you see something?" which was interpreted to the lad. The boy coolly, in his Italian manner, shrugged his shoulders, and replied, "*Vedo niente*" (I see nothing). Again the magician poured the coloured liquid into his hand, and mumbled some words, and asked the boy again, "Do you see something?" and the boy said the second time, "I see nothing." Then the magician poured the colour into his hand the third time, and inquired, "Do you see something?" on which the boy suddenly exclaimed, and it made every one of us turn pale and tremble in both knees, as if we were paralyzed, "*Io vedo un uomo!*" (I see a man). The fourth time the stuff was poured into his hand, when the boy loudly screamed out, "*Io vedo un uomo con un capello,*" (I see a man with a hat,) and, in short, after a dozen times of inquiry, he described the man so minutely, that all present exclaimed, "Santini is the thief!" And when Santini's room was searched, the silver spoons, &c., were found.

Wolff must remark that *no one*, except the boy, could see anything; all the other witnesses only saw the colour which the magician poured.

However, here is another story in which imposture was practised, but not by that magician, but by Osman, Mr. Salt's janissary. Osman also pretended to know magic, and was called to a house where a theft had been committed. He suspected a certain person, who was present, of being the thief. He took a pan, and, after he had mumbled some words in the pan, he said, with a loud voice, "If the thief does not send back to a certain spot the thing which he has stolen, this night, at a certain hour, the devil will take his soul out of his body, and tear it into a thousand pieces." Whereupon the thief, who stood by, was so frightened at the prospect of such an end, that he brought back the stolen property at the hour appointed.

It would be wrong to pass over in silence another traveller,

Burckhardt by name, from Switzerland, who assumed the name of Sheikh Ibrahim, and travelled as a Muhammadan, in order to be able to go to Mecca. He once called on Muhammad Ali, the Pasha of Egypt. Muhammad Ali asked him where he was going? He replied, "I am going to Mecca, to perform my devotion to the Kaaba of the Prophet, the comfort of God, and peace upon him!" Muhammad Ali said, "I ask you one favour, and will give you every assistance in my power to reach Mecca safely. Whenever you write your book, don't say that you made me believe that you were a Muhammadan, for I know that you are not."

Wolff would here make a remark upon the point of Europeans travelling as though they were Muhammadans; and trying to make people believe that they have not been known as Europeans. They are always known, and the fact is, that there is no necessity for any one to go incognito; for, the moment one says, "God is God, and Muhammad is the prophet of God," one is a Muhammaden, *ex ipso facto*. There is no need to deny that one has been a Jew or a Christian before; and the only thing travellers do, by trying to make people believe that they were not discovered to be Europeans, is, that they lie in addition to the sin of apostacy and hypocrisy. We have now to treat of the character of Muhammad Ali, and of the Europeans in general, whom Wolff met in Egypt.

Muhammad Ali was a janissary of the English Consul, Mr. Chasseaud, at Cabala, the native place of Muhammad Ali, where he was born in 1768, the same year which gave birth to Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington. He went as a soldier of fortune to Egypt, in order that if *Kismat—i. e.* "Fate"—granted it, he might become Pasha. He soon distinguished himself as a soldier; and, with the assistance of the Mamlooks, he became at last Pasha of Egypt.

But the Mamlooks, that dangerous body, who elected and deposed Pashas just as they pleased, were a thorn in his eye. So he invited them to dinner in the great castle in Cairo, called Yussuf-Kalah, Castle of Joseph (not from Joseph the Patriarch, but from Joseph, one of the Khalifs of Arabia), and received them at the top of the castle. But while they were seated at table, he gave a hint to the artillery, who fired upon them, and out of 700 Mamlooks, 699 were killed; and the one who escaped, mounted his horse, and leaped down from the height of the castle. The horse was killed, but the rider was saved.

Ibrahim Pasha, his tiger son, finished the work, by exterminating all the Mamlooks in the country, Muhammud Ali,

soon after, subdued the Wahabites, and took Mecca from their hands. He then entirely enslaved Egypt, and became the only merchant in the country. All the commerce was in his hands; even the manure was sold by him, and he traded in everything. He was the first who introduced the flogging of women, in order to get from them all the jewels they wore around their necks. He even carried on civilization in the Turkish method; and flogged those children who would not go to school. He was "*the cruel* lord who ruled over Egypt," mentioned in Isaiah. But he sent young men to friends in England to be educated, especially from the Copts and Arabs. His prime minister was an Armenian, Yussuf Boghos by name, *i. e.* Joseph, son of Paul; a man who spoke French, Italian, Persian, Arabic, and Turkish, with the utmost fluency. The judgment of Muhammad Ali about Wolff is published in the "Jewish Expositor." He praised his talent and enthusiasm, and encouraged his idea of establishing schools, but suggested several difficulties.

Among the young men he sent to England, Osman Nureddin Effendi was the most distinguished. He was a young Turk from Albania, who learned the European languages with great facility, and was made superintendent over the College at Boulak; and at last became Pasha under his early patron; but, to the astonishment of all, he left Muhammad Ali the moment he rebelled against the Sultan.

At last, two English travellers arrived in Cairo, Messrs. Clarke and Carne, both of them nephews of the famous Methodist, Dr. Adam Clarke: and Wolff determined to go with them to Mount Sinai and Mount Horeb. He took with him Bibles and Testaments in Arabic and Greek, and even some in Hebrew, though there were no Jews in Mount Sinai; and then he was asked, "Why do you take Hebrew Bibles and Testaments with you to a place where there are no Jews?" to which he replied, "Perhaps some day a Jew may come there, then he will find the word of God in his own language."

His friends called this wild enthusiasm; but, fifteen years after, when Wolff returned to Mount Sinai the second time, he found that a Jew from Bulgaria had been there, and had read the Bible and Testament in the Monastery of St. Catherine, as the Monastery upon Mount Sinai is called; and had been baptized by the Superior of the Greek monks. And, to his great surprise, this man wrote a book on the second coming of Christ, which was found there, in manuscript, by Wolff, and it had been read by the monks: and, at this second visit, Wolff found that they were all believers in the personal reign of

Christ; in the restoration of the Jews, and the renovation of the earth.

Previous to Wolff's setting out for Mount Sinai, in October, 1821, Rabbi Soloman from Wilna, residing at Jerusalem, called on him, and introduced to him Rabbis Abraham and Hirsch, both from Bucharest, and now residing at Jerusalem. They asked Wolff where he was intending to go? Wolff replied, "To Mount Sinai." Rabbi Soloman, from Wilna, replied that he would prove to Joseph Wolff that this is not Mount Sinai which at present is so called.

Wolff asked for proofs. Soloman replied that he would prove it by a parable.

"There was a Queen, and that Queen was married to a King, who died. Now could you suppose that that Queen would ever marry, after the death of the King, the King's minister, or a menial servant? Certainly not. Mount Sinai is that Queen. It was married to the Holy One—blessed be his name! the Holy one did come down upon Sinai, and gave his holy law upon it. Would He, therefore, admit or allow that a convent of monks should be built upon that mountain? No. It is, therefore, impossible that that mountain, upon which a convent stands, should be the Mount Sinai where the law was given, amidst thunders and lightnings. Mount Sinai is in England. Even Mount Tabor is in Europe. But," he continued, "you will make the objection, why is Jerusalem deserted and become a widow? I answer, this was predicted; but, with respect to Sinai, we do not meet with any prediction."

Wolff now hired several camels, took a German servant, Franz Six by name; and Carne and Clarke had a Sclavonian servant, Michael by name; and on the 29th October—it was a Monday—they set out for Sinai. The Germans, to whom Wolff had preached on Sunday, the 28th, came to accompany him out of the gate of the city, where Wolff mounted his camels, and then, accompanied by Carne and Clarke, set forth. On the 30th of October they arrived at Suez, where they were received hospitably by the Greek Consul, Michael Manuli, an Arab Greek Christian, to whom Wolff gave a Bible and preached; and to the rest of the Greeks there he also gave Bibles, and preached.

The son of Michael Manuli was a highly interesting young man. He was acquainted, from simply conversing with travellers, with the names of Fichte, Schelling, Kant, Bardili, Hegel, and Eschenmayer; Göthe, Schiller, Wieland, and Herder; Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron.

On the 3rd of November following, the travellers arrived at the Wells of Moses, in Arabia; among the Bedouin Arabs, where Wolff preached at once to them. On the 4th they reached the valley of Paran. "The Law came from Sinai, and the Holy One from Mount Paran:" and on the 6th they were approaching their destination. It was a clear night, the sky was ornamented with stars, and at a distance the voices of the Arabs were heard, and the fires of the Arabs around their tents were blazing through the Desert. Wolff said to Carne and Clarke, his imagination being excited in the extreme, "Now I shall meet with Moses and his host." They proceeded, and at last they saw before them the monastery of Saint Catherine, standing high on Mount Horeb, which is called by the Arabs, Jibbel-Moosa, *i. e.* Mount of Moses. As the monks never open the gates below, Wolff and his party had to be drawn up by a rope to a window; and Wolff relates that, when the Sclavonian servant, a clever man but a great rogue, was being drawn up, he and his friends threw stones at him for fun—Wolff calling out at the same time that if he fell down there would be no one to weep for him, but Michael only turned his head and looked down at them, saying, "I defy you all!"

At last they were all brought safely into the convent, though Wolff's ascent was possibly a little critical, for no basket was let down, as from the window of Rahab's house, but only a rope with a loop at the end, into which the admitted guest thrust his foot—and Wolff was always more remarkable for bodily endurance than bodily activity—but no matter. His room was said to be on the very spot where Moses saw the bush burning, and it was not consumed. "This," said he to himself, "is the country where Moses lived 40 years with his father-in-law, Jethro, keeping his sheep. Here it was the Lord kept his own people, like the apple of his eye. Here it was that He gave the law, amid thunder and lightnings. Here it was that He carried them on eagles' wings,"—and Wolff wrote from thence to his friends, Henry Drummond and Bayford, all the ebullitions of a heart, filled with these grand remembrances; and on the next day he called the monks together, and gave them Bibles in Arabic and Greek, the Hebrew Bible also, and the New Testament in Hebrew; and he made the principal monks write to Henry Drummond and Bayford, expressing the interest they took in the distribution of the Bible in every language throughout the world. They were delighted to hear that Bishop Hilarion, a member of their monastery, was the chief translator of the Bible into

modern Greek, and was employed by the British and Foreign Bible Society. At larst Carne, Clarke, and Wolff determined to take a survey of Mount Sinai, and of the remarkable antiquities surrounding it. They desired to see the spot where Moses went up, while the elders tarried for him and Joshua. All the monks regretted that they did not dare to accompany them in their exploration, on account of a tribe of Arabs who were living around the Mount, and with whom they were at enmity, because those Arabs demanded provisions of them, and they were not able to supply them. The Arabs had also complained that the monks were in possession of the original book of Moses, from which if they would but pray, rain would fall in abundance; but that the monks were lazy fellows, and would not pray as they ought! As the monks, therefore, were not able to accompany the travellers, they charged the Arabs, who were in their service, to accompany them, and lead them to the summit of Mount Sinai, and to the rock of Meribah, and to the height of St. Catherine, and to the summit of the mount where Moses was forty days and forty nights. Wolff there read, to the company in English, and to himself in Hebrew, and to the Arabs in Arabic, the xxxii. chapter of Deuteronomy, "Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak; and hear, O earth, the words of my mouth." And in the xxxiii. chapter of Deuteronomy, "The Lord came from Sinai, and rose up from Seir unto them: he shined forth from Mount Paran." And Wolff wrote from that spot to Drummond, quoting this text; and added, in parenthesis, "Where your friend Joseph Wolff now stands."

He then read to the company, Exodus xx., containing the ten commandments, and then he read chapter xxiv., 1st verse, "And he said unto Moses, Come up unto the Lord, thou, and Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel; and worship ye afar off. And Moses alone shall come near the Lord; but they shall not come nigh; neither shall the people go up with him." And he also read some parts of the Psalms and of the New Testament; and he wrote to Drummond and Bayford, "Tell my people, the Jews in England, that I prayed for their salvation at the very place where our ancestors were buried, six hundred thousand of them, beside women and children.* I did not address myself to Moses, for *his* intercession, for *he* died in the land of

* The children of Israel, who came out of the land of Egypt, were buried, it is said, in the territory around Mount Sinai, the whole of which goes under the name of "Mount Sinai."

Moab, and no man knows where he is buried to this day; but I addressed myself to Him, who is not hidden, who died and rose again. I prayed to Him that his blood might come indeed upon Israel and their children, and cleanse them from their sins; that blood which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel." Wolff also prayed for the whole of England and Germany, for Malta and Gibraltar; yea, and he remembered also the family of Count Stolberg, who had been his dear and kind friends. On the 10th of November, 1821, in the morning, they went to take a view of the rock of Meribah; and, to use again the words of Wolff to his friend Drummond, "Where my people thirsted, and where they rebelled." Wolff maintains (and he is not single in the belief) that this is the real rock; for here is the mark of Moses' staff, and the twelve holes from which the water gushed out, according to the twelve tribes of Israel. Pocock also, who had visited the spot, believed this.

Years after this time, Lord B——, the present Earl of ——, was on Mount Sinai; and when Wolff met him in the year 1828, on board of the Cambrian, commanded by Captain Rohan Hamilton, he asked him what had become of the Bibles which had been left there by himself and his party in 1821? to which Lord B—— replied, that the monks had destroyed them all. But Wolff felt convinced, even at the time, from his lordship's manner, that he knew nothing about it; and, on revisiting the monastery himself, fifteen years afterwards, he found the Bibles still there.

After Lord B——'s answer to his inquiry, Wolff said to Andrew Buchanan, (now British Ambassador in Spain,) "How far you can rely upon this traveller's account, you will soon find out by another question which I will ask him." He then said, "Has your lordship seen the rock of Meribah?" Lord B—— replied, "Yes, I drank water out of it." Wolff asked, "What kind of water was it?" He answered, "Very good indeed; clear as crystal." "Then," said Wolff, "your lordship must have struck the rock again, for no water flows out of it now." The captain laughed, and said, "Your lordship is not very successful this time."

Just as the party were about to leave the rock of Meribah, there came up a Bedouin Arab, who shouted to them, "You are my prisoners!" Wolff replied, "We shall go back to the monastery." The Arab said, "There is no monastery for you; you are my prisoners!" Wolff explained the remarks of the Arab to his friends; when Clarke drew out a pistol to shoot the man, but Wolff threw the pistol away. The Arab,

having observed that Clarke was going to present a pistol at him, put his fingers to his mouth, and whistled very strongly; and, in an instant, the three travellers were surrounded by a crowd of Arabs, who cursed both them and the monks. One of them wanted forthwith to shoot Clarke, but Wolff walked forward, and said, "Mind what you do; we are Englishmen!" This stopped their violence. They then consulted with each other, and said, "Now, you are come at a very happy moment, for these Greek monks are sons of the devil—sons of the wicked one, and dogs. They are in possession of the book of Moses; and whenever there is no rain, if they would begin to pray out of this book, rain would always come in abundance. But now we have had no rain for a considerable time, which is a great injury to our palm trees; and we daily come to them, and ask them to pray, but they are such scoundrels that they never want to pray. You must, therefore, mount your camels, and we will go with you to the monastery, and call up to them, and ask them whether they will pray or not? If they pray, and rain comes, then you may go in peace, and be with them again; but, if not, you must stay with us till the day of judgment."

A most amusing scene followed. When they came near the monastery, one of their chiefs, Sheikh Hassan by name, called out, "Dogs! will you pray or not?" They called down in reply, "Children, we pray; but it is in the hands of God alone to bring rain or not?"

The Arabs got into a tremendous rage at this, and repeated, "You dogs! You dogs!"

After which they made their prisoners ride their camels towards the Valley of Paran, and a beautiful valley it was. Wolff's companion, Carne, who has written his amusing "Letters from the East," was highly interested with the adventure, and said continually, "When I go home to Penzance, I shall amuse the ladies at the tea-table by relating my adventures."

Arriving in the camp of the Bedouins, they pitched a tent for their prisoners, constructed out of old black rags, and near the tents of their women. One of the women put her hand through one of the holes, and literally took a neckerchief from Wolff's throat. Wolff ran out of the tent, (as Carne says in his book,) as if from a wild beast; nevertheless, Carne was always urging Wolff to tell what the lady had said to him.

It is a remarkable fact, that when Wolff returned to Mount Sinai, fifteen years afterwards, the very children who were not born at his first visit, knew not only Joseph Wolff's name,

but the names of his companions; and also that one of the ladies had taken his neckerchief. They knew too, that Wolff had a servant, whose name was Franz Six: and that his companion, Carne, had a servant whose name was Michael; also that, whilst Wolff was always afraid that his servant was starving himself to death, the rascal in fact was drunk from morning to night.

From this we see how these sons of the desert hand down the slightest events from father to son; and Dr. Wolff therefore says, that he has more confidence in the traditions of the Arabs, than in all the criticisms of Robinson and Stanley. So, in spite of Robinson and Stanley, he believes the authenticity of those places, as the Arabs point them out; and Wolff believes the same respecting the holy places in Jerusalem,—that those, as pointed out by the Arabs, Christians, and Jews, are authentic; the tomb of our blessed Lord, pointed out as such, is the very tomb where He was laid, and the stone which is pointed out as the stone rolled away by the angel is the identical stone. What Stanley says is altogether absurd, that the apostles did not care for the places, because they were neither German Professors, nor Fellows of any College, either of Oxford or Cambridge: they felt and thought as children who love every relic of their parents, and honoured them as such. Is not this even confirmed by the Bible itself? For does not David say about Jerusalem, "Thy servants favour the dust thereof?" and did not our ancestors, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, wish to be buried where their fathers were? did not Jonah look toward the holy temple? All which facts are proofs that those places where the demonstrations of God's kindness were visible were treasured and respected. And does not Stanley honour the place where his father is buried, with all his European philosophy? However, his book is of the highest use, and full of profound research. Stanley unites deep learning with humility and liberality!

Whilst the travellers were detained by the Arabs, they allowed them to send their servants to the monastery for their utensils. And, as Wolff was in desperate need of being shaved, in order not to have his beard filled with certain animals peculiar to the Arabs, he asked a Bedouin to shave him. The man took the razor, which he used for shaving the crown of his own head, and shaved Wolff without either soap or water, quite clean, and without giving him the slightest pain. Wolff remembered this barber's name well—it was Juma. He was always a smiling good-natured fellow, and fifteen years after, he reminded Wolff that he had shaved him on that occasion, and that he received nothing but a piece of bread and

cheese for the job—no present in money. So Wolff then gave him one dollar, for old acquaintance' sake.

However, to be short; the chiefs of the Arabs assembled near Wolff's tent, and asked him to write a letter to the Pasha of Egypt, telling him of the dreadful wickedness of the Greeks; how they had refused to pray for rain from day to day, in spite of all that could be said to them; and asking him to send them an order that they should pray. Wolff replied that he had no power to write to the Pasha, but that he would write to the Consul. So, as he wrote in English, he sent an account of the whole affair to Mr. Salt, and an express messenger was despatched with the letter a six days' journey through the desert. But, previous to his return, the neighbouring Sheikhs and the rest assembled again; and Wolff in the midst addressed them in Arabic, and told them the contents of the letter he had sent, and that they would be in danger of having their tents taken away, their camels, flocks, and wives also, by the Turks, if they did not release them. The Arab Sheikhs were thus persuaded, and began immediately to be in a great hurry to let them go; and they, moreover, begged them to write to the Pasha, and tell him that they had flogged those Arabs who had taken them prisoners. The travellers replied that they could not tell a lie, but that they would intercede for them, and nothing should be done to them.

Then they brought Wolff and his friends in haste to Cairo, where Wolff arrived dressed half like an Arab, half like an European; and thus, he rode upon a camel through the vast town of Cairo, affording amusement to both Europeans and Arabs.

When they asked the Arabs what they had to pay them for this work, the fellows wanted pay not only for the journey direct to Cairo, but also for having made them prisoners, and for taking them to the valley of Paran; all which was of course refused. Wolff having thus returned to Cairo, was received again most kindly by Mr. Salt, the Consul-General, and by his beautiful wife, an Italian from Leghorn.

At table, during supper that night, Wolff was so full of his journey through the Desert, and his imprisonment, and his stay in Mount Sinai, and his distribution of Bibles, that, when the dish with plum-pudding was handed round, he took the whole of it on his plate. Mr. Salt, and all the party, were bursting with laughter; but Wolff did not observe it. At last, after he had eaten up the greater part, he said calmly, that Mr. Salt had given him rather too much. Salt, pretending he wanted some, said, "Where is the pudding, Wolff?"

So, the next evening, when they sat down to dinner, Salt began again to interest Wolff with the journey to Mount Sinai, and then handed to him a dish upon which was a whole goose roasted. But Wolff observed the trick this time, and said he had not yet digested his plum-pudding!

The last discussion that took place between Wolff and Mr. Salt is too interesting to be omitted. They were talking at night about Cicero, and Mr. Salt remarked that all the ancient philosophers were in doubt or darkness about the resurrection of the dead. Wolff was delighted with the observation, and they agreed that the doctrine was at that very time clearly revealed by God to the Jews, through the mouths of the prophets. Thus, the Lord alluded to it by Moses (Deut. xxii.), "I kill, and make alive." And Hannah rejoiced in the Lord, and said, "He bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up" (1 Sam. ii. 6). And again (Hosea vi. 2), "After two days will he revive us: in the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live in his sight." And hear what Job saith, "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me" (Job xix. 25). Hear, too, what Ezekiel saith (xxxvii. 5), "Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones; Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live. And I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live; and ye shall know that I am the Lord." And also Daniel (xii. 2), "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." And thus, likewise, the Psalmist, "Oh thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come." And so, again, the Prophet Isaiah (xxvi. 19), "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."

There are people who try to undervalue Revelation, by saying, that the Jews were indebted to the Chaldæans for their belief in the resurrection of the dead, and that Daniel received this knowledge in Chaldæa. Now Wolff asks whether God, in his wisdom, cannot impart a revelation to a chosen servant, in

the mountains of Chaldæa as well as upon Mount Sinai and Zion? and he insists that men have to adore the wisdom as well as goodness of God in the distribution of his will. Wolff himself is perfectly convinced that, among all the inspired writers of the Old Testament, Daniel the prophet has set forth the doctrine of the Resurrection with the greatest clearness, Moses even not excepted. And, oh, what wisdom is in that very fact! for it was Daniel also who was the first, as we read (Dan. ix. 3—20), to set his face to the Lord God by prayer and supplication, that He might make known to him the final destiny of Jerusalem; and that very angel, Gabriel by name, who announced, in the fulness of time, to the Virgin Mary, the wonderful birth of her Son and her Lord, he, the same angel, made known to Daniel (Dan. ix. 26) that Messiah should be cut off, but not for Himself; and he, then (Dan. xii. 2, 3), caught by the Spirit of the Lord, predicted that that Messiah, who was to be cut off, was to bring life and immortality to light through the Gospel; so that he bursts sublimely forth in these words, "Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as *the stars for ever and ever!*"

Wolff now began to think of departing through the Desert for Jerusalem; but before we see him proceeding to that Holy City, we must give some of his remarks with regard to travellers who come to Egypt.

It cannot be denied that many of them are Europeans of learning and research; antiquarians, painters, natural historians, investigators of the monuments of Thebes, Luxor, Gorno, Carnak, and the ruins of Dendyra; and travellers who go as far into the interior as the second Cataract; decipherers of the hieroglyphics in the Pyramids, and diggers after the beautiful rooms which are found there, decorated with monuments of the freshest colour. But there are also others who get considerably imposed upon. As some, for instance, who have boasted of having found mummies of the most interesting nature; which, when examined, have proved to be nothing better than a lady who had recently died. Again, there was an American gentleman, whom Wolff afterwards met at Jaffa, near Jerusalem, his name was George Rapelye, and he had the most funny ideas. As for example, respecting the hieroglyphics and Pompey's pillar in Alexandria, he said, with the American snuffle, "These are nothing but figures marked upon stones, like figures upon gingerbread." He believed that

there must be a town underneath the Pyramids; and that, if they had the Pyramids in America, they would make American hotels of them!

There were also medical gentlemen, from Paris, who arrived with a prepossession that the plague was always raging thereabouts; and every sick man who died, they tried to prove had died of the plague. So that actually one of these doctors induced the sanitary board to proclaim all Egypt to be in quarantine.

But the most disreputable set of travellers are those revolutionists, who leave their native countries, Italy, France, and Germany, because they will not submit to authority at home. Some of these whom Wolff knew, entered the service of the tyrant, Muhammad Ali, where they became venal servants of that worst of tyrants, to execute all his oppressive commands.

Muhammad Ali seems to Dr. Wolff to be that "cruel lord" predicted by the prophet Isaiah (Isa. xix. 4), "And the Egyptians will I give over into the hand of a cruel lord; and a fierce king shall rule over them, saith the Lord, the Lord of hosts."

CHAPTER VII.

Desert; Gaza; Jaffa; the Samaritans; Mount Carmel; Acre; Sidon; Argument with a Roman Catholic; Mount Lebanon; robbed by Bedouins; arrives at Jerusalem.

NOW let us leave Cairo for Jerusalem. The day before Wolff's departure, a Jew, of high talent, came to him, Cerf-Beer by name; who confessed to him that he had no peace, although he had three times professed himself a Muhammadan, in order to make his fortune; and had divorced a dozen wives, &c. Wolff preached to him the Gospel of Christ, and admonished him to repentance.

At last Wolff set out, with twenty camels loaded with Bibles, and accompanied by his drunken German servant, Franz Six, for that Jerusalem, whither the tribes went up, even the tribes of the Lord: where David's lyre had told the triumphs of our King, and wafted glory to our God, and made the gladdened valleys ring—the cedars bow—the mountains nod: to that Jerusalem, which is joined and com-

pacted together with the Jerusalem above. Alas! Jerusalem the city is now solitary, and a widow; but she shall be comforted, when the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together!

He travelled with his camels through the Desert; and, as he proceeded, he read those portions of Genesis, which contain the journeyings of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Sometimes the Arab Sheiks came around him, and wished to know the names of the grand vizier of England; of the head of the British army; of the grand mufftee of England, and of the king and his wives. Wolff named Lord Liverpool as the grand vizier; the Duke of Wellington as the seraskir, which means "head of the soldiers;" and Sutton, archbishop of Canterbury, as grand mufftee. They wrote down these names in Arabic characters, which sounded most funny to their ears. Wolff pitched his tents in the little Desert, opposite the fortresses, if they may be called so, in the camps of Khankah and Balbees. Afterwards, in the year 1828, when on his third journey through the Desert of Egypt, with his dear wife, Wolff heard at this spot the unexpected sounds of musical bands, belonging to Egyptian troops, who were playing, as skilfully as Europeans, the melodies of Europe.

A Jew was in the caravan, and when Friday evening approached, (the commencement of his Sabbath,) the whole caravan, composed chiefly of Muhammadans and Eastern Christians, remained in the Desert, in order that the Jew might be able to celebrate his sabbath, according to his law. Wolff purposely asked the Arabs, why they showed so much respect to that Jew, since the Jews are universally despised, and even tortured? They replied, "This is ancient custom; for Abraham—the peace of God upon him!—observed the Jewish sabbath; and nobody ventures to disturb the Jew in the observance of the sabbath; and the Jew himself would be killed if he did not observe it." Ancient custom seems to be observed and respected by all nations; but how especially remarkable is its power among these ruder people! Wolff remarked the same on his arrival at Jerusalem, when he saw the Jew allowed to go where the ancient temple formerly stood; whilst the Christian was not permitted to come near the spot; and this was in conformity with ancient custom; or, as the Arab expresses it, *Aada men Kadeem*, which means, "Custom from ancient times." And every missionary ought to respect the customs of ancient times, whenever he goes to any of those countries.

Wolff had also in the Desert the society of an Armenian

gentleman, of high respectability, Makarditsh by name, a most amiable man. He was travelling to Jerusalem, with two female relatives, to perform his devotion. He came every evening to Wolff's tent, and related stories to him of the children of Hayk—namely, the Armenian nation; and of the holiness of Melchizedek, who blessed Abraham. He talked too of Abgar,* one of the ancient kings of Edessa, who lived in the time of our Lord Jesus Christ, and was said to have been cured by our Lord himself; after which Abgar became a faithful believer, and invited our Lord to become his guest in the city of Edessa, where he offered to give him every protection against the persecution of the Jews. But our blessed Lord declined the invitation, because He was now to proclaim good tidings among the lost sheep of the house of Israel. The correspondence between Christ and Abgar is to be found in Eusebius' Ecclesiastical History.†

* Sometimes, but not correctly, written *Agbar*.

† The correspondence is as follows, as related by Eusebius:—

Copy of the Letter written by King Abgarus to Jesus, and sent to Him at Jerusalem, by Ananias the courier.

"Abgarus, prince of Edessa, sends greeting to Jesus the excellent Saviour, who has appeared in the borders of Jerusalem. I have heard the reports respecting thee and thy cures, as performed by thee without medicines, and without the use of herbs. For as it is said, thou causest the blind to see again, the lame to walk, and thou cleansest the lepers, and thou castest out impure spirits and demons, and thou healest those that are tormented by long disease, and thou raisest the dead. And hearing all these things of thee, I concluded in my mind one of two things; either that thou art GOD, and having descended from heaven, doest these things, or else doing them, thou art the son of GOD. Therefore now I have written and besought thee to visit me, and to heal the disease with which I am afflicted. I have also heard that the Jews murmur against thee, and are plotting to injure thee; I have, however, a very small but noble state, which is sufficient for us both."

The Answer of Jesus to King Abgarus, by the courier Ananias:—

"Blessed art thou, O Abgarus, who, without seeing, hast believed in me. For it is written concerning me, that they who have seen me will not believe, that they who have not seen, may believe and live. But in regard to what thou hast written, that I should come to thee, it is necessary that I should fulfil all things here, for which I have been sent. And after this fulfilment, thus to be received again by Him that sent me. And after I have been received up, I will send to thee a certain one of my disciples, that he may heal thy affliction, and give life to thee and to those who are with thee."

Thus they arrived at Al-Arish, where Napoleon fought a battle against the renowned Mamlook chief, in which the Mamlooks were defeated. Thence they proceeded to Gaza, where Samsom killed the Philistines, and took the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts; and went away with them, bar and all. Here Wolff observed that this custom is preserved all over the East, that whenever a conqueror takes a town, he carries away the gates of it. Thus Lord Ellenborough carried away the gate of Sumnauth from the city of Ghuznee.*

Wolff left Gaza on the 28th of December, 1821, and on reaching Jaffa took up his abode in the house of Antonio Damiani, whose father was consul there for 80 years; and he himself was a venerable old man, with a three-cornered hat, and a gold-lace brim upon it. He wore a large coat of taffeta, and carried a staff in his hand, with a silver button at the top of it. At Wolff's request, on his hearing that some Samaritans were there, he brought to him the most learned of them. His name was Israel; he came from Nablous, and was in correspondence with Abbé Gregoire, at Paris, bishop of Blois. Lord Guildford, who was known there as Lord North, was also one of this Samaritan's correspondents. He showed to Wolff three Samaritan manuscripts; the first was part of the books of Moses; the second was a book called Mimra, containing old sermons of their priests; and the third contained a catechism for the Samaritan youth. All these were written in the Samaritan language. Wolff asked Israel whether he would sell them? He replied in the negative. On Wolff's asking if they had the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the Psalms of David, he replied, "We acknowledge none of them: our only prophet is Moses, and Moses told us, 'Ye shall not add to the word which I command you, neither shall ye diminish ought from it, that ye may keep the commandments of the Lord your God, which I command you.'" He said that many things are contained in the book of Moses, but in a hidden manner; and that they who study them will find them out; but they must do it with fasting and prayer. Wolff asked them whether they believed in the Messiah, and he replied, "Yes, for He is prophesied of in the book of Moses. We call him Talib, which means, 'He that is given.' He shall be of the tribe of Joseph, of whom it is written, in Genesis xlix. 22—24, 'Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall: The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him: But his bow abode in strength, and the arms of

his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob; (from thence is the shepherd, the stone of Israel.'") The Samaritan added, "But there shall be two Messiahs; the one was Joshua, the son of Nun, the disciple of Moses; but the chief shall be of the tribe of Joseph, and He shall surely come, and his coming will be glorious! A fiery column shall descend from heaven, and we shall see signs and wonders before his coming."

Wolff then asked, "Who is meant by the Shiloh Moses mentioned in the 10th verse of the 49th chapter of Genesis, where it is said, 'The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be'?"

He replied, "This was Solomon, for he was a great drunkard."

Wolff asked him for proofs of this assertion from the books of Moses.

He said, "The proof is clear in the 11th and 12th verses of the 49th chapter of Genesis,—'Binding his foal unto the vine, and his ass's colt unto the choice vine; he washed his garments in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes: His eyes shall be red with wine, and his teeth white with milk.'"

Wolff then asked him, "Whether the Samaritans have any communication with the Jews?"

Israel replied, "No: an enmity from the time of Joseph the son of Jacob, whose descendants we are, has existed between us;" and then he continued, "Joseph was a good child, and fair, and beautiful, and beloved of his father; but his brethren, Simeon and Levi, hated him. Cursed be they, and cursed be their descendants! When his father sent his beloved son to Dodaim, they endeavoured to kill him; but Judah, who had great authority among them, persuaded them to sell him to a caravan of merchants who were going to Egypt, where he became the first man after Pharaoh; and there he begat Manasseh and Ephraim, and we are his descendants. Joseph, our father, forgave them; but we, his children, can never forget that Joseph, our father, was so harshly treated by them. And from that time the division between them and us has lasted till now. We worship upon Mount Gerizim, and they worship upon Mount Sion. The prophet Elijah increased the division and enmity. He was an old man, and respected not Ahab, our king, who was a young man without a beard. He continually came and said, 'In Judah is God known,' until Ahab turned him out of the country."

Wolff desired Israel to give him letters for Nablous, the an-

cient Samaria; and he replied, "With joy and pleasure: for we know that when nations from afar shall come to inquire into our state, the time of redemption by Tahib shall come, when our nation shall be redeemed." Wolff asked him, whether he had read the Gospel? To his utter surprise Israel knew by heart the fourth chapter of John. And yet, a canting lady from England, who was at Nablous, asserted that Israel, the Samaritan, had never read the Gospel, although it had been given to him.

After this conference many years passed by; and when the Samaritan, Jelebee by name, who was a nephew of Israel, came to England in 1857, he told Wolff that Israel had afterwards said, "Wolff I shall never forget;" and Jelebee added, that Israel sat dumb and silent in the synagogue for thirty years, except when defending Christianity; so much so, that, when Jelebee went to England, the Samaritan high-priest had said to him, "My son, our number is already too small: do not go near Wolff: remember the silent conduct of Israel, and how his last words in his dying hour were, 'Wolff is right!'" Dr. Wolff asked Jelebee by what had Israel asserted that he had been most struck in their discussions together? He replied, "Your observing that he ought to forgive his enemies, even as Joseph had forgiven."

But what is remarkable—very much so indeed—is, that Jelebee, on arriving in England, was most anxious to visit Dr. Wolff. And when this poor Samaritan arrived at Ile Brewers, neither Dr. Wolff nor his wife were at home; and as the servants had strict orders not to admit any strangers during their absence, the poor fellow remained in the yard waiting; as he would not depart without seeing Dr. Wolff. The servants, in their difficulty, sent for a neighbouring lady, who speaks French; but all Jelebee could say was,—"See Wolff; see Wolff in Samaria!" Most fortunately, Lady Georgiana Wolff returned home, and soon afterwards Dr. Wolff in company with Mr. Rogers, the Consul of Caifa, near Jerusalem; and then they gave him a good reception; and Jelebee cooked a dinner at the Vicarage, in the Samaritan fashion, which was liked by all. One day, Dr. and Lady Georgiana Wolff walked out with Mr. Rogers and Jelebee, when some pigs passed by, which are a horror in the eyes of the Samaritans; and Jelebee said in Arabic, *Allah yalan al-khan-zeer kulla-hoom*, which means, "God curse the pigs, every one of them." This was explained to the parishioners, and they got angry with Jelebee, because he had "overlooked" their pigs with an evil eye; and, unfortunately, next day one of these pigs

was drowned: on which, all said, "If only this fellow, with his singular dress, was out of the place, we should be very glad." Wolff could scarcely get 10*s.* for him, because he had cursed the pigs; but the gentry and clergy were generous, and subscribed about £20 for the Samaritan before his departure.

Wolff was now quite near Jerusalem, Jaffa being only thirty-five miles distant from the holy city; but he did not yet like to enter, because he was not acquainted with the Syriac dialect of the Arabic language. He conversed, meanwhile, with learned Muhammadans, and gave them the Gospel. One of them, Assad Akhia, was well acquainted with the history of Sabat, the Arabian convert, who had professed Christianity at Calcutta, and been fellow-traveller of Henry Martyn, but had afterwards apostatized. Assad Akhia, to Wolff's surprise, defended the whole conduct of Sabat, for he said, "that he had only embraced Christianity in order to enter better into all the ways of the Christians," and he justified this dissimulation:

Wolff having now, for the reason just given, decided to go northwards for a time, proceeded to Mount Carmel, where the holy challenge took place between Elijah and the priests of Baal; and there he read to the Christians the passage from the Book of Kings. At last, he arrived at St. Jean d'Acre, where he met two most interesting people at the house of Mr. Abbott, the British Consul. One was Mr. Berggren, chaplain to the Swedish Ambassador at Constantinople. He travelled as a naturalist, at the King of Sweden's expense, and was intent on discovering coal mines and collecting MSS. He had the thorough countenance of a Swede—a fine red face—not the red of wine, but the red of a cold country. Wolff had before known him in Alexandria. He was very sententious in his conversation, and said to Joseph Wolff that he was about to visit an island to which very few Scandinavians had ever come, except Niebuhr, the great traveller, about sixty years before; the name of that *island* was Bombay! He then gave Wolff an account of his having discovered coals in Mount Lebanon, and of his having stopped about three months in the monastery of the Italian and Spanish Friars in the holy city of Jerusalem, and he said, "In order to keep them good-natured, I managed them in the following manner:—'Reverend Fathers,' I said, 'I shall remain with you three months, making my researches in and around Jerusalem; and every evening on my return to your hospitable monastery, I shall listen with great interest to the arguments by which you prove the high

importance of belonging to the church of Rome.' Thus I agreed with everything they said for three months; after which, on the morning of my departure, they expected me to abjure my faith, when I said unto them, 'Oh, my Reverend Fathers, it is not come to this point yet, for I am firmly attached to the faith of the Christian religion, as it was taught, and still is, in Sweden, by Gustavus Vasa.' And they became very angry, but I gave them a very handsome present for their hospitality, and reconciled the worthy Fathers. On my arrival," he continued, "in Nazareth, I went to the monastery of the Italian Friars which is there, and where Spanish Friars also are, as in the one at Jerusalem. And there a room was assigned me, but I met with rather a rough reception from one of the Spanish Friars, who came up to me, held his fist in my eyes, and said, 'You heretic, you will perish if you do not become a Roman Catholic.' I said unto him, 'If you do not know better manners, I shall write to my Ambassador in Constantinople, who will report it to my exalted King, the celebrated Bernadotte, who will write to the Pope, and you will be recalled.' While this struggle was taking place between me and the Friar, the Superior entered, and turned him out of the room. And after this I remained only a short time in the monastery; and now here I am in Acre, which is the ancient Ptolemais, and from hence I shall set out, by sea, for Constantinople."

Wolff lodged at Acre, in the house of the newly-arrived consul, Mr. Abbot, who procured him passports, called "buyurdee," for Mount Lebanon. However, before Wolff departed from Acre, he met with another traveller, of whom a short sketch must be given. His name was Mayr, from Switzerland, and he was completely cracked. He had been converted by the preaching of Madame de Krudener, and he believed himself to be inspired of God, like the Apostles of old, and that the whole world ought to obey him. He related that the Friars of Jerusalem had ill-treated him, because he wished to see the Holy Sepulchre at an hour not convenient to them, though it was so to him, and for this reason the Friars had sent him out of Jerusalem in chains. Wolff and the Consul made him a present of some pounds, when he proceeded to Beyrout.

When Wolff was going to Beyrout, he fell in, at the moment of his leaving Acre, with two Jews, believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, who had been converted to Christianity by the preaching of that unworthy subject, Melchior Tschudy by name: or rather by his simply giving them the New Testament in Hebrew. They spoke of Christ and the Gospel, with the

highest enthusiasm; but whether they have remained faithful unto the end is doubtful. Still, even the Jews themselves believed them to have been sincere; and what else but sincerity could have made them make a confession of their faith in Christ Jesus?

One other circumstance Wolff has to mention, before he leaves Acre, from which a just estimate may be formed of the *gratitude* of Turks. There was a Jew, Haym Farkhi by name, a man of immense wealth, and who had been chief banker to Jesr Pasha, a ruler who had successfully resisted Napoleon's attack; and the name Jesr means "Butcher," for this man had cut off the noses and ears of his principal subjects; and Wolff saw many of those who had suffered this indignity, and who had replaced their lost ears and noses by *papier* ones, and were called "Jesr's children." By being the banker of this tyrant, Haym Farkhi the Jew had increased in power from day to day, until the time of Jesr's death, when there was a vacancy in the Pashaship; and through the great influence of Haym, a man named Abd-allah was proclaimed Pasha. Haym Farkhi's influence became so great that the Jews began to believe him to be the Messiah, and even the Turks stood in much awe of him; and, moreover, he had millions in his possession. But suddenly, and without provocation, Abd-allah Pasha, Haym's client, gave orders that his head should be cut off; and then the children of Israel were in mourning, as they expressed themselves to Wolff, from Dan to Beer-sheba,—weeping and wailing, "Our father and our prince is gone, and the beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places! How is the mighty fallen! how is the mighty fallen!"

Wolff had also, one day, an argument with a Jewish Rabbi for three hours; but, although he silenced him, the man remained unshaken in his faith. Wolff at last left Acre, and as he was going out of the town, he met with Carne and Clarke, his fellow-travellers to Mount Sinai. They had now in their company a Levantine Christian, who was about to go to England, in order to make his fortune by selling one single grain of corn, upon which there was written the *Fatha, i. e.* the opening chapter of the Koran, consisting of the following words:—

"In the name of the most merciful and compassionate God, the king on the day of judgment: we serve thee, we look up to thee; guide us the right way—the way of those to whom thou art merciful, not the way of the reprobate, nor the way of those who are in error. Amen."

All this could be distinctly read with a microscope. How-

ever, Wolff doubts whether he ever came to England, for he saw him ten years afterwards at Constantinople, and he had not yet sold his grain of corn! This Levantine tried to make Carne marry a beautiful woman of Damascus; for Carne's chief object in his journey to the East was to marry a lady as beautiful as those described in the Arabian Nights. Wolff, however, dissuaded him from doing so, by telling Carne, "You may, perhaps, easily succeed in finding a lady with amiable lips, and with her eyebrows painted with yellow colours; yet she may be stupid as a cow, and with hind quarters like an elephant, and so she will come home to you!" Thus Wolff succeeded in disgusting Carne to such a degree with the Eastern ladies, that he abandoned the idea of marrying any of them; and he said, "Now I shall go home, and as I have not succeeded in marrying an Eastern lady for beauty's sake, I shall marry an English one for the sake of her money."

We must at once finish Carne's history. He returned to Penzance in Cornwall, found a lady in a stage-coach, who was rather beautiful in appearance, and he married her. Yet with all his eccentricities, he was a good-hearted gentleman, of a romantic turn of mind. He got himself ordained a clergyman of the Church of England by Bishop Luscombe, the late chaplain of the British Embassy in Paris; but he subsequently re-took the title of John Carne, Esq.

Wolff came to Sidon, by way of Tyre, where he assembled a good many Jews, to whom he proclaimed the Lord Jesus Christ. He went also to Mount Lebanon, and obtained permission from the Prince of the Mountain, who has the title of Sheikh Busheer, to remain in the monastery of Ayin Warka, inhabited by monks of the Maronite nation, who acknowledge the authority of Rome, but have their own patriarchs. These reside at a place called Canoobeen, and are usually men of great vigour and power. The monastery of Ayin Warka received Wolff with open arms. He made it his home for three months, employing his time in reading, writing, and speaking Arabic with the monks from morning to night. They tried to convert Wolff to the Church of Rome, but he answered all their objections and arguments, and they acknowledged the force of many of his proofs. He then made acquaintance, as far as it is possible to do so, with the religion of the Druses, of whom Wolff believes that they are a remnant of the Druids of old: for it is believed of the Druses that they worship an oak. They practise astrology, like their fellow-mountaineers, the Anzairees, of whom it is said that they worship Alilath, the Syrian Venus.

One visit Wolff made during his stay here, was to the Apostolic Vicar in Lebanon, Monsignor Luigi Gandolfi. He had often wished to have an opportunity of arguing with a Roman Catholic missionary, and it was now afforded him in a contest with a French priest, who resided with Gandolfi, and who had been for thirty years *Missionarius Apostolicus cum omnibus facultatibus Episcopi.*

This Frenchman, Père Renard, opened the discourse as follows:—

Père Renard.—"The endeavour to convert the Jews is a vain thing."

Wolff.—"All the prophets and St. Paul contradict your assertion."

Père Renard.—"They shall be converted to the Catholic Church, but not to the Protestant."

Wolff.—"Neither to the *Catholic*, nor to the *Protestant* Church, but to Christ; to Him they shall look and mourn."

Père Renard—(in a very rough manner). "We must have Peter and his successors for the judge of our faith, if we believe in Christ."

Wolff.—"The Scripture knows nothing of it."

Père Renard.—"*Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam.*" (Matt. xvi. 18.)

Wolff.—"And this he did when he opened his discourse, and three thousand of his hearers received the word of God gladly, and were baptized."

Père Renard.—"Mr. Wolff, I should be ashamed to come forward with that *spiritus privatus* of the Protestants; we must have a *spiritus communis;* we must not wish to be wiser than so many councils and so many fathers. Do you know that St. Augustine has said '*Evangelio non crederim, si ecclesia mihi non dixerit*'?"

Wolff.—"I come not forward with my *spiritu privato;* I tell you only what the Scripture says. The Scripture never tells us that we must have councils and fathers for our guides; but says, first, 'Search the Scriptures' (John v. 39). And that the Scripture is sufficient for our salvation, becomes clear by the words of St. Paul (2 Tim. iii. 15, 16), 'The Holy Scriptures are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith, which is in Christ Jesus.' 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.' This appears, again, by St. Paul (Rom. xv. 4), and by Psalms cxix. 105, 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.'"

P. Renard.—"There are many dubious points in Scripture.

What can you do when you meet with a passage you cannot understand?"

Wolff.—"Pray to God for His Holy Spirit; and I am encouraged to do so, for He saith (Luke xi. 13), 'How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit unto them that ask Him!' And Scripture is not difficult to be understood; the Holy Spirit itself tells me so: 'The word is very nigh unto thee,' and 'things revealed belong unto us'" (Deut. xxx. 14; xxxix. 29).

P. Renard.—"Look in my face, if you are able."

Wolff looked steadfastly in his face.

P. Renard.—"Then you think that Luther, *qui fuit impudicus*, who married a nun, and Henry the Eighth, and you, Mr. Wolff, are alone able to explain Scripture, and that so many fathers and *bullæ dogmaticæ Summorum Pontificym* have erred?"

Wolff.—"Neither Luther, nor Henry the Eighth, nor the *bullæ dogmaticæ Summorum Pontificum*, are guides of my faith. The Scripture alone is my guide."

P. Renard.—"Is it not an intolerable pride, to think that God will give you alone the Holy Spirit on account of your fervent prayer?"

Wolff.—"Not on account of the fervency of my prayer, but for the sake of the name, and the blood of Christ; nor unto me alone, but also to many others, and all who ask it."

P. Renard.—"That cursed *spiritus privatus!*"

Wolff.—"I have not told you my private opinion, but what the Scripture tells us; and you are an unbeliever if you do not receive it."

P. Renard.—"I shall now tell you something which you will not be able to answer, for my argument will be invincible, and it is as follows:—You Protestants say that we Catholics may be saved; should you, therefore, not rather cast yourself into the arms of a Church where you yourself confess that you may be saved, than remain in a Church where the way to salvation is dubious?"

Wolff.—"I know this argument, for it is of the time of Henry the Fourth, King of France; but I confess that I was never able to satisfy myself of the force of it; for, first, the Protestants say, a Catholic may be saved, *distinguo;* a Catholic is saved if he believes in Jesus Christ, *concedo;* but that the Protestants should say that a Catholic is saved without faith in Christ Jesus, *nego.* Secondly, the assertion of the Catholic, that a Protestant is condemned if he remain a Protestant, *dis-*

tinguo; without faith in Christ he is condemned, *concedo;* with faith in Christ he is condemned, *nego;* and on this account I cannot perceive in the least the force of the argument. But I will ask you a question: When two persons do not agree upon a subject, and wish to discuss it, what is to be done?"

P. Renard.—"They must take that point for a basis upon which both agree."

Wolff.—"You believe in Scripture, and I believe in Scripture; let us place the Scriptures before us, and decide the question."

P. Renard.—"But there is one judge between us, which is the Church. Tell me why will you not become a Roman Catholic?"

Wolff.—"I cannot believe in the infallibility of the Pope."

P. Renard (interrupting Wolff).—"This is not a *dogma* of the Church; I myself do not believe it."

Wolff.—"Go to Rome, and you will be there considered as *temerarius et impius,** for the divines at Rome say thus, '*Non temerè, sed piè creditur infallibilitas Papæ in cathedrâ loquentis.*"

P. Renard.—"The Propaganda has done this; not the Pope."

Wolff.—"With the approbation and sanction of the Pope."

P. Renard.—"What other doctrine induces you not to believe in the Roman Catholic Church?"

Wolff.—"The doctrine of the worship of the Virgin Mary, of saints, and images."

P. Renard.—"We do not *worship* the Virgin Mary; but for more convenience we go to his mother, as the English nation go not immediately to their king, but to his ministers."

Wolff.—"I must observe, this comparison between an

* According to scholastic distinctions, a doctrine may be either *a fide* or *proximum ad fidem*. *A fide* is every doctrine, the disbelief of which would make a man a heretic, and which is already distinctly so decided upon by popes and councils; and *proximum ad fidem* is every doctrine not yet distinctly decided on by popes and councils, but remaining as the opinion of the theologians, and the disbelief of which would make a man a *temerarius*, though not a heretic. Among the first is the Infallibility of the General Councils, and Transubstantiation; among the second, the Infallibility of the Pope, and, a few years ago, the Immaculate Conception of the blessed Virgin (since ruled as a dogma); and whether Christ died for all. Doctrines *a fide* are *dogmas*. Doctrines *proximum ad fidem* are *piæ opiniones*. This was before alluded to in speaking of Count Stolberg, who adhered to the dogma only, and did not hold himself bound by the *piæ opiniones*. Nevertheless, this liberty was not allowed at Rome, as Wolff had experienced.

earthly king and the King of kings, is most abominable and impious."

P. Renard.—"*Omnis comparatio claudicat;* but prove it, that we worship the Virgin."

Wolff.—"'Salve regina, mater misericordiæ, *vita, dulcedo,* et spes nostra, salve; ad te clamamus exules filii Hevæ, ad te suspiramus, gementes, flentes in hâc lacrymarum valle: Eja ergo, *advocata nostra,*' etc.—and as *advocata* is synonymous with *mediatrix*, it is in open contradiction of Scripture, which says, there is but one Mediator between God and man."

There were present at this discussion, Bishop Giovanni Marone, Vicar-General to the Patriarch; the Apostolic Vicar, Gandolfi; Giovanni Stambuli, Wolff's Arabic master, and others; and Bishop Marone said openly, that Rome commanded too many things to be believed; and Stambuli (also openly) told Wolff that truth was on his side; and they further remarked that Père Renard never answered one of the texts from Scripture.

In quoting this discussion with Père Renard, Wolff wishes to remark that, although he subscribes still to the general principles he then brought forward, he admits that he did not speak on the occasion in a quite Church spirit. He allowed too little to the authority of the Church.

Wolff was rejoiced, long after this occurrence, when he found that his views of the Jesuits were shared by one of the ornaments of the Church of England, who was very far from belonging to the Tractarian party, but, on the contrary, was rather opposed to them, so long as opposition did not degenerate into hatred, intolerance, and persecution: and this man was eminent among the Broad Church party, and agreed with Wolff that the Jesuits, as a body, are not only thoroughly learned, but endowed with great piety and zeal: amongst them Cardinal Bellarmine need only be mentioned, whose piety breathes in all his writings. Never can Wolff forget the emphasis with which the late Sir Robert Inglis said to him, "I am not so blinded by my anti-Roman tendencies as to deny that Bellarmine was one of the most holy and excellent men in the Church of Christ; and so were Massillon and Bourdaloue." Wolff has enjoyed the acquaintance of many Jesuits distinguished by their learning, their philosophical genius, their piety, and their benevolence; and he will mention some of their names. There was Johannes Michael Sailer, Bishop of Ratisbon, whose pastoral theology is used in the Protestant university of Tübingen: also Father Wiedman, who himself circulated thousands of Bibles in Germany. One day Wolff

heard in London a lecture on the fate of Poland, which was universally applauded by the audience, but Wolff despised it as a specimen of the most ignorant description; for the lecturer said that the Jesuits had been the cause of Poland not becoming independent of Russia: whereas Wolff with his own ears had heard Jesuits and Redemptorists at Vienna continually expressing a desire that Poland should have its own king again of the Roman Catholic Church. Father Koehler, a Jesuit, stood godfather to the child of the celebrated historian, Professor Raumer, who belonged to the Lutheran Church. And Wolff is certain of this fact, for Raumer told him so, when he paid him a visit at Rome in the Collegio Romano, and was accompanied by Professor Van der Haagen, the translator of the *Niebelungenlied*. The Jesuits have been the greatest missionaries upon earth—in Abyssinia, and also in China and Japan.

Wolff was once asked, what religion is most addicted to idolatry and the invocation of saints? and he replied "There is no religion upon earth which is entirely free from image-worship, and the invocation of saints." Among the Jews, they have the Cherubim in the Temple; and to this day they have the images of Cherubim in some of the synagogues of Germany. In the years 1806-8, Wolff saw them at Jebenhausen, near Goeppingen in Wurtemberg. In the Desert, upon Mount Sinai, and in the Temple was the brazen serpent too: and these were images sanctioned by Holy Writ. The Jews have also the worship of angels. On Friday evening, when the Jews come out of the synagogue, and go to their own houses, the father of the family, on entering the sitting-room, begins, "Peace upon you, serving angels—angels of the Highest, of the King of kings, the Holy One, blessed be He! Peace upon you, angels, in your coming in, and in your going out, &c." The Jews also go to the tombs of their holy men, and kiss the ground. They also kiss the tomb of Zachariah at Jerusalem. This devotion is in the human heart, and nothing will eradicate it.

The Muhammadans worship the black stone at Mecca; and call on Omar, Abu-Bekr, Osman and Ali, Husseyn and Hassan, for aid and assistance, and bring their camels to be cured by them. Their worship of the rags of their saints is most disgusting.

Among the ultramontanes of the Church of Rome, it cannot be denied that image-worship and worship of saints are carried to excess. But among the Lutherans, Luther and Melancthon are frequently spoken of as demi-gods. The inhabitants of

Weimar worship Schiller, Wieland, Göthe, and Herder. In short, Carlyle is right: there *is* hero-worship in the world.

The spirit of persecution has also prevailed among all religions. The Jews were charged by our Lord, "which of the prophets have you not killed?" and a regular tribunal of persecution was established in the so-called Sanhedrin. The Jewish religion is the mother of the Inquisition. Judas Iscariot seems like a spy sent by the Inquisition. The Muhammadans boldly maintain that for the infidel there are three things from which he must choose—the sword, tribute, or confession of faith. In the Roman Catholic Church there is indeed the Inquisition; but, it must be admitted, that S. Bernard and Simeon Stylites preached against the persecution of the Jews.

There was not a greater persecutor in any age than that sour-looking, vinegar-faced fellow and traitor, John Calvin. He first invited Servetus to come to him at Genoa, and then went and delivered his poor guest to the temporal power, which burnt him. Even the meek, Philip Melancthon, defended the propriety of burning heretics; and it was only that mighty genius, Martin Luther—to his praise be it spoken—who was against the persecution of heretics. There have been no greater persecutors than the Lutherans in Germany, and the Calvinistic party in Holland. Was not Kepler, the great mathematician, starved by the Lutherans? and was not Hugo Grotius imprisoned by his countrymen, the Dutch, because he did not believe that God had created some men for eternal damnation! And let us come to the Church of England. Not only Henry VIII., but Queen Elizabeth, persecuted holy men; and what did the Puritans, John Knox, &c., but persecute? Persecution, however, is not confined to religionists, for philosophers persecute each other. Schelling persecuted Jacobi, and Jacobi persecuted Schelling.

Another place Wolff visited in the same neighbourhood, was the Armenian Convent Kraim. Here he found the Grand Prior, Wartanes, very warmly disposed towards him, and manifesting a great desire to have Armenian colleges established in England and India, after the manner of that at Venice. Wolff encouraged their feelings on this subject, but availed himself of the opportunity to implore them to be reconciled in Christian love towards certain of their brethren in Italy, with whom he had heard they had quarrelled, on account of some slight differences of opinion. He spoke as follows:—

"My brethren,—I know that there are divisions among the Armenians, not only between those converted to the Church of

Rome, and those of the old orthodox Armenian faith, but likewise between different portions of those converted to the Church of Rome as you are. The Armenian members of the Propaganda at Rome persecute the zealous, pious, learned, and gentlemen-like Armenians, called Mehitarists, at Venice; and this on account of a word:—they persecute those as heretics, as enemies of Christ, who promote the word of God, the word of Christ, with such a holy zeal. The Mehitarists have established a printing-press at Venice, and have already printed, not only many thousand books of several kinds about spiritual concerns, but likewise the word of God itself. Oh, my dear brethren, I could weep when I perceive such things amongst Christians! My dear brethren, let Christians not become a reproach to the Mussulman, Jew, and heathen. I know that you are members of the Romish Propaganda; I beg you, therefore, to reconcile yourselves with the Mehitarists of S. Lazarus at Venice."

Another Priest, "Daniele," who was present, answered at once, "By God's grace we shall be reconciled with them, and we will go hand in hand to promote the light of Christianity throughout the world."

Wartanes added, "I have a great desire to awaken my nation: I hope you will help us." Wolff then promised to write letters for them to England, and after more conversation took his departure. But he visited them again, and gave them the promised letters, to Henry Drummond, Mr. Bayford, and Mr. Ward. And then they gave him to read the prayer of S. Nierses Ghelajensis, patriarch of the Armenians in the second century, a specimen of devotion well worthy record. It is as follows:—

"In faith, I confess and adore Thee, O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit! Creator of angels and of men, have mercy on thy creatures.

"In faith, I confess and adore Thee, O indivisible Light, most holy Trinity, and one God! Creator of light, and Destroyer of darkness, expel from my soul the darkness of sin and ignorance, and enlighten my soul at this moment, that I may be able to pray unto Thee after thy good pleasure, and obtain from Thee my requests. Have mercy upon a great sinner like me.

"Heavenly Father, true God, Thou who hast sent thy beloved Son to seek the lost sheep, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee—accept me as Thou didst accept the prodigal son, and clothe me in the primitive dress of which I have been deprived, and have mercy upon thy creatures, and upon me, a miserable sinner.

"Son of God; true God, who didst descend from the bosom of the Father, and tookest a body upon Thyself in the holy Virgin for our salvation, who hast been crucified, and buried, and raised up from the dead, and hast ascended up into heaven, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee—remember me as Thou didst the thief on the cross, when thou shalt come into thy kingdom. Have mercy upon thy creatures, and upon me, a great sinner.

"Spirit of God, who didst descend in the river Jordan, and hast enlightened me with the baptism of thy holy fountain, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee; purify me again with thy fire divine, as Thou didst purify the Apostles with the tongues of fire. And have mercy upon thy creatures, and upon me, a miserable sinner.

"Christ, Thou living fire, kindle in my heart the fire of thy love, which Thou hast scattered upon earth, that it may consume the uncleanness of my heart, and purify my conscience; and kindle in my intellect the light of thy knowledge. And have mercy upon thy creatures, and upon me, a miserable sinner."

Wolff also met in Mount Lebanon two Italian adventurers, who had left their country on account of their political opinions. It was rather amusing to hear them laugh at their own follies, and those of their compatriots, in leaving their native land for the sake of liberty, only to find a scanty and needy livelihood by becoming the slaves of Muhammadan tyrants. However, it was refreshing to be on Mount Lebanon, and to hear, all over the mountain, the sound of the bell, and the *Kyrie Eleison*, *Christe Eleison*, resounding from all the Christian churches. Years afterwards, Wolff, to his great astonishment, discovered that his residence in Mount Lebanon had created a great excitement in all that neighbourhood.

He now returned to Acre, and preached again to crowds of Jews; and, when he was again not far from Jaffa (the ancient Joppa), he was robbed by the Bedouins, and stripped of his clothes, after which they let him go. Arriving in Jaffa, he met with Major Mackworth, in the house of Damiani, the Consul; and he furnished him with clothes. The next day he started on a mule for Ramlah (the ancient Arimathea), and slept in the Armenian monastery; and thence proceeded forwards through the camp of Aboo-goosh, who, with his band of robbers, stopped him for a short time; but, after a present of a small sum of money, allowed him to go on. Aboo-goosh possessed and showed him the portrait of Sir Sydney Smith.

After this Wolff had to travel over vast heaps of stones,

which were strewed along the highways to Jerusalem. So that, when the Psaha of Damascus, who at that time ruled over Jerusalem, came that way, the Arabs, in order to honour him, exclaimed, "Make straight the highway!" This reminds one of the passage in Isaiah, where that prophet, proclaiming the future glories of Jerusalem, says, "Cast up, cast up the highway, gather out the stones, lift up a standard for the people." Arriving near Jerusalem one hears a cry proclaimed from the walls, "God is God! and Muhammad is the prophet of God." Which reminds one of the words, in Isaiah lxii.: "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night: ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence." At last, at five o'clock in the evening of March 8, 1822, Wolff came up to the gates of Jerusalem. The gates were shut from fear of Aboo-goosh the robber, who frequently entered the town to plunder it. They were, therefore, obliged to send to the governor for the keys, before Wolff could be admitted. The keys were brought, and the gates were loosed, for the keys in use are pieces of wood, which do not *lock*, but in a manner *tie* the gates together. This explains that passage, Matthew xvi. 18, 19, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." The expressions *bind* and *loose* here used are explained by the nature of the keys above mentioned.

While the messenger went for the keys, Wolff was singing the beautiful paraphrase of the noble-minded Lewis Way:—

"For Zion's sake I will not rest,
I will not hold my peace;
Until Jerusalem be blest,
And Judah dwell at ease.

"Until her righteousness return,
As daybreak after night,
The lamp of her salvation burn
With everlasting light.

"And Gentiles shall her glory see,
And kings proclaim her fame:
Appointed unto her shall be
A new and holy name."

Wolff also chanted, to a melody composed by himself,

"Far from Zion, far from home,
Earth beholds the captive band,
Wretched strangers here we roam
Thinking of our native land."

At last he slipped into Jerusalem.

CHAPTER VIII.

Jerusalem, its Inhabitants and Neighbourhood; Controversies with Rabbis Mendel and Markowiz.

"O Jerusalem! my lady so fair and so beautiful,
How many years have I not seen thee.
Sorrow, grief, and the waywardness of thy children
Are the cause that thy beauty has withered away.
And there are wrinkles in thy face,
But there are traces of former beauty.
Yet thy elders sit no longer in the gates,
Thy young men cease from their music."—WOLFF.

NO sooner had Wolff entered the city gate than both John Carne, and Mr. Gethin, a gentleman from Longford, in Ireland, met with him, and embraced him, and brought him to their room in the monastery called Terra Santa, belonging to the Italian Friars of the Franciscan Order, who are there with their Superior, who is called Riverendissimo, and who received him with the greatest kindness. Wolff ever regrets having left that monastery the next day, and exchanged it for the Armenian. For, though the Armenians received Dr. Wolff with the *greatest* kindness, and gave him a beautiful room in the monastery, yet he insulted and hurt the feelings of the good Italian Friars by leaving them. But he must confess that one consideration induced him to do so, and this was, that he was apprehensive that he might be expelled at last, when they should observe his missionary operations among the Jews. And certainly such would have been the case; for the same thing happened to an extraordinary young man, who was sent to Palestine and Aleppo (in which latter place that holy man died), by Wolff's gallant, bold, and firm friend, Henry Drum-

mond. The name of that young man was Burckhardt, he was cousin to the great traveller, but of an entirely different character. He was a man of prayer, in the strictest sense of the word, fearless of consequences, and he circulated the word of God in the streets of Jerusalem; but he was at last turned out by the Friars of Terra Santa; and from Jerusalem to Aleppo he circulated the word of God in every quarter; and at Aleppo he died, it is suspected by poison.

However to come back to Jerusalem; Wolff was thus comfortably placed in the Armenian monastery, where the Patriarch Gabriel received him with the greatest delight, and sent a live sheep to his room, as a mark of respect, and good Jerusalem wine, made by the Armenians. Gethin and Carne came to him, and partook of his dinner, and two of the Friars joined the party, and a German, Leutzen by name. And very soon Wolff's room was crowded by Jews, Armenians, Roman Catholics, and Turks, to whom he proclaimed the Gospel of Christ in Italian, Hebrew, Arabic, German, and English. He went with Gethin and Carne to the Greek monastery to pay a visit to the Bishop Daniel Nazareth, Vicar-General to the Patriarch, because the Patriarch himself resided in Constantinople, on account of the persecution which the Greeks had to suffer from the Turks. And surprised, indeed, was Dr. Wolff to find in this Greek monastery, that Procopius, one of the monks, was furnished with Arabic, Greek, and Hebrew Bibles and Testaments, which had been left to him by a missionary of the Church Missionary Society, Connor by name, and by Levi Parsons, the American missionary. Procopius circulated these among the inhabitants of Jerusalem. There also came to Joseph Wolff, at the Armenian monastery, Papas Isa Petrus, a man of great talents, who spoke Arabic, Greek, Persian, Turkish, Italian, and French with the greatest facility. Gethin observed that such an interesting sight had never been seen at Jerusalem before, and the Armenians themselves said the same thing, for there had never been so many persons of different nations assembled in their monastery since the monastery of Mar-Yakoob (which means "the Holy James;" namely, the Apostle, who was the first Bishop of Jerusalem) existed, as Joseph Wolff had now brought together there.* It

* Carne wrote of Wolff to his brother at this time:—"His manners are agreeable, but, like all others engaged in this cause, perhaps, rather enthusiastic. He is, I believe, from all that can be judged on so short an acquaintance, a sincerely pious man. Considering the delicate ground he here treads upon, he has certainly met with more success than could

must be observed that the body of Mar-Yakoob is buried in the monastery, but his head is buried in San Jago; and many miracles are performed both by the body buried in Jerusalem, and by the head in Spain.

Makarditsh, Wolff's fellow-traveller through the Desert from Cairo to Gaza, lived also in the monastery, and paid a visit to Joseph Wolff; and also Stephen, an Armenian, who resided in Bagdad, but had come to Jerusalem for the Eastern Feast. Stephen was a mighty man, and a great traveller. He had with him a beautiful narghili (water-pipe), which he frequently offered to Wolff to smoke, and this was the first pipe which Wolff ever smoked in his life. Stephen had been in Calcutta, and was well acquainted with the English customs and manners there, as also with the operations of the missionaries in India. When Wolff waited on the Patriarch Gabriel, he urged him to write to the Archbishop of Canterbury and to Henry Drummond, a letter, expressing his desire of having friendly intercourse with the Church of England; and the Patriarch had promised to do so, when Stephen interposed, to Wolff's great astonishment, and said to the Patriarch, "My lord Patriarch, be on your guard: the missionaries are only a small body of believers, but the English in general are atheists, followers of Voltaire, and of a man still worse than Voltaire, Martinus Lutherus, who worshipped a cock." Another Armenian interposed and said, "It was not a cock but a swan; and, before Luther's time, there was a man bad as himself, who worshipped a goose."

This description of Martin Luther, and the worshipper of the goose, is most extraordinary, because it rests upon a traditional source, which is this: "One hundred years before Luther, John Huss, of Prague, arose as a Reformer, and the name of "Huss" means, in the Bohemian language, *Goose*; and the name of "Luther," which is also a Bohemian word, means *Swan*; and at the time when he was about to be burnt, he said to the people who witnessed his execution, "One hundred years after me a swan shall appear, whom they shall neither roast nor boil!" This belief, therefore, of Luther worshipping a swan, and of the man before him worshipping a goose, had its origin in that traditional story. Wolff, however,

have been anticipated. A number of the Jews, among whom are a few of the chief, have accepted Testaments of him, and there is a general impulse excited among them. He once had fifty at a time in his chamber. The Rabbi, rather alarmed at this, has interfered a little, and is to have a dispute with Mr. Wolff."

succeeded, in a quiet way, in convincing Stephen that there were a great many good Christians in England; and that the English abhor Voltaire, and do not take Luther as their guide; and, moreover, that Luther was not *quite* so bad as he believed.

Wolff struck up a great friendship with two of the monks, Boghos Tiutiungi, which means "Paul the pipe-maker," and Boghos Episcopus, or "Paul the bishop." Boghos Tiutiungi had studied in Rome, and spoke Italian very fluently. Wolff, in company with these two monks, visited the Mount of Olives, and read with them in the Bible; and with his friends Gethin and Carne, and with the Jews he read the words of David; and, ascending the Mount of Olives, "he wept as he went up;" and also he read the words of Zechariah, 14th chapter, 3rd and 4th verses, "Then shall the Lord go forth, and fight against those nations, as when he fought in the day of battle. And his feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east." And then he went with them to Bethlehem, to the shepherds' field, and to the manger, where our blessed Lord was laid, wrapped up in swaddling clothes; and there he saw the field of the shepherds, and there he read the words of St. Luke, which contain the song of the glorified angels in heaven, who sang, "Glory to God in the highest, Peace on earth, and good-will towards men." There he also saw the little room, where St. Jerome translated the Holy Bible from Hebrew into Latin; and from thence Wolff went to the river Jordan, and to the place where Sodom and Gomorrah stood, and to the Monastery of Mar-Saba. Then he returned to Jerusalem, and went, accompanied by his friends, to the tomb where our blessed Lord was buried, and where Mary Magdalene first took him for the gardener,—and the mistake was not great, for our blessed Lord was a gardener, because He planted the garden of God, the Church, where the fruits ripen, and are made fit for the kingdom of heaven. And on Mary Magdalene's recognizing the Lord, she said, "Rabboni, my Master and my Lord;" and He said, "Mary;" and this expressed how the union was established between Christ and the believer.

But now it is time to describe his visit to the Jews. There are four parties of Jews in Jerusalem; the one party, who are the most powerful and richest, are the Sephardim; these Jews are descended from the Spanish Jews, who were expelled from Spain by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. They are the richest, but they are not the most learned. Another party are the Ashkenazim, who are chiefly descendants of the Ger-

man and Polish Jews; the word Ashkenazim means people of the land of Germany; for Germany is called by the Jews Ashkenaz, from a man called Ashkenaz, who was a descendant of Togarmah, who again was a descendant of Japhet. (Genesis x. 3.) The Ashkenazim are again divided into two parties—the Pharisees, *i. e.* the strict literal observers of the law, and the traditions of the Elders; and the Haseedim, who also observe the law and the traditions of the Elders, but still they say this is not the chief thing: the chief thing of all, being the intention of the heart. These are the Puritans of the Jewish synagogue. Besides these two divisions of the Ashkenazim, there is another, viz., that of the Coraeem, or B'nee Mikra, *i. e.* those who only believe in those things which they can actually read in Moses and the Prophets. The name Coraeem means *reading*, and B'nee Mikra means *the children of the book*. The latter are not natives of Jerusalem, but come from the place called Hit, near Bagdad, a beautiful oasis in the Desert. They also come from the Crimea, especially from the place called Jufut-Kaleh (Jew-Castle), situated upon a high mountain, near the Tartar town, called Bakhtshe-Seray, which means *the Gardener of the Palace*. Dr. McCaul says, in his pamphlet upon Marriage with a deceased Wife's Sister, that the Coraeem had their origin in the twelfth century after Christ, in which statement Wolff considers him to be entirely wrong; for, by their own account, they had their origin in the Babylonish captivity; but separated themselves from the Jews, when that people mixed up Chaldean notions with the law of Moses, and under their Rabbi Annan, formed a separate community. Wolff went with the Sephardim and Ashkenazim Jews to the wall of the west side of the temple, and sang with them the following hymn:—

"The mighty shall build the City of Zion,
And give her to Thee.
Then shall he raise from the dust the needy,
And from the dunghill the poor.
The Blessed One shall build the City of Zion,
And give her to Thee," &c., &c.

They also sang the following hymn:—

"Thou art mighty to build thy temple speedily,
Lord, build, build thy temple speedily—
In haste, in haste, in haste, in haste,
Even in our days—
Build thy temple speedily."

On his return home, he called on Saadiah and Solomon, two

Jews of the Coraeem nation. Their wives were very beautiful, and cleanliness reigns in their houses, which is not, as a rule, the case among other Jews. He copied from their liturgy a hymn, of which he has given a translation in his former journals, in the years 1821-22; and which translation has been adopted by Baron von Haxthausen in his "Travels in the Crimea," without any acknowledgment that it is Wolff's, though he has given the extracts in the very same order as Wolff did.

Here Wolff again recites the hymn.

Rabbi. On account of the palace which is laid waste,
People. We sit lonely and weep.
Rabbi. On account of the temple which is destroyed,
People. We sit lonely and weep.
Rabbi. On account of the walls which are pulled down,
People. We sit lonely and weep.
Rabbi. On account of our majesty which is gone,
People. We sit lonely and weep.
Rabbi. On account of our great men who have been cast down,
People. We sit lonely and weep.
Rabbi. On account of the precious stones which are burned,
People. We sit lonely and weep.
Rabbi. On account of the priests who have stumbled,
People. We sit lonely and weep.
Rabbi. On account of our Kings who have despised Him,
People. We sit lonely and weep.

Another hymn may also be given.

Rabbi. We beseech Thee have mercy upon Zion,
People. And gather the children of Jerusalem.
Rabbi. Make haste, O Redeemer of Zion!
People. Speak to the heart of Jerusalem.
Rabbi. May beauty and majesty surround Zion.
People. Turn with thy mercy to Jerusalem.
Rabbi. Remember the shame of Zion.
People. Make new again the ruins of Jerusalem.
Rabbi. May the royal government shine again over Zion.
People. Comfort those who mourn at Jerusalem.
Rabbi. May joy and gladness be found upon Zion.
People. A branch shall spring forth at Jerusalem.

Wolff asked Saadiah whether the Coraeem in the Crimea offered up sacrifices. Saadiah took hold of Wolff's arm, and went with him to the window, opposite Omar's Mosque, and then said, "Do you see that Mosque of the Mussulmans? There our temple stood, on that very spot. It is destroyed,

alas! alas! alas! and ever since has Israel been many days without sacrifice, without ephod, and without Teraphim." Wolff afterwards preached before Saadiah and others, on Isaiah liii., and from other portions of Scripture.

Wolff was presently sent for by "the Light of Israel," respected and revered by Sephardim, and Ashkenazim, by Pharisees and Hasidim, and by Coraeem Jews, the children of the Bible. His name was Rabbi Mendel. He was a little man, of a kind countenance, but with penetrating eyes; and when Wolff came to him, the phylacteries were on his head, the Talmud was before him, the pen was in his hand. He was able to preach, as the Jews told Wolff, about every word of the Law of Moses, for longer than three hours, and could all the time rivet the attention of his hearers. He apologized for having sent for Wolff, saying that he never went out himself, and should therefore be glad to see him every day at his house. He had been the instrument of the conversion of Polish counts and noblemen to the Jewish religion; and he evidently was bent upon converting Joseph Wolff.

When Wolff was in his childhood, his father had told him a great deal of the learning, holiness, and miraculous powers of Rabbi Eliahu, of Wilna, in Poland, whose power of working miracles was so great, that being—when a young man of only nineteen years of age—in love with a girl who lived 800 miles distant from him, whom he wished to marry, he made her come to him in less than three minutes, and forthwith married her. Another miracle is also told of Rabbi Eliahu, as well as of other holy rabbis, and this is that he had what the Jews call a *Golem*, *i.e.*, a lump of clay formed into the figure of a man, which walked about for him in the capacity of a servant, and cooked his dinner on the Sabbath day. Rabbi Eliahu was highly versed in the science of Cabala, and was acquainted with the whole workmanship of the chariot of God, and knew the exact hour when the angels around the throne of God perform their morning and evening prayers; and and when they sing, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, all the earth is full of thy majesty."

Now Rabbi Mendel was the most distinguished disciple of that Eliahu of Wilna; and, on Wolff's coming to him, all the Jews crowded around to listen. Wolff said to him, on hearing that Jews of thirteen and fourteen years of age marry, "Why do the Jews marry so early?" Rabbi Mendel replied, "Have you not read the Psalms of David? It is said in the 127th Psalm, 'As arrows in the hand of a mighty man, so are children of the youth.'" He then offered to read Hebrew

with Wolff every day; and when Wolff came again to him, he gave him to understand that he wished him to be converted back to Judaism. Of course Wolff could not agree to that, and entered into conversation with him on the authenticity of the New Testament. Several arguments were used, which, as they are old and well known, it is not worth while to repeat.

But the opening of their first discourse together was curious, and may be found interesting by many people.

Wolff.—"Before I enter into conversation with you about the truth of Judaism, I must make before you the profession of my faith: I do not worship images, nor the wooden cross; but I believe, 'Hear O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord,' and I firmly believe that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah, the Son of God, and that He came to suffer for our iniquities, and that He shall come again, and be the Redeemer of Israel. I beg of you Rabbi, to tell me the meaning of Gen. iii. 15."

Rabbi Mendel.—"Let us consider, first, the spot where *men* and *beasts* were before Adam's fall; they were in the paradise of God; and it were absurd to think that an *unclean* body should be in the garden of God; and we must, therefore, conclude, that *men* and *beasts* were originally endowed with a *glorified* body. But the *serpent*, the inducer to evil, the *Satan*, the leader astray from the path of God, persuaded Hava (Eve) to eat of the tree of knowledge, that is, to trangress one of the seven commandments which He gave, and then the glorified body of Adam, and the animals, became sinful and miserable. But the Holy One said to *Satan*, I will put enmity between thee, Satan, and the woman, for *thou shalt* try to lead her astray from me, but she shall hate thee, 'And I will put enmity between thy seed,' the passions, or bad men, 'and her seed,' the Messiah, and the people beloved. He shall finally overcome thee, and take thy power: 'It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel,'—the heel of Messiah, the Son of Ephraim, that is, He, the Son of Ephraim, shall, by the devices of the devil, be killed; and that Messiah, the Son of Ephraim, was Jeroboam. He, in the beginning, was a pious and good man, for 'Jeroboam was a mighty man of valour;' but as soon as Satan had bruised his heel, Jeroboam made Israel sin; but the Lord has given him his kingdom; he shall, therefore, be the first Messiah who shall be put to death; and they shall look upon that Messiah whom they have pierced, and mourn; for Satan has bruised his heel, and Satan bruises likewise the heel of poor Israel, for we poor Jews are, alas! in captivity. For Satan has induced us to sin; he is the cause that we poor Jews sit alone, and nobody considers us; but

redemption will soon come to poor Israel, and those children of Jacob, who said to their brother Joseph, 'Shalt thou indeed reign over us; or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us?' (Gen. xxxvii. 8) have said to Joseph, in a prophetical tone, 'And we will also be my Lord's servants; Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim.' For Messiah Ben Ephraim, and Messiah Ben David, shall live together in peace, and then the mystery of the three initial characters of the three words, thousand, two hundred, and ninety (Dan. xii. 11), אלף מאתים ותשעים shall be fulfilled; for the initial letter of אמת is א, of מאתים is מ, of תשעים is ת. Those three characters joined together form the word אמת, "truth;" for the whole world will be converted to the truth, אמת!"

Rabbi Mendel was at this time occupied in compiling several books; one on the beauty of creation—the sun, the moon, and the stars; for he said 'We have to consider the heavens, the moon, and the stars, in order to see the beauty of God. It is true that many philosophers have written upon this subject, but they have only mentioned the stars and the sun. They have forgotten the Creator of all those things; and it has been verified in them what the Prophet says:—'Also he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.'"

It was very grievous to see how this great man distorted the clearest passages in order to find out reasons for observing the laws of the Talmud. He translated the plain words in Leviticus xviii. 30, "Ye shall keep my ordinance," by "Ye shall make an ordinance to my ordinance;" for, he said, "As poor Israel was to wander into captivity, it was possible that doubts would arise as to the meaning of the laws of Moses, which would make it impossible for them to be kept, and therefore the Rabbis have made, in addition, 317 other laws, in order to explain the first, and to teach by what method they could be most easily kept; as also to furnish rules whereby they could be prevented from transgressing them."

Wolff, then, in order to get out Mendel's whole opinion, so as better to show to him the truth of Christianity, allowed him to speak entirely alone. For Wolff observed that he frequently agreed with the Gospel in what he said; therefore he had not to combat him, but merely point out in what respects the agreement existed.

Thus, for instance, Mendel spoke about spirits moving in the air; on which Wolff immediately referred him to the words of Paul, "the Prince of the power of the air."

He talked also about the two Jerusalems—Jerusalem be-

neath and Jerusalem above. Then Wolff referred him to Revelation xxi., where it is spoken about Jerusalem coming down from Heaven, &c.

But the acuteness of the man was surprising, for he immediately found out why Wolff allowed him to go on, and said, "I am afraid to speak, and tell you my views, for you at once apply it all to your own purpose!"

Hero a Jew came into the room, and said, "Why do you talk with Joseph Wolff? He only became a Christian in order to become rich."

Rabbi Mendel, with great emphasis, answered, "No, I will not allow that, nor admit it. There is undoubtedly great wisdom in Christianity. There is a spirit of inquiry among Jews, and among the nations at large in our present time; and although the Jews have kept themselves for nearly 2000 years aloof from idolatry, that spirit (idolatry) is reviving again in some."

So, after all, Mendel could not abstain from conversing with Wolff; and, one day, Wolf recited the Lord's Prayer to him; when, for every sentence, Mendel recited a verse exactly in harmony with it, out of the Old Testament. Wolff then said, "I thank you, Rabbi, that you have given me so many texts by which I may prove to the Jews that Christ came not to abolish the law, but to fulfil it!"

A Polish Rabbi, Joseph Markowiz by name, who was supposed to be a *Baal-Shem, i.e.*, "possessor of the ineffable name of Jehovah," with which he pretended to have cured many sick persons, and performed other miracles, and had so gained many thousand piasters, called on Wolff, and said, "I will now speak with you as a friend, and tell you things by which you will perceive that you have not to do with a fool. The Lord said unto Samuel, 'Fill thine horn with oil and go, and I will send thee to Jesse the Bethelemite, for I have provided me a king among his sons.' And Samuel said, 'How can I go? If Saul hear it he will kill me.' And the Lord said, 'Take an heifer with thee, and say I am come to sacrifice to the Lord.'"

Rabbi Joseph Markowiz inferred from this, that we are not obliged to die as martyrs for the truth, and that although a man believes in Christ, he need not confess his name before men, if he should be in danger from doing so of being persecuted, and deprived of his property, and perhaps of his life.

Wolff replied that the passage referred to merely shows that a person is not always obliged to tell the whole truth to those who have no business to ask for it; but as soon as the welfare of immortal souls comes to be concerned, we are obliged to

declare the truth whatever it may cost us; and that many prephets had died for the truth. Wolff took this man as instructor to read the Talmud with; for which assistance he paid him. Markowiz said to Wolff, "I will show you some passages in the Talmud, by which you may confute and astonish Rabbi Mendel. To-morrow go and show him the following passage from the treatise called *Nidda* (sect. 9, page 61) :— Rabbi Joseph says, Thus say the Rabbis, 'the commandments shall be abolished, when he that is to come shall come.' Then argue with him, and say, 'You complain that Jesus abolished the ceremonial law, whilst it was his duty to do this, if He was the true Messiah.'" "He that is to come shall come," is a common expression in the Talmud when referring to the Messiah. So, next day, Wolff went to Rabbi Mendel, and produced that argument; whereupon Rabbi Mendel at once said, "This you have not got from yourself, but from that hypocrite Rabbi Joseph Markowiz. He shall not be sent forth as apostle for collecting money for the congregation of Jerusalem."

Just then, Rabbi Joseph Markowiz, who lived close by, slipped into the room, and Rabbi Mendel remonstrated with him for what he had done, and told him, "You shall not be sent forth as apostle." But Markowiz denied the whole. Wolff, however, was obliged to admit the fact, but the impudence of the fellow was astonishing; for, although he had denied his own interference so positively, yet, the very next time that Wolff came to him for his lesson, he showed to him a passage still more forcible in the very same treatise. The word Khazir, which means *pig* or *pork*, is analyzed, and it is said that the first meaning is *overturned*; thereupon, the question is asked, "Why has it that meaning?" and the answer given is this, "That the moment the Messiah shall arrive, the law, with regard to eating pork, shall be overturned or upset."

Once more Wolff went to Rabbi Mendel, but when he showed him that passage, Rabbi Mendel said again, "This is not from your own learning: this is again Rabbi Joseph Markowiz!"

Young Rabbi Isaac, son of Solomon, the engraver, who was about fifteen years old, of a most beautiful countenance, and already married, was so angry with Rabbi Joseph Markowiz, that he said, "I shall go and tear out the beard of that old hypocrite; but, first of all, I will go to Joseph Wolff, and will show to him the beauty of the Talmud, and how much he will be a loser, when the Messiah shall come, by having em-

braced the Christian religion." So this youth came to Joseph Wolff, and showed to him in the Talmud, the following passage :—

"Rabbi Ellazar was wandering in the desert, when he saw two geese who were so fat, that their grease dropped from them, and ran through the desert, and formed a river. Now, Ellazar knew that these geese were to be kept for the feast, which the Messiah will give to the Jews when he comes, so said he to one of them, 'Oh, thou goose! what part shall I eat of thee?'—and the goose showed him one leg: then he asked the same question of the other goose, and the other goose showed him one wing. Ellazar then began to sigh, and exclaimed, 'Oh, that Israel may soon cease from sinning, in order that I may enjoy the wing from the one goose and the leg from the other!'"

Wolff, who never laughed at anything which was told him seriously, maintained a perfectly grave face, and said, "I thank you very much, Rabbi, for this passage—a most interesting passage it is!"

Rabbi Isaac, son of Solomon, was delighted at this; and, running at once to Rabbi Joseph Markowiz, said to him, "Now, I have shown to Rabbi Wolff a passage as an antidote to those you have pointed out to him;" and he told him the passage, whereupon, the old follow burst into a fit of laughter, and said, "Oh, that thou may'st have a black year! * Wolff will now laugh the whole day, when he is by himself." To which Rabbi Isaac replied, "Thou old epicurean! † Wolff had at least the decency not to laugh in my presence, but thou laughest already in my very face."

Another time, Rabbi Joseph Markowiz read with Wolff the cabalistic exposition of Genesis xlix. 10, in the remarkable book called *Zohar*, when his wife entered the room, and exclaimed, "Oh Rabbi, may you live, oh my love, a hundred years! I am afraid that by your spending the whole night with Rabbi Joseph Wolff, the whole congregation of Israel in Jerusalem (may it soon be established and built again!) will talk about it." Rabbi Joseph Markowiz replied to his wife, "Go home, and sleep sweetly, and live a hundred years, and let the whole congregation of Israel talk about it; for I am Rabbi Joseph Markowiz, and surely one word of mine will silence the whole congregation of Israel." They then proceeded with their book, which was composed by Rabbi Simon Ben Yohay, where, in the explanation of the word "Shiloh,"

* A Jewish curse.

† So they commonly called the apostate Jews.

it says, "This is Messiah, and it is spelt, not like Shiloh the city, with the letters Jod and Vau, but with the letters JOD and HE, which compose the name of God; and this is so, because the fulness of the Godhead is bodily in the Messiah." On perusing this with Rabbi Joseph Markowiz, the old fox remarked, "This will make Rabbi Mendel dance!"

Next day, Wolff came to Rabbi Mendel, and read the passage to him, together with those words of St. Paul, "The fulness of the Godhead dwelt in him bodily." Rabbi Mendel said at once, "Here, again, I smell Rabbi Joseph Markowiz!" And, in the midst of the anger which he and the others felt, in came Rabbi Joseph Markowiz himself again; and the whole party of Jews fell upon him, and called him "An old rascal." Markowiz, as was his custom, sat all the while in a chair, leaning on his stick, and swinging to and fro, and he said, "Why am I a rascal? Ought we not to prepare Wolff for defending himself? Will it make us Christians if we do so? The passage has stood for ages in our books, and yet we are still Jews."

They shouted out, "You shall be excommunicated." "What use will this be to you?" cried he. "Your name and remembrance shall be blotted out from the book of life!" they rejoined; whereupon Rabbi Joseph Markowiz walked off, his shoulders shaking with laughter; and, said he to Wolff, "See how I support you!"

It should be remarked that this conduct of Rabbi Joseph Markowiz taught Wolff a very valuable lesson, for it caused him to study the Rabbinical writings with all possible earnestness and attention.

This Rabbi Joseph Markowiz was a most extraordinary fellow. Once he travelled to Sidon, and found a blind Jew there. This blind Jew asked him to give him a charm, in order that he might receive his sight; for which he paid him in advance, several dollars. After Markowiz had got the dollars, he walked off, saying to Rabbi Abraham, who accompanied him, "There is one thing quite certain,—the man will never see those dollars again!"

One story more of an absurd method resorted to for converting Joseph Wolff, and then shall follow some affecting histories of these Jews at Jerusalem. Rabbi Mendel said one day to his disciples, "I shall make a last attempt at converting Joseph Wolff, which I hope will succeed. I shall invite him to dine with me some day, on a Saturday, when I will give him a good deal of *kugel* to eat, over which I shall ask the blessing; and I hope that the saying will be verified in him,

'he that eateth much *kugel* on the sabbath will become a good Jew.'" *Kugel* is a sort of dumpling. Wolff was invited, and Rabbi Mendel very much enjoyed seeing his appetite, and after he had eaten a great deal of *kugel*, Rabbi Mendel asked him, "What do you think *now* of the Talmud?" Wolff replied, "The Talmud is a lie from the beginning to the end." Poor Rabbi Mendel! Soon after Wolff's departure from Jerusalem, the Turkish governor sent for that worthy man, and got him bastinadoed on the soles of his feet, in order to extort money from him. Most fortunately, however, the Spanish Consul, and Mr. Lewis, a missionary, were there, and claimed him; and so he was released from the Governor's house. Now for some affecting stories after these ridiculous ones.

Rabbi Isaac Ben Solomon, the interesting young Jew already described, had a sister who was married to another Jew, Zacharias, the son of Jeremiah, by name, who was also a most interesting young man, with a beautiful countenance and bushy locks. Zacharias' wife died, namely, the sister of Isaac Ben Solomon, and six weeks afterwards he married again. Isaac Ben Solomon henceforth became a deadly enemy of Zacharias, because he could so soon forget his sister. Wolff exhorted him to forget and forgive, but in vain. But Zacharias, the son of Jeremiah, began to be very ill, and his beauty began to wither away. One day he entered the synagogue, when Solomon was also there; and Zacharius, son of Jeremiah, exclaimed, with his eyes lifted up to heaven, and with a broken voice and pale countenance, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacle, O Israel!" Rabbi Isaac burst into tears on seeing the broken countenance of his former brother-in-law, and he said to him, "Zacharias, O my brother! Zacharias, O my brother! pardon me!" And Zacharias said unto Isaac, "Isaac, pardon me; for both of us are sons of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Pardon me, pardon me!" And they fell around each other's necks.

Rabbi Mendel read one day to Joseph Wolff the most affecting story of an incident said to have happened soon after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. Two heathen merchants met together in an inn in the Desert. "I have a male slave," said one to the other, "the like to whose beauty is not to be seen in the whole world." And the other said, "I have a female slave, the like of whose beauty is not to be seen in the whole world." Then they agreed to marry these two together, and to divide the children between them; and in the evening both the slaves were brought into a room. One stood

in one corner, and the other in the other corner, and the male slave said, "I, a priest, and the son of a high-priest, should I marry a slave?" and the female said in the other corner of the room, "I, a priestess, the daughter of a high-priest, should I marry a slave?" and when the morning approached, they discovered that they were brother and sister. They fell upon each other's necks, and wept, and wept, and wept, until the souls of both departed. And it is on account of this that Jeremiah said, "Over these I weep, I weep; mine eye, mine eye, runs down with water."

Another story of the same sort. A boy, seven years of age, soon after the destruction of Jerusalem, was put into prison on account of the debts which had been incurred by his father. Rabbi Hannan, a rich learned Jew, and one who was a light in Israel, heard that there was a young boy in the prison, of beautiful countenance and high intellect. Rabbi Hannan, therefore, called through the gate of the prison, "What is it that gave Jacob to the spoil, and Israel to the robbers?" and the boy from the prison replied, in a melodious voice, "Is it not because we would not walk in his ways, nor obey his commandment?" Rabbi Hannan said, "I shall not stir from this place, until I have ransomed this boy." And what became of that boy in after-times? He was none else but Ishmael, the high-priest, the son of Elijah, the high-priest.

After all this, Wolff paid a visit to Bethlehem, and on the road he delayed at the tomb of Rachel, the mother who refused to be consoled over her sons, because they were not. In Bethlehem he read in the very field of the shepherds that song of the glorified spirits, which sounded down upon earth from their native sky, "Glory to God in the highest;" and, in anticipation of that universal peace which shall be established at the second coming of the Holy Child Jesus, the spirits added, "Peace on earth, good-will towards men." He also visited the monastery of Mar-Saba, on his road to the river Jordan, and Sodom and Gomorrah; and he cannot help thinking that it was somewhere around Saba that the ancient Zoar ("Is it not a little one?") stood; and that there Lot's wife looked back, as we frequently look back to the scenery of our frail life. When he reached Sodom and Gomorrah, the place seemed awful; the water of the Dead Sea was like alum; and who can deny, when looking at that spot, that some dire disaster must have happened there?

Wolff afterwards returned to Bethlehem, where St. Jerome translated the Bible; accompanying his labours with deep meditation and prayer. How often are his words before Dr.

Wolff's mind, as he spoke them in his humility, "Tamar has been more righteous than I!" (Genesis xxxviii., 26.) Dr. Wolff, like Niebuhr, is a great admirer of St. Jerome's translation, commonly called the Vulgate. He even prefers reading it to the original Hebrew; and modern German Protestants, with all their vast learning, have never published a translation of the Bible which he thinks equal either to the Vulgate in Latin, or to the authorized English version, or to the translation of the great Martin Luther into German, or the French translation by De Sacy.

CHAPTER IX.

Lady Hester Stanhope and her Prophet; Earthquake at Aleppo; Massacre of Christians at Nicosia; Mediterranean; Stay at Alexandria; Holy Land.

WOLFF went from Bethlehem back to Jerusalem, and set out on his journey by Jaffa and Samaria to Mount Lebanon, circulating everywhere the word of God. He then came to Trablous, the ancient Tripolis. Wolff relates that he saw there the Dowager Mrs. Katziflis, and her twin sons, and her three daughters, of whom he asserts that they were undoubtedly the most beautiful people throughout the East; and, if the zeal in the object of his mission had not preponderated, he should have been tempted to pay his court to Mrs. Katziflis. She combined with her beauty such real ladylike behaviour as he never before or afterwards saw among the ladies of the East. Her twin sons were the *beau idéal* of well-educated, well-informed Eastern gentlemen,—one of them being the English Consul, and the other the Austrian Consul. Wolff was really in love with their mother; so that Jonas King, the American missionary observing it, said to him, "Wolff, say what you please, you are in love with Mrs. Katziflis." Wolff replied, "You need not say to me, 'Say what you please,' for I never told you I was not in love with her." Jonas King said, "Good-bye, then, to the mission to the Jews." Wolff replied, "I will just ask her one question, and if she answers that satisfactorily, she shall be Mrs. Wolff to-morrow." And Wolff asked this lady what she thought of the conversion of the Jews? when she replied, that if the Jews ever became Christians, she would herself become a Turk, and curse the Jews for having forced her to forsake her beautiful and holy religion!

Wolff.—"But I have been a Jew!"

Mrs. Katziflis.—"We all here say, that you are so different from all the Jews in features, look, and actions; that we are persuaded you must have been the illegitimate son of some Christian nobleman."

Wolff left her at that very moment when she spoke; just as the Knight Delorges left the Lady Kunigund when she sent him down into the arena to fetch her glove, as described by Schiller in his *Handschuh*.

Wolff proceeded to Latakia, and lived in the house of Moses Elias, a most respectable native, who acted as English Consul. He circulated the word of God among the Mussulmans, but this aroused their fanaticism in a most alarming manner, so that they exclaimed, "The time seems approaching when Christians shall again take the country!" However, the ferment passed over without serious consequences.

Wolff witnessed, at Latakia, the result of an engagement between the widow lady, Madame Lanusse, and a French attaché. Although the lady was of French extraction, she had received an Eastern education, and her mode of thinking was entirely Eastern. She said to her lover, who had proposed to marry her, "I will wait for you twelve months, and if you do not come then and marry me, I shall marry Monsieur Vidal." Her lover did not come after one year, neither did Vidal; so she was disappointed in both suitors; and Wolff heard that she coolly said, "Now, I must try a third, and, if this does not succeed, a fourth."

Wolff went with Monsieur Vidal to the French Consul of Bagdad, and then they proceeded to Antioch together. On their way, Wolff, in all earnestness, committed the egregious folly of asking, in the midst of the Desert, that a Bedouin would make him a good cup of chocolate. This caused Vidal to burst with laughter; and with this very pleasant companion, Wolff at last arrived in Antioch, and was received in the most cordial manner by John Barker, Esq., Her Majesty's British Consul-General for Aleppo. This gentleman was married to a Miss Abbot, whose mother, Mrs. Abbot, was still living at Aleppo, a lady of extraordinary character, and whom we must at once describe. Mrs. Abbot's parents were both Greek, and her husband was also born of a Greek mother, and a Levantine Englishman. This good lady was most fanatically attached to her Church; so much so, that one day, when the Greek bishop left Aleppo, he felt safe in leaving all the secular affairs of the Church under her care. When a Roman Catholic missionary once called upon her, with the

intention of converting her, she combated with him from the Fathers and the Bible; and when he still continued to urge upon her the necessity of submitting to the Pope, she said, "Fiddle-de-dee the Pope." She then put aside the water-pipe which she was smoking, and, sitting near the fire-place, she exclaimed, taking hold of the poker, "If you don't walk out, I will give you such an argument with this poker as you will find a little hard, and you will find it an impressive one, I warn you!" She was a fat, active, determined, well-read lady, and the Roman Catholic ran away as fast as he could, wishing to spare himself martyrdom for some better occasion.

But to return to the reception Dr. Wolff met with from Mr. Barker, the British Consul-General. This gentleman was living a little way out of Antioch at that time, where he cultivated the ground of his garden, at his country-house in a little village called Suedia.

Wolff talked over with him many high characters of England, and at last the conversation fell upon Lady Hester Stanhope, who was settled at Mar-Elias, in Mount Lebanon. She had then living with her as guest, and protégé, Monsieur Lustaneau, whom she called *par excellence*, and ordered all her servants to call *par excellence*, "Le Prophète."

This Monsieur Lustaneau, a Frenchman of high birth, had served for many years among the Mahrattas in India, as General to Tippoo Saib, against the English. He had received from that prince, on account of his bravery and skill, the title of "Lion in war, and Tiger in battle," a fact which he himself told Dr. Wolff in the year 1823, and which was confirmed to him in India by Colonel J. Skinner, of the Light Horse, in 1832. General Lustaneau had lost an arm in battle, and was once possessor of the largest diamond in the world; but he was cheated out of it, but in what manner was unknown to Dr. Wolff. Tired of an active life, he formed the resolution of becoming a hermit upon Mount Carmel, in 1812; and in the year 1815, when Lady Hester Stanhope met him upon Mount Carmel, he said to her, "*Madame, le moment que je parle avec vous, l'Empereur Napoléon a échappé de l'Ile d'Elbe!*" Lady Hester took down the date of this conversation; and several months afterwards, she received a letter from England, giving her the tidings of the escape of Napoleon, and at that very day and hour when it was predicted to her by Monsieur Lustaneau. Her ladyship received him into her house, which she called Mar-Elias, near Saida; and she ordered her household strictly to address him as "*the* Prophet." On his afterwards attempting to convert her lady-

ship to Christianity, for she had become a Druse, she turned him out of the house; and then he took shelter in the house of Monsieur Reignauld, the French Consul of Saida, where he carried on with Lady Hester a violent correspondence. She wrote to him one day, as he himself told Wolff, "I have never been a Christian, nor shall I ever be one." He wrote to her, in answer, "If you become a Christian, God will not gain anything by it,—if you don't become a Christian, He will not lose anything by it." Whether, however, this man really predicted the escape of Napoleon, Dr. Wolff cannot vouch for, but the following fact he is sure of, and could affirm with an oath.

Wolff arrived in the hospitable dwelling of John Barker, Esq., British Consul-General of Aleppo and Antioch, in the year 1822, and the conversation turning upon Lady Hester Stanhope, Barker said to Wolff, "She is undoubtedly crazy, and as a proof of it, I will show you this letter." Her letter was written in April, 1821. Wolff was in Antioch with Mr. Barker in May, 1822: the letter was as follows:—"My dear Mr. Barker, I beseech you not to go to Aleppo or Antioch, for both cities will be utterly destroyed in about a year. I tell you this in the name of the prophet Lustaneau." Barker and Wolff both smiled, and soon afterwards Wolff proceeded to Aleppo, remaining there as the guest of Monsieur Masseyk, the Dutch Consul-General. Aleppo was a beautiful town; the climate most delicious; the houses were like palaces; the people lived together in harmony, and visited one another—Europeans, Arabs, Christians, and Turks. In the evening, if one walked about upon the terraces of the town, ladies and gentlemen would be seen smoking narghili, studded with diamonds and pearls; and a dervish, from Bagdad, would be singing—

"If this beautiful lady of Sheeraz
Would give me her heart,
I would give for one mole of her cheek
All the treasures of Samarcand and Bokhara."

Another would sing—

"To attempt to possess God and the world
Is altogether vain imagination and folly."

Wolff circulated the word of God amongst all the inhabitants of Aleppo in Hebrew, and Arabic, and Persian.

One day, during his residence here, Jews came to him, of high respectability, and asked of him the grand question, "Who Jesus was?" Wolff replied, "the Son of God! God above all, blessed for ever." He felt great joy in making this

confession; but the Jews rose in indignation, and exclaimed, "We have neither heard nor seen it," and walked off. Spirits of those deceased Rabbis, you have both heard and seen it now! One remarkable fact occurred. One of the Jews thus argued with publicly proclaimed, "Wolff is right:" and on the next day he was found dead in his bed.

At the beginning of the month of August, 1822, Wolff was invited to dine with Monsieur Lesseps, the French Consul-General of Aleppo, a gentleman of the highest consequence, a personal friend of Napoleon le Grand; Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, and who had been ambassador to Morocco. He was father to the present Monsieur Lesseps, who is now in Egypt. Whilst Wolff was sitting at dinner, Monsieur Derché, interpreter to the French Consul, a gentleman of great accomplishments, with much French action, and who had just arrived from Lady Hester Stanhope, was asked by Monsieur Lesseps, "What does Lady Hester say?" Derché replied, "She warned me with great earnestness, not to go to Aleppo; for, she said, in less than a fortnight, in the name of the Prophète Lustaneau, Aleppo and Antioch will be destroyed." Monsieur Lesseps asked, "in what way?" When Derché, waving both his hands, answered, "*par une tremblement de terre*" (by an earthquake).

A few days after this occurrence, Wolff, accompanied by his servant, left Aleppo with a small caravan of not more than six people. They quitted Aleppo in the afternoon, and went as far as Jusceа (on their way to Latakia), about ten miles from Aleppo, and they spread out their carpets, in the midst of the Desert, and encamped for the night, at about a hundred yards from the village itself. Jusceа was inhabited by the ancient Anzairees, worshippers of the Syrian Alilath, and they came out and asked Wolff why he would not come to their houses in the village and sleep?—begging him to do so. But he declined, saying he preferred to sleep in the open air; for, truly, those Eastern villages are often much infested by vermin.

The Anzairees, therefore, remained for a while with Wolff, and they all smoked together; there being also, at about twenty yards from them, a party of Bedouin Arabs, who had their tents pitched there at the time, and were sitting round their fires. Wolff presently took out his Bible, and began to read from it to the Anzairees, when suddenly he felt something move under him, as if a pocket handkerchief had been drawn from below him. Immediately after, all at once, the very earth moved in a horizontal direction, accompanied by a howling and thundering like that of cannon. Wolft believed

the howling to be that of the tormented spirits in hell itself. All the party at once rose, and springing up, tried to hold themselves fast, as it were by the air. And now, before their very eyes, the houses of their village Juseea fell down, and one universal cry arose. The Anzairees exclaimed, "Ya Lateef! Ya Lateef! Ya Lateef!" Beneficent God! Beneficent God! The Arabs shouted, "Allah Akbar!" God is the greatest! Then the Anzairees hastened to the spot where their houses had stood but a few seconds before, and came back crying, "Merciful God! our houses are gone, our wives, our children, our cattle, are all gone!" The first grand shock lasted two minutes. After this, shocks occurred about every half-hour, sometimes ten, twenty, thirty, or even eighty shocks at a time.

Oh, what a change had come over the Desert! A few moments before, it was silent as night; and now it was covered with the wild Arabs and Bedouins, who were flying over the plain on their horses in their barnooses, with the hoods drawn over their heads, like eagles cleaving the air. The horses frequently, whenever a shock was felt, mounted upon their hind legs, threatening to pull down the horseman, but the Bedouin, stretching himself upon the whole horse, put him down again upon his fore legs, while he continually exclaimed—"This is of the Lord, this is of the Lord!" This is beautiful in the East, that the people always come to the prime cause in everything—to God Himself. They do not, as Europeans do, invariably dwell upon second causes; but they refer every event at once to the Overruler of the world. And Wolff thinks that, as light came in former times from the East, so it will shine from the East again; and he thinks that our Lord meant the same by his words, "As the lightning cometh from the east, and shineth to the west, so shall be the coming of the Son of Man." He thinks, too, that this future light is not to come only from the Jews, but also from the Greek, Armenian, and Jacobite Christians. And that Light shall chiefly come after the FULNESS OF THE GENTILES, *i. e.* the *Ten Tribes shall come in!*

Wolff immediately sent an express messenger, through the Desert, to Mr. Barker, who, he had heard, had escaped, in a miraculous manner, by creeping forth from the ruins of his house, untouched, with their child of six years old! The whole of Aleppo, Antioch, Latakia, Hums, and Hama, had been destroyed, and all the villages within twenty miles round; and 60,000 people had been thus plunged into an awful eternity. He proceeded to Latakia, where he found the

inhabitants outside the town, with pale faces; and dead bodies were lying in the streets. Wolff said to these people, and to the Greek and Italian Christians, "Come, and let us kneel down and pray:" and he offered up an Italian prayer. But, in the midst of his prayer, like the wreck of a ship, came another shock, and they all rose, exclaiming, "Merciful God, the day of judgment has come!" To increase the confusion, a magician arrived at the spot, and said, "This evening a deluge will come, and the whole world will be destroyed. All mankind shall be again destroyed!" Wolff exclaimed, "Thou art a liar, for thou hast contradicted the Scriptures, which say that the earth shall never again be destroyed by water." A cavalcade now arrived from Aleppo, composed of Jews, Arabs, Turks, soldiers, women, and children; and amongst them was a dervish, whose voice was heard from a distance, singing—

> "And thus, thus, O Aleppo, and thus, thus, Aleppo,
> All thy beauty is gone!"

The Turks looked pitifully at Wolff, and said, "How do you do?" He replied, "Well." They answered, "God be praised;" and, beating their breasts, they exclaimed, one, "My father is dead;" another—"My brother is dead;" a third—"My wife is dead." And, two years afterwards, when Wolff returned to Aleppo, the survivors had not yet rebuilt their houses, and were still exclaiming, "Oh, God! oh, God! Thou hast broken our bones, and joy and gladness have gone away." Thus was the passage in the Psalms, li., 8th verse, explained, "Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice."

One or two very curious incidents must not be forgotten. The house where Mrs. Abbot lived, the lady already alluded to, was entirely destroyed, except her own room and the kitchen. When all the inhabitants of the town ran out, and built themselves little huts or tents, she remained quiet and unmoved, and said, "Why should I be such a fool as to trouble myself to move? I am comfortable here, and smoke quietly my galyoon. I am not such a fool as to expose my life to the falling houses; and I shall drink my coffee as usual, and my servants will remain with me." And, one month after the event had occurred this very Mrs. Abbot waddled out of the town to see how her relations were going on, and found them in Ketab, the little village of huts which had just been built. Several were dead; but those she found she lectured upon their folly; and, after a few hours' stay, returned to her house in Aleppo.

Another still more remarkable circumstance was this. A

great tyrant lived at Aleppo, feared equally by Jews, Europeans, and Muhammadans. He had been raised by the Emperor of Austria to the rank of Nobleman, and Consul-General of the whole of Syria. He was of an illustrious family of the Spanish Jews, whose descendants had been compelled to embrace the Christian religion under Ferdinand and Isabella. His name was Ezra de Picciotto. He had, one hundred days before the earthquake, sent an Austrian subject out of the town in irons. One of the Turks who heard of this, said, quite coolly, and without moving his muscles, the beads being in his hands, "Count to-day one, to-morrow two, till you have counted one hundred days. After one hundred days, Ezra de Picciotto will die. Masseyk, the Dutch Consul-General, a man who never lied, told Wolff that he had counted ninety-nine beads, as the Turk had said, and when he was about to count the one-hundreth the earthquake happened, and Ezra was killed by the first shock.

Wolff went from Latakia to the island of Cyprus, and landed in Larnaca, which is one of the chief towns. There, on the sea coast, he heard from the British Consul, Vondiziano, that the Greek Christians in Nicosia were in the highest danger, for a massacre of them was being perpetrated by the Turks, who falsely accused them of joining with the rebels against the Turkish empire. Wolff therefore hastened on to Nicosia, and when he arrived there the Archbishop, Kurillos by name, and 127 Christians besides, had already been put to death. Wolff heard from the Greek and European inhabitants all the particulars of this slaughter: and was told that the Archbishop had been offered his life on consideration that he would become a Muhammadan. But the Archbishop pointed to his white beard, and said, "I have served my Lord as Bishop of this flock for fifty years; and I can say, with Polycarpus of old, that my Lord has not only done me no harm, but has saved my soul; and should I be so ungrateful as to deny his name?" Then he made the sign of the cross, and exclaimed, "Children, I set you an example;" and, continuing to make the holy sign, he kept on saying, "Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison," until he was decapitated.

Wolff saved the lives of six of the Christians by his earnest intercession; and two of them saved their own miserable existence by becoming Muhammadans. Wolff also took under his protection many of the children of the primates who had lost their lives; and he sent some of them to England, where they remained for twenty years, under the patronage of Henry Drummond, Lady Carnegie, Bishop Terrot, of Edinburgh,

and Mr. Storie, of Roseneath. Amongst those thus rescued, was Demetrius Pierides, who is at present Inspector of Schools in Cyprus.

Paul Pierides, his brother, was for twenty years assistant-surgeon to the Lunatic Asylum at Perth, in Scotland, and is now a useful physician in the Isle of Cyprus; and Georgius Constantinides is an influential member of the Greek Government at Athens.

Wolff went from the Isle of Cyprus on an excursion to Damiat, where he preached to the Jews, and lodged in the house of the British vice-consul, Mr. Surur, a little, clever, consequential man; for all men of little size are consequential, and stand up for their rights in an extraordinary manner. He one day said to Wolff, "To-day you will see me in my glory, when I shall appear before the governor of Damiat, as representative of his most excellent Majesty, the King of England." He then dressed himself in a red coat, with two immensely large epaulets, such as no general of the British army ever wore. His silver buttons were gilt over; he wore a large three-cornered hat, with feathers two feet high, and boots in which three dragoons might have stood. He was scarcely able to march in this costume, and spoke so loud that one could hear him from an immense distance. When Dr. Wolff asked him why he spoke with such a loud voice? he replied, "Great men speak with a loud voice, little men with a small voice."

Wolff was introduced by Mr. Salt to his highness Muhammad Ali, with whom he conversed on the importance of education, and who said to Wolff that he was often forced to use the stick in order to make the villagers go to school. Muhammad Ali was certainly one of the greatest tyrants that ever lived. Every step he took was not for the purpose of making people happy, but for the establishment of his own power.

Wolff returned to Malta, where he remained a few weeks, and then joined two American missionaries, with whom he traversed Alexandria, Cairo, and Upper Egypt. And when they arrived at Alexandria, neither Mr. Lee, the British consul, nor any other of Wolff's friends happened to be there, for they had all gone to Cairo, so that Wolff and his fellow-missionaries could not get a room in the house of the consulate. Therefore, Signor Vedova, the *cancelliere* to the English consulate, advised them to go and stay in the house of a Jewess, Miss Stella by name. Soon after their arrival at her house, Wolff and his companions, Fisk and King, sat down on a divan, and they began to smoke the Turkish pipe, according to Eastern custom, when several Jews and Jewesses came in, and

sat down at the missionaries' feet. Wolff then began to speak to them of Jesus the Son of David; and he read to them several chapters out of the Hebrew Bible, which proved that Jesus of Nazareth was He of whom Moses and the Prophets did write. Among them was a very intelligent Jew, and Stella was an intelligent Jewess; both understood the Hebrew, and they asked Wolff, "What do you believe?" Wolff replied, "I believe in Moses and the Prophets, who say that Jesus Christ is the Messiah, the Son of God, the Holy One—blessed be He, and blessed be His name!" Wolff continued, "And now I will ask you, what is your belief?" All the Jews at once exclaimed, "We believe that the Holy One—blessed be He, He who is blessed in Himself—is truth; and Moses is truth; and the Prophets are truth!"

Wolff replied, "You do neither believe in the Holy One—blessed be He—nor in Moses, nor in the Prophets." The Jews answered, in a stormy manner, "God forbid that we should not believe in Moses and the Prophets." Wolff replied, opening his bible, "I will prove by this very book that you do not believe." Miss Stella, the Jewess, with a dignified, bold, and determined face, acted as moderator; and exclaimed, with a thundering voice, to the Jews, "Oh, ye cursed, be quiet that Wolff may prove it."

Wolff then opened his bible, and read, "I will raise them up a prophet from among their brethren like unto thee, and will put my words in his mouth, and he shall speak unto them that I shall command him; and it shall come to pass that whosoever will not hearken unto my words which he shall speak in my name, I will require of him." Then Wolff spoke for two hours, proving that Jesus of Nazareth had been that prophet like unto Moses. The Jew replied, "I must refer to the Talmud."

Wolff answered, "The Talmud is a lie;" and then he continued, "The Talmud is a lie! a lie!! a lie!!!" He then showed them the passage in Zechariah, chap. xii. verse 10, "And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the spirit of grace and of supplication, and they shall look upon him whom they have pierced, and mourn;" and then Wolff proved to them that Jesus was He whom they had pierced. The Jewess, in a rage, said to the rest, "Oh, you cursed fellows, you have not been able to answer him; why do you not answer him." Thus Wolff and his two missionary companions spent a most delightful night, conversing with the Jews.

The next morning, other rabbis, who had come from Poland,

arrived at the house, and attempted to argue, but they said at last, "My Lord Joseph Wolff, we are come from a distant land, and we have been sea-sick with great sea-sickness, and our mind is therefore confused with great confusion. So we cannot speak to-day great words of wisdom, and understanding, and skill; for you must know, my lord, that we are wise with wisdom, and we are beautiful men, and we are honoured with great honour, and we sit in the first seat at the tables of the rich. We will return unto you, and open our mouth with wisdom, and speak about the Holy One—blessed be He, and blessed be His name!" They then left Wolff, but before they departed, he wrote down their names in Hebrew characters. When they saw how quickly he wrote, they said, "My lord, you are very strong in the pen." Here the conversation ended. The behaviour of the hostess, and all the party, was very proper; and they showed the highest respect to Wolff and his missionary friends.

The next morning, Wolff called on his great friend Mr. Dumreicher, the Danish Consul-General of Alexandria. He received him with the greatest kindness, and then asked Wolff, in the presence of about twenty Europeans, "Where do you lodge?" Wolff replied "At Miss Stella's the Jewess;" when the whole party burst into a fit of laughter, and Dumreicher said, "Ah! this is a fine thing. Do you know who Miss Stella is?" Wolff asked, "Who is she?" In short, she was a Rahab. Wolff said, "It is not my fault. It is the fault of the English *cancelliere*, Signor Vedova: for it was he who sent us there."

Wolff immediately went home, and informed his friends Fisk and King. But Fisk was a most determined fellow, and said, "We are missionaries; and to whom are missionaries sent but to sinners? God has sent us here, and here we will remain until we leave Alexandria; and if the devil will make a fuss about it, let him do so. And so they remained. The first people in the place called on them. Wolff performed Divine Service in the house, and preached in Arabic, German, Hebrew, and Italian; Fisk in English and modern Greek; and King in French. The French and Italian consuls were among the congregation; and Stella and all the Jews behaved with the greatest propriety; and Wolff will surprise the public in England when he states, that throughout his journey in Arabia Felix, he found such houses to be almost the only inns in existence.

The missionaries divided their labours among themselves. Pliny Fisk and Jonas King were the names of Wolff's com-

panions. Fisk preached in the Greek language, and King in French, and Wolff in Arabic, Hebrew, Italian, Persian, and German. He made on that occasion the acquaintance of Ishmael Gibraltar, and also of a young Turk, who was afterwards created Pasha by the Sultan; and this was the first conversation Joseph Wolff ever had with Turks of high condition. Whilst in Upper Egypt, with his friends, who occupied themselves chiefly in measuring and examining the ruins of Luxor, Gorno, Carnac, and Dendyra, and in collecting antiquities and mummies, Wolff was employed in preaching the Gospel among the Coptic people in Thebes, Assuan, Akmeem, where Nestorius lived, and Kenne; and then he returned with Fisk and King towards Cairo. Wolff does not remark in any invidious spirit on the anxiety of these American missionaries to make themselves acquainted with the ruins and antiquities of Egypt, for it must have been of the highest interest to citizens of the New World, to investigate the remains of some of the most ancient cities of the world, and the cradle of civilization.

On their arrival at Cairo, they made preparations for prosecuting their journey through the Desert to Jesusalem. Wolff went on in perfect harmony with these good men, and as he had made that journey before, he will pass swiftly through it now, for nothing happened except an adventure with a dervish, who had sold to Wolff a drawing of the city of Mecca, to which a description of the city was appended.

On his arrival in Jerusalem, this dervish called on Joseph Wolff, in the Greek monastery, and desired him to lend him the drawing, in order that he might copy something out of it. Wolff immediately suspected that he would not bring back the drawing with the description it contained, and therefore told him that he must make his copy in the house. To this the dervish would not agree; so the next day, the dervish returned, and brought a second dervish, and he told Wolff and his companions that the second dervish would remain with them until the first dervish had brought back the picture. Wolff said, he could not keep a dervish as hostage, for being a dervish himself, he could not think of putting such an insult upon a brother. They then both departed.

On the following day a summons was sent by the Cadi of Jerusalem to Wolff and the American missionaries, ordering them to appear instantly before the tribunal of the Cadi, with the drawing of Mecca, which the dervish had *lent* to Joseph Wolff. Joseph Wolff sent word to the Cadi that it was against the capitulation with England and the Sultan, for him to

appear before the Cadi; and that an Englishman could only be sent for by the Governor of the city of Jerusalem. And so all three missionaries went to the Governor, accompanied by the English Consul of Jerusalem, who had come with them to Jerusalem.

The Governor, a most polite and gentlemanly man, received them with the greatest respect; for those governors who came from Stamboul, as he did, and who had been educated at the sublime Porte, are perfect gentlemen—surpassing even Frenchmen in their elegant deportment. The Governor at once said that the dervish had also been to him, but he saw in his face that he was telling a lie, so he sent him away. This was Turkish justice—to judge by the outward appearance of the accuser, rather than examine into the case. But, he added, that as he had given trouble to Wolff and his friends, he would order him to be bastinadoed. Wolff begged his Excellency not to do anything so severe, but simply to send for him and reprimand him for his conduct. The Governor sent accordingly; but, instead of the dervish, the Santone came, who is the superior of all the dervishes in Jerusalem—in fact, the chief dervish—and begged his Excellency to pardon the dervish for his indiscreet conduct, inasmuch as he was a madman.

Wolff and his friends were glad to take this view, and assured the Santone that they had already begged *him* off; and thereupon they bowed and departed. The next morning the Santone sent Wolff the money which he had given to the dervish for the picture of Mecca, and begged him to send it back, as the dervish was so mad that he would rather die than leave the picture in his hands. Wolff sent the money, together with the picture, to the Governor, and begged his Excellency to return both to the dervish, through the Santone. This arrangement made a most favourable impression on all the inhabitants of Jerusalem.

Wolff and his companions remained three months in that city, circulating the word of God among the inhabitants. Fisk and King then set out for Mount Lebanon, but Wolff, desirous to be longer in Jerusalem, among the Jews, remained behind.

One month after his friends had departed, Wolff was seized with Jerusalem fever; and on the very day he was taken ill, an English officer arrived in the Holy City from Cairo, accompanied by two servants. As was always the case, without one single exception, whenever Wolff was in trouble, a British officer was sent to him by God—so Wolff always considered—and many times he experienced the same aid. The name of

this officer was Colonel the Hon. Hobart Cradock, now Lord Howden.

He nursed Wolff like a brother, and, after Wolff was convalescent, they travelled together to Tyre, and from thence to Sidon.

When thus arrived at Sidon, Wolff said to Colonel Cradock, "I have a letter with me for Miss Williams, who resides with Lady Hester Stanhope. This I will send to her, and write her a civil line; but I shall not mention Lady Hester Stanhope's name." So the letter was sent to Mar-Elias, Lady Hester Stanhope's residence, and an Arab servant conveyed it. But instead of a letter from Miss Williams, one came for Wolff from Lady Hester herself, which ran as follows:—

"I am astonished that an apostate should dare to thrust himself into observation in my family. Had you been a learned Jew, you never would have abandoned a religion rich in itself, though defective; nor would you have embraced the shadow of a one—I mean the Christian religion. Light travels faster than sound, therefore the Supreme Being could not have allowed his creatures to live in utter darkness for nearly two thousand years, until paid speculating wanderers deem it proper to raise their venal voice to enlighten them.

"HESTER LUCY STANHOPE."

To this Wolff replied:—

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

"MADAM—I have just received a letter which bears your ladyship's signature, but I doubt its being genuine, as I never had the honour of writing to your ladyship, or of mentioning your name in my letter to Miss Williams. With regard to my views and pursuits, they give me perfect rest and happiness, and they must be quite immaterial to your ladyship.

"I have the honour to be
"Your most humble and obedient servant,
"JOSEPH WOLFF."

Wolf sent this answer by the same servant as before. On Lady Hester receiving it, she perused it, and desired the man to wait, that she might give him a present. She then came out with a whip, kicked the poor fellow behind, and sent him away. He came back lame to Wolff, and told him that the daughter of the King of England had beaten him. Wolff, in order to satisfy him, gave him a dollar, for which he dares say the man would have gladly undergone another beating at the same price, from the daughter of the King of England.

On leaving Saida for Damascus, Wolff met in the monastery

of Aintoura, the Rev. Lewis Way. He would only remark about this excellent man, that with a noble soul, he was disappointed and cheated by impostors, and left Syria soon afterwards, without having seen Jerusalem, having been frightened out of Syria by that jealous and misanthropic woman, Lady Hester Stanhope.

Noble soul, Lewis Way! With all thy disappointments, and acts which, though perhaps over sanguine, always betrayed a noble heart, thou wilt now be among the spirits of just men made perfect! He wrote of Joseph Wolff to England in the following manner:—"Wolff is so extraordinary a creature, there is no calculating *à priori* concerning his motions. He appears to me to be a comet without any perihelion, and capable of setting a whole system on fire. When I should have addressed him in Syria, I heard of him at Malta; and when I supposed he was gone to England, he was riding like a ruling angel in the whirlwinds of Antioch, or standing unappalled among the crumbling towers of Aleppo. A man who at Rome calls the Pope 'the dust of the earth,' and tells the Jews at Jerusalem that 'the Gemara is a lie;' who passes his days in disputation, and his nights in digging the Talmud, to whom a floor of brick is a feather-bed, and a box a bolster; who makes or finds a friend alike in the persecutor of his former or present faith; who can conciliate a Pacha, or confute a patriarch; who travels without a guide; speaks without an interpreter; can live without food, and pay without money; forgiving all the insult he meets with, and forgetting all the flattery he receives; who knows little of worldly conduct, and yet accommodates himself to all men, without giving offence to any! Such a man (and such and more is Wolf) must excite no ordinary degree of attention in a country and among a people, whose monotony of manners and habits has remained undisturbed for centuries.

"As a pioneer, I deem him matchless, '*aut inveniet viam, aut faciet;*' but, if order is to be established, or arrangements made, trouble not Wolff. He knows of no church but his own heart; no calling, but that of zeal; no dispensation, but that of preaching. He is devoid of enmity towards man, and full of the love of God. By such an instrument, whom no school hath taught—whom no college could hold, is the way of the Judean wilderness preparing. Thus is Providence, showing the nothingness of the wisdom of the wise, and bringing to nought the understanding of the prudent. Thus are his brethren provoked to emulation, and stirred up to inquiry. They all perceive, as every one must, that *whatever* he is, he

is *in earnest:* they acknowledge him to be *a sincere believer in Jesus of Nazareth;* and that is a great point gained with them; for, as you know, the mass of the ignorant and unconverted deny the *possibility of real conversion from Judaism.* In this they are right, in another sense, since Abraham is *the father of us all:* and if we be Christ's, then are we Abraham's seed, and kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation, and none shall pluck us out of his hand." * * *

Wolff now proceeded to Damascus, and took with him a servant, a Jew, who pretended to be converted; but the man was found out by his master to be an impostor. On his arrival at Damascus, Wolff asked the Turk, who had acted as agent to the English Consul of Beyrout, to send a person with him to bring him to the monastery of the Capuchin Friars. That agent sent a donkey driver with him, and the fellow coolly sat on the donkey himself, and let Wolff run after him all the way. Damascus was, at that time—namely, the year 1823—as it is now, the most fanatical town in the Turkish Empire, for it was called the "Gate of Mecca."

Wolff came to the Capuchin Monastery, composed of Italians: they received him with the greatest cordiality; and when he was attacked with the Damascus fever, soon after his arrival, those Capuchin friars treated him with the utmost tenderness and kindness.

The friars of the Spanish monastery called on Joseph Wolff, and invited him to pay them a visit. An elderly, tall, stout-looking friar entered into an argument with Wolff, who thought at once to take the bull by the horns, and asked the friar, "Reverend father, can you prove to me the propriety of an Inquisition?" He replied, "My argument is very short. You think that it is not proper to have an Inquisition?"

Wolff replied, "Certainly, I think so."

The friar answered, "Then don't go to Spain." (Dunque non andate in Spagna!)

Wolff.—"But this does not appear to me to be an argument!"

Friar.—"You don't think this to be an argument?"

Wolff.—"Certainly, no argument."

Friar.—"*Dunque non andate in Spagna.*"

Wolff.—"But I wish to be convinced!"

Friar.—"Will not this convince you?"

Wolff.—"No!"

Friar.—"*Dunque non andate in Spagna.*"

Wolff.—"Show me Scriptural proof for the propriety of the Inquisition."

Friar.—"You want Scriptural proof for the propriety of the Inquisition?"

Wolff.—"Yes, certainly!"

Friar.—"*Dunque non andate in Spagna.*"

Wolff.—"Then you leave me to die in my hatred of the Inquisition."

Friar.—"Shall I?"

Wolff.—"Yes!"

Friar.—"*Dunque non andate in Spagna.*"

The Jews at Damascus were, at that time, in great trouble respecting the greatest man among them, Raphael Farkhi. He was esteemed and respected both by Jews and Muhammadans, and was called the "Ameer Al Hadg," which means the "Prince of the Pilgrims to Mecca;" because he had to provide them with all the necessaries of life, and was their banker on their route. He was, too, the asylum of all the Jews, who came from all parts of the East; and, wherever Jews were in trouble, in all parts of Palestine, they appealed to Raphael Farkhi, and were instantly relieved and protected; for Raphael Farkhi had the power to depose governors.

This same Farkhi was, one Friday evening, in the synagogue, when some Turkish soldiers entered it, and one of them with a firman in his hand, with which he had just arrived from Stamboul. When Farkhi asked, haughtily, "What do you want in our synagogue?" he replied, "We want *you!*" At the same time he gave a signal, and the great Farkhi was dragged out of the synagogue in irons. All the Jews were terror-struck, left the synagogue, and dispersed. Wolff called on them at several houses, and found them all in mourning. They said, "The shepherd is slain, and the sheep are scattered." Wolff spoke comfortably to them, and said, "Oh, that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion, to turn the captivity of his people, that Jacob might be glad, and Israel rejoice!" The Jews replied, "Amen." Poor Raphael Farkhi remained one year in prison, but then was restored to his high office: and the Greek agent, who, during Raphael Farkhi's disgrace, had occupied the office (but was a renegado to Muhammadanism, and was found out to have made in secret the sign of the cross) was decapitated.

Wolff visited the school of the Spanish friars, where, to his utter astonishment, he found that the pupils (several hundred of them) had Arabic Testaments and Arabic Psalters, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society; and a Spanish friar, who superintended the school, said to Joseph Wolff, "Thus

we promote, and have ever promoted, the faith of the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church."

And if Protestant missionaries would content themselves with giving the word of God, without entering into controversies with the missionaries of the Church of Rome, a beautiful union might possibly be established between the missions of both Churches, without their irritating one another. And one would not hear so much of the burning of Bibles, printed at the expense of the British and Foreign Bible Society. For they are the same as those translated and printed by the Roman Catholics in the College of the Propaganda of Rome. The best translations of foreign Bibles issued by our Bible Society are reprints from those made by the Propaganda at Rome. For example, the Italian version, is a translation by Archbishop Martini.

It is a pity that the spirit of the great secretaries of the Bible Society—the Reverend John Owen, rector of Fulham, and Brandram, and of their excellent agent, the Reverend Henry Leeves, of Athens—has not been followed up in that Society, and that the Trinitarian Bible Society has marred the operations of the great Bible Society. However, enough of this.

Strange to say, in that fanatical town of Damascus, Wolff was invited by a great Moollah of the Muhammadans, to come in the night-time to argue over the merits of Christianity. And the Friar of the Spanish monastery, and the Superior of the Spanish monastery, went with Wolff, and argued over the subject. And the next night a Maronite Christian, who had become a Muhammadan to the great sorrow of his brother, a respectable Maronite Christian of the village called Salahia, made his escape, and became a Christian again. His brother wished Wolff to remain with him all the days of his life, but Wolff hastened on a second time to Aleppo, on his way to Persia.

He arrived first at Hammah, (the Hamath of Scripture, Isaiah xi. 11,) and then at Aleppo, accompanied by Reuben Coster, a Jew converted to Christianity by Dr. Gordon, in Edinburgh. His parents, Jews of respectability, lived in Utrecht. Reuben Coster was brought from Europe to Palestine by Lewis Way, who took him into his service, but he was not able to agree with Mr. Lewis, one of Mr. Way's companions; so Wolff took him with him to Aleppo, and he is there to this day, married to a Christian lady.

It was now the year 1824, and although two years had passed since the earthquake, the inhabitants had not yet re-

turned to their town, but were living outside in the little huts before described. One thing struck Wolff forcibly and awfully. The Muhammadans, all of them, had allowed their beards to grow—no razor had come upon their heads—expressing thereby their continued deep sorrow and repentance for their sins, which sins they considered as the cause of the earthquake. And also the Roman Catholics and Jews of the East, by fasting and prayer, showed their grief, and tried to avert the wrath of God by continued humiliation. But Europeans—Roman Catholics, as well as Jews, from Leghorn, from Piedmont, and other parts—laughed when Wolff spoke to them about repentance ;' and it is for this reason that Joseph Wolff continually says, "I shall never have confidence in the reform which is brought about by miserable revolutionists of Italy and France; and I shall always declare the outcry, Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité, to be nothing else but Tyranny, Beggary, Butchery. And all these revolutionary movements, verify the words of Ezekiel, xxi., 27, 'Perverted, perverted, perverted,' or 'Overturn, overturn, overturn, until He come whose right it is, and I will give it Him.' One revolution shall take place over another, and men shall strive to establish happiness and peace, but by their own efforts, and without the Author of happiness and peace. And they shall be disappointed until the rightful possessor of the earth shall come to his own."

There was deep meaning in the exclamation of an enthusiastic Jew at Jerusalem some years back, when a rich Jew from Europe came, and wished to build up Jerusalem. The enthusiast exclaimed, "Here all is in ruin, and pulled down ; here nothing must be builded up ! To the Messias, the Lord alone, is it permitted to build up, and to remove the ruins." In saying this, that Jew, perhaps unwittingly, confirmed the prophecy contained in Amos ix., 11, 12, and referred to as yet unfulfilled in the 15th chapter of the Acts, v. 16 and 17, "After this I will return, and will build again the tabernacle of David which has fallen down, and I will build again the ruins thereof, and will set it up." Only this great event and consummation will bring about a real change and reformation in the world; for the Apostle proceeds, in the 17th verse, "That the residue of men might seek after the Lord, and all the Gentiles, upon whom my name is called, saith the Lord, who doeth all these things."

Wolff lived again at Aleppo with his old friend Masseyk, where he heard a great deal of Burckhart, the famous Sheik Ibrahim, who enlivened the Europeans of Aleppo with his fun. Wolff confesses he is no great admirer of Burckhart, for he was

continually preparing for his work of going to Africa, and never executed it. In Aleppo he amused himself with breaking the roasting-pan of Madame Magi, an amiable old lady. She, being angry, called him a rascal and a pimp. He then appeared the next day before her dressed in sackcloth, and a fool's cap upon his head, written outside, "Mercy to the rascal and pimp."

Wolff heard also a great deal there of the Count Rzewusky, a celebrated Polish Count, at whose expense "The Mines of the East," les Mines d'Orient, were published by Joseph Von Hammer. He was a favourite of all the ladies, but left Aleppo in debt, which he never paid. Strange to say, on the very first evening Wolff arrived again in Aleppo, a tremendous shock of an earthquake was felt, which awoke all from their sleep, but no harm was done. Wolff prepared, after two months, to leave Aleppo a second time; having occupied that time in disputing with the Jews, and preaching to the European Christians, chiefly Roman Catholics (which sermons were also attended by the seven Jewish Consuls), in the house of Mr. Barker, the British Consul-General of Aleppo.

It is a remarkable fact, that at that time, seven Jews, all brothers, were Consuls there. They were of the family of Picciotto, descendants of those Picciottos, so many of whom had been forced to become Christians in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. The father of these seven consuls (all of whom Wolff knew) was Raphael Picciotto, and he had been Consul-General in Aleppo for fifty years, and afterwards retired to Tiberias in Palestine, to spend his days in the land of Israel. He was a most inquiring gentleman, very fond of conversing with Roman Catholic priests, on the merits of the Christian religion; and Dr. Wolff here observes, that he cannot help thinking that many of the descendants of those Picciottos, who had received holy baptism, have retained a predilection for Christianity, transplanted into themselves by virtue of that sacred rite, which their forefathers had received; and he believes that the power of baptism is so great, that it may even produce fruits in the souls of those unbaptized persons, whose ancestors received the holy rite. Wolff has certainly known many Jews, whose ancestors were baptized, and who, centuries afterwards, were struck with conviction (though educated in Judaism), and became zealous Christians. Such was the case with Isaac da Costa and his whole family, whose ancestors centuries before were Christians in Spain; and although they were educated in Judaism in Amsterdam, they are now faithful believers in Christ, and bold ambasadors of

Him in that city at this very day. Yes, baptism produces regeneration in a most wonderful manner.

But to return to the seven Jewish Consuls. One of them, poor Hilel Picciotto, was half-witted, but a rich man, and seeing that all his brothers were Consuls, he went to Mr. Masseyk, Wolff's old friend, the Dutch Consul-General, whose advice is sought by people of the highest station in Aleppo, and Hilel said, "Mr. Masseyk, can you advise me how I can become a Consul, as all my brothers are; so that I might wear like them, a uniform, and call other Consuls my colleagues?" Masseyk told him, "Write to the Prussian Ambassador in Constantinople, and send him a handsome present, and then he will make you Prussian Consul of Aleppo." Hilel did so, and succeeded. He immediately had a splendid uniform made for himself, and had a janissary walking before him, as all the rest had; and then he walked about in the town, and said to his friends, "I also am a Consul." And when Monsieur Lesseps, the French Consul-General arrived in Aleppo, he took hold of Lesseps' hands, and said, "Io sono vostro collega." (I am your colleague.) "Do you know the Prussian Consul in Cyprus?" Monsieur Lesseps answered, "Yes, I know him." Hilel then said, "Anch' egli è mio collega." (He also is my colleague.) He then smoked a pipe with great gravity, drank sherbet, and took a doze, snoring at the same time, and then he walked off, saying, "I am going now to visit my other colleagues."

The younger Raphael Picciotto was Consul-General of the King of Naples. He was made bankrupt, and was obliged to fly. He cheated Wolff of 150 dollars, when he met him in the Island of Cyprus.

Those seven Jewish Consuls gave the tone to all the rest of the respectable inhabitants in Aleppo. Each of them held a levée on Sunday, and whenever one of the visitors retired, the Consul to whom the visit was made, rose, and accompanied him to the door, whilst all the family remained standing till the high and mighty Consul returned to the room, and sat down, when they all followed his example.

Once a most ridiculous thing happened. A captain of the Austrian navy arrived; he was a blunt Venetian, and he became the guest of Elia Picciotto, Austrian Consul-General. The captain, either not knowing the Picciottos were Jews, or forgetting himself, said to them in the presence of all the visitors who had called upon him (as it is the custom whenever a stranger arrives in Aleppo), "Tanti Ebrei sono in Aleppo, si trovano da per tutto questi maladetti Ebrei." (So many Jews

are in Aleppo; one finds everywhere these cursed Jews). Although Wolff has the art of keeping his countenance, he could scarcely keep from laughing on this occasion.

CHAPTER X.

Mesopotamia; Ur of the Chaldees; Haran; Padan-Aram; Kurdish Robbers; Jacobite Christians; Devil-Worshippers; Sennacherib.

AT last, he set out in the company of some native Christians and Arabs—about sixty in number—and with a servant from Mesopotamia, who had originally been a Jacobite, but was now a Roman Catholic. This was a man of the worst character—a thief, a traitor, and a cheat. Wolff was also accompanied by a Frenchman (Digeon by name), born in Scio, who was the greatest scoundrel he ever encountered. He had been exiled to Bagdad, where he became second dragoman to the French Consul-General, but he soon lost the situation, and was declared *infame*, upon which he became a Muhammadan in Cairo.

Wolff crossed the Euphrates, (or *Murad*, as it is sometimes called by the natives) at Biri; and as Biri is a very rocky place, he cannot understand why some travellers say there are no rocks near the Euphrates, and therefore find a difficulty in understanding that passage in Jeremiah xiii. 4, which says, "Take the girdle that thou hast got, which is upon thy loins, and arise, go to Euphrates, and hide it there in a hole of the rock." The rocks at Biri are not high, but are full of holes or caves; in one of which Wolff himself slept. And the natives, even to this day, sometimes hide treasures in the holes of those rocks. Wolff met at Biri some Jews, who resided at Orpha, which is two days' journey from Biri. He then went on with the small caravan, and that scoundrel Digeon to Orpha. On his arrival there, he took up his abode in one of the Khans, or as they are also called, Caravanserai.

Wolff cannot express the feelings which he had on entering the town of his Father Abraham. He must now try exactly to describe them, and says, "I felt just as if I had, after a long journey, been brought back to the house of my Father; and that I saw him deeply engaged in prayer, and thought he

said to me, 'At last thou art come, where the Holy One (blessed be He) called me; and I crossed the Euphrates, just where thou thyself didst cross.' I thought I looked at him with astonishment, and wept, and said, 'Thy children in my country have not that faith which thou hadst, and which made thee leave thy own country for one which thou didst not know.'" In short, Dr. Wolff describes himself as feeling thoughts and sensations at that time which he never had before or afterwards experienced.

He then went to see the place where Abraham is said to have been born. It was a cave. The legend is, that Nimrod, the "mighty hunter," (which does not mean a hunter of wild beasts, but "a persecutor of the servants of God,") threw Abraham into a fiery furnace; when he prayed to God, and the furnace was changed into a beautiful lake, so that he came out untouched by the fire. And Wolff saw that lake, which is inside the town of Orpha, and is called "Abraham's Lake." The fishes which live in it are so tame, that they approach the shore of it whenever a stranger comes, and throws bread in for them, and eat it with eagerness. It was at Orpha that Abraham preached against idolatry, and pointed to Jehovah as the only living God; and he went from thence to Haran, everywhere preaching the name of Jehovah; and from Haran he went to the land of Canaan, singing in melodious strains praises to the Lord as he travelled.

Abraham is considered to have been the great Apostle of Jehovah among all the people of the East; and the words in Genesis xii. 5, "And the souls that they had gotten," mean the infidels they had converted by melodious songs. Thus both Jews and Jacobite Christians in the East, understand the passage.

Let us delay a little longer at Orpha, which is now inhabited by Turks, Kurds, Jacobite Christians, Armenians, and Arabs; while around it dwell Sabeans and Shamseea—*id est* —worshippers of the sun. Orpha is called by the Jews "Urkasdim;" by the Shamseea and by the Syrian Christians, "Orpha;" "Ruha" by the Arabs; "Edessa" by the Armenians; and the Arabs also call the place by the same name as they call Hebron in Palestine, namely, "Khaleel Rahman," which means, "The friend of the merciful God," a name which Abraham has several times in Scripture. In Orpha, Abraham is called "Orpha-ee"—*id est*, "the Orphaite;" and if you translate this into Greek, it is "Orpheos." Wolff communicated this to Hookham Frere, who said to Coleridge, "Wolff believes Abraham to be Orpheus;" and Coleridge

replied, "Wolff is perfectly right." Orpha is remarkable on account of other historical events which happened there; as, for instance, it is mentioned by Tasso, in his "Jerusalem Liberata," that some of the Crusaders settled there.

A dreadful event happened at Orpha during Wolff's residence there. A Tatar arrived from Constantinople, bringing an order from the Sultan, commanding the inhabitants to pay tribute, which they had not done for five-and-twenty years. The Governor read this order in a public divan, and the whole assembly cursed the Sultan, his grandfather, grandmother, and grandchildren; and they hanged the Tatar in the market-place, with the Sultan's order in his hand.

We come now to another circumstance. Several Jews paid a visit to Joseph Wolff, who addressed him in the following manner: "Blessed art thou, O Joseph Wolff, who comest in the name of the Lord. Hearing, we have heard that thou art a wise man, and we have a proverb at Ur of the Chaldees, 'When two wise men meet together, they push with their horns like oxen;' let us therefore push." They meant to say, by this address, that they wished him to argue with them. Wolff, accommodating himself immediately to their mode of speech, said to them, "Prepare your horns, and push." They then, for more than an hour, went on "pushing their horns" indeed! For instance, they told Wolff that Vashti refused to appear before the Court of Ahasuerus, because the moment she wanted to appear, a large tail grew out from behind her, which disfigured her. And so it was that Esther became Queen, &c. They then asked Wolff "How they had pushed?" He replied, "Exactly like an ox." They were much pleased with this compliment, and then asked him to push in reply. "I am sorry," said Wolff, "that I cannot push, for I have got no horns." But he read to them from the 1st Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, 1st chapter, from the 20th verse to the end; and he preached to them the glad tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ.

But let us not depart from Orpha until we have also paid a visit to the spiritual and baptized children of Abraham; for, through Abraham, not only were the literal sons of Abraham to be blessed, but also all the nations of the earth. Let us, then, pay a visit to the Jacobites and their bishop. These Jacobites are the lineal descendants of the children of Israel, who were converted to the knowledge of Jesus Christ through the preaching of the Apostle James at Jerusalem. They introduced Wolff to their churches, and he found that their whole mode of worship, their mode of bowings, &c., all proved,

as well as their physiognomy, that they are literally children of Abraham.

Wolff also saw the Armenians—those descendants of Hayk, whom he has described at different times. They were very formidable in a fortified castle, near Orpha, called "Roomkalah," which was once in the possession of the Crusaders. Wolff could not help thinking, whilst travelling through Mesopotamia, that all these nations have remained unchanged for centuries and centuries, and he felt as if he must himself have lived throughout those times.

Wolff then left Ur of the Chaldees, and went to the village of Haran. There is the grave of Terah, the father of Abraham, to which the Jews perform their pilgrimage from all the neighbourhood round; for they say that he was converted to the knowledge of God by Abraham his son. Terah, was thy dwelling as simple as the houses are now? One conclusion must be come to: that the open acknowledgment by Abraham of one God, must have formed a great and important epoch in the world's history, because the whole East is full of the traditions of Abraham; from Mesopotamia to the Oxus, and from the Oxus to Lazza in Thibet. In the latter place they have a statue dedicated to him. In the temple of Mecca—a long time before Muhammad rose and declared himself a prophet—Abraham was represented there by a statue holding arrows and spears, and he was worshipped as God. And when Muhammad appeared there, he pulled down the statue in indignation, and said, "Thus do you disfigure my Father Abraham." Wolff could never divest himself of the conviction, that the Bramah of the Hindoos is one and the same person with Abraham.

We now continue Wolff's journey. He next visited Telfeidan, the ancient Pandan-aram. There it was that thou, Jacob, didst meet with Rachel. So the Arabs say, and the Kurds too, and the Jews also; and Wolff does not wish to be disturbed in his belief of the same. He then went, with a caravan, and Digeon the scoundrel, towards Mardeen. The stormy weather and rain had effaced all traces of the road. None of the travellers could find it, and were in much perplexity, when one of the Kurds came riding towards them on horseback, with a pipe in his mouth. Wolff addressed him, saying, "Brother, show us the road." The Kurd replied, "Give me first one *real*."

Wolff complied, and when the Kurd had got his *real*, he rode off at once, without taking any further trouble.

Wolff called out, "Give back my *real!*"

The sarcastic Kurd answered, for a sarcastic people they are, "If thou livest till thou seest that *real* again, thou shalt never die!"

A Kurdish woman soon afterwards approached, on horseback, with a pipe in her mouth; and Wolff called to her also, "Mother, show us the road to Mardeen."

She replied, "Give me one *real* first." Wolff gave her one *real*, and then she also rode off.

Wolff called after her, "Give me back my *real!*" "On thy wedding day!" cried the woman, and disappeared in the distance.

At last, Wolff and his caravan walked on (the road being too bad for riding on the mules), *Ala Bab Allah*, as the Arabs say, "at the gate of God," that is, "trusting in Providence," when suddenly they were surrounded by a troop of Kurds, who took them prisoners, and brought them to a beautiful oasis where there was a village called Guzelli. When they arrived there they sat down, and Wolff conversed on religion with one of the Yezeedi, worshippers of the Devil, during which time Digeon the scoundrel whispered something in the ear of the chief of the Kurds, called Sayed Khanbek, on which that man came to Wolff in a fury, and said to him, "Do you come here to upset our religion?"

Wolff answered, "I come here to show you the way of truth."

The Kurds forthwith tied Wolff down, and gave him 200 lashes on the soles of his feet; and after robbing him of everything, and the scoundrel Digeon of everything too, they brought them both—Wolff tied by his own people on the back of his mule, as he was unable to walk—towards the neighbourhood of Mardeen. But the moment the caravan came under the protection of the cannon of Mardeen, the Kurds, afraid to go further, retired. And thus Wolff was brought to the gate of Mardeen, where he lay down exhausted, for as it was night-time. The gate was not opened, from fear of the Kurds, but people came out armed from Mardeen, and protected Wolff from any further injury from the Kurds.

In the morning, very early, the party entered that city of Mesopotamia, of which the following history is told:—

When Tamerlane had besieged it for seven years, and was still unable to take it, and when at last famine had almost forced the inhabitants to think of surrendering, an old woman came forward and said, "Do not yet think of surrendering: I will save the town." And then she began to run about the streets, exclaiming, "Who buys milk? Who buys milk?

Plenty of milk! Plenty of milk! I sell it very cheap!" Tamerlane heard that voice from outside, and said, "If the town has still so much food as to feed their cattle and cows, and to sell milk cheap, there must be provision in abundance. Let us depart!" And thus the town was saved by an old woman!

Wolff now entirely quitted the company of the scoundrel Digeon, and took up his abode with the Bishop of the Jacobite Christians, Abd Alahd by name. When he first came to him, he found this bishop surrounded by his flock, the Jacobites, all of them being seated on the ground cross-legged. They were in the midst of a discussion about the proper time for beginning the Lent fast. Wolff delivered the letter of introduction which he had from the patriarch of their nation, who resided at Damascus, with another bishop, Mar Athanasius by name. Abd Alahd read this letter, and said, "We are in great perplexity, for there is a doubt when Lent ought to commence, and we should fast forty days." The discussion was so sharp, that one of the flock who sat on the ground, smiting his fist violently on the floor, said, "The first who dares to fast before such a time as is appointed by us here, shall be struck dead by me."

The case was now laid before Joseph Wolff, and his opinion asked of fasting. They inquired, "What he thought about it?" Wolff said, "I do not disapprove of fasting, but let me read to you a passage in Scripture, Isaiah lviii., v. 3, &c., 'Wherefore have we fasted, say they, and thou seest not? wherefore have we afflicted our soul, and thou takest no knowledge? Behold, in the day of your fast, ye find pleasure, and exact all your labours. Behold, ye fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness: ye shall not fast as ye do this day.'" This brought the dispute to an end. They ceased to argue about it.

The Jacobites are a wild people, but good-natured, and with all their wild nature, they have produced great men—such as St. Ephrem, Jacob Nisibenus, and Jacob Almalfan, or Jacob the Doctor. They have learned men among them to this day. At the time Wolff was there, they had still alive their great patriarch, residing in the monastery Deiralsafran; but who had resigned his office as patriarch on account of his great and unexampled age, for he was 130 years old. When Wolff was introduced to him, he found him sitting cross-legged on a carpet in a fine room. He was a small thin man, rather crumpled up in figure, with a penetrating eye, a sweet and handsome face, his beard silvery white, and hair the same,

hanging down in curls. He was somewhat childish in mind, but spoke beautifully about the final redemption of his people. He convinced Wolff that they were descended from the children of Israel. He deplored, however, that on the rising of Muhammad, and after his time, some of the bishops had forsaken Christ and become Muhammadans. Wolff told him that he was travelling about for the purpose of making the Jewish nation believe that Jesus was the Messiah. He replied that he had lived to be 130 years of age, and yet had never heard of such an undertaking until that day. Wolff asked the blessing of that old man, who wept, and scarcely would allow Wolff to leave him, holding him fast by the hand.

Mar Athanasius, one of the bishops of the Jacobite nation (spoken of before), paid a visit to Dr. Wolff, sixteen years afterwards, at High Hoyland, in Yorkshire, when above 3,000 persons assembled in that village to see him. He preached in Wolff's church in the Arabic language, and Wolff interpreted every word he said as he went on.

The bishops from the neighbouring mountain of Tor, came to Mardeen to pay their respects to Joseph Wolff. They were good people, but wild, and frequently led their followers in battle against the Kurds. After Wolff's feet were somewhat healed, he visited those bishops in the mountains, and left Bibles there, and made them acquainted with the tenets and history of the Church of England, and with the history of other churches. The Jacobites pray seven times a day, because David says in Psalm cxix. 164, "Seven times a day do I praise thee."

Wolff had also a call from a Jacobite, who had become a Roman Catholic, Elias Shaadi by name. He was banker to the Government of Mardeen, but afterwards had his head taken off, by order of the Sultan, because he was rich.

He invited Wolff to dinner, with the rest of the Jacobites, and wished Wolff to lodge with him. Wolff met there two Armenian bishops, who belonged to the Roman Catholic church, and were members of the Propaganda, and who spoke Italian very fluently. The name of the one was Bishop Abraham, of the other, Tasbas.

They were well-informed, kind-hearted men, without bigotry; but Wolff got into a terrible scrape with them, owing to a fit of mental absence. In the heat of discussion and argument, he got hold, accidentally, of a small paper picture of our Lord, which, in accordance with a bad habit he had when excited, he put into his mouth, and bit at and chewed, till he had, by degrees, swallowed it altogether. Of course, he was quite

unconscious of what he was doing; but he could not persuade the Bishops and company that it was an accident, and they were greatly scandalized, and expressed much indignation against him.

Subsequently, at Bagdad, the Roman Catholic bishop there expostulated with him on his conduct, but Wolff succeeded in convincing him that the offence was purely unintentional. Ten years afterwards, however, when Frank Newman and Lord Congleton were at Mardeen, they were told the story by the Catholics there, who, in speaking of Wolff, called him, Wolff, *Jakhsh;* "jakhsh" being an Arabic word, only used in Mesopotamia, signifying *jackass*; its root-meaning being, "*One who extends his ears.*"

A little sect also presented themselves to Wolff, who are named the Shamseea, which means, "The worshippers of the sun." They outwardly conform to the worship of the Jacobite Christians, but have their secret worship, in which they pray to the sun. Their history is this:—Sultan Murad Bayazeed's father, who ruled over the Turkish empire, issued an order that all those religious sects who have not a "*Book*," (by which he meant either the law of Moses, or the Gospel, or the Koran,) should either at once become Mussulmans, or lose their lives. Upon this, the Shamseea hastened to the mountain of Tor, in Mesopotamia, and submitted to baptism; and thus obtained the protection of the Jacobites, who live in a state of independence, as all mountaineers do, to this day.

But there is not the slightest enthusiasm or love for Christianity in those Shamseea. Wolff was struck by one fact, in the very first question he put to them, and that was, that when you ask any Christian Church in the East, Whether they are Christians? they immediately affirm it by making the sign of the cross. But not so the Shamseea. When Wolff asked them, "Are you Christians?" they only nodded their heads, with the greatest indifference.

"Do you believe in Christ?"—Again a nod.

"In whose name are you baptized?" "Like all the rest of the Jacobites."

"What did your fathers believe in ancient time?"

They answered this last question with all marks of enthusiasm.

"We worshipped the sun, the moon, and the stars. The sun was our Malech, our king."

Dr. Wolff here asks the query, "Are the Shamseea not the worshippers of Moloch, mentioned in Amos v. 26, and Acts vii. 43?" "And to whom Solomon built an high place?" 1 Kings xi. 7—namely, to *Moloch!*

Wolf left Mardeen in a caravan of about 5000 people, the

greater part of whom were soldiers; for the Governor of the city, having been recalled to Bagdad at that particular moment, by order of Daood Pasha, took with him, as escort, a large body of soldiers, and to these, a number of Armenian and Syrian Christians, Muhammadan Moollahs and dervishes, were glad to join themselves.

The caravan made short stages. They stopped at Nisibene, where a council of the Church was held during the first centuries; and at last they arrived opposite that mountain which is called *the Terror of all the Caravans—i. e.* the mountain of Sanjaar, the *Shinar* of Scripture, where several English officers and French travellers had been killed by the murderers who inhabited it; viz., the Yezeedi—the worshippers of the devil. Fearful, indeed, is that spot! Dark and dim lights wander about it—they are the ghosts of the slain. At certain times one hears howlings: they are the howlings of the damned,—shrieks and *grinsings* (snarlings!) of wicked spirits.

Once every year, in the night-time, they perform a dance all around the ruins of Babylon, in honour of the Sagheer, *i. e.* the little God—the devil. For they never call him devil. Layard says that they do not know the name Mani; but Wolff has heard them say, "Mani," and "Peme," and "Horo," which names are also known by the Buddhists of Thibet, and they are the names of their prophets. Wolff suspects the Yezeedi to be a remnant of the old Manichæans. A remarkable prophecy came into Wolff's mind, the very moment the fact of their dancing around the ruins of Babylon was mentioned to him,—Isaiah xiii., from verses 19 and 20,—"And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: Neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there."

Now the word which is translated *Satyr*, is in Hebrew *Sagheer*; and is translated more correctly in the Arabic translation of Isaiah, made by Warka the Jew, *Shaytan*; *i. e.* devil. And by Luther, *Wald Teufel.* And by Jerome, *Demones.* Here we see, throughout, a literal fulfilment of prophecy.

However, we must stop a little longer near that awful mountain. Opposite to it, Wolff saw an old man, with a white beard, and riding upon a mule, who waved his hand, and said, verbatim, the following words:—"Will the Lord have ever

mercy upon you again! Will He ever bring you back to his fold, O ye mountaineers of Sanjaar? O Lord, bring them back, bring them back!"

Wolff felt a great interest in the observation of this old man, and asked him, "Could you give me the history of this mountain?" He said, "The inhabitants of it, 150 years ago, were all believers in the Lord Jesus Christ;" here he crossed himself and continued: "All believed the glorious doctrine of the Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—three Persons, but one God. But alas, alas! when times of persecution came—when they were persecuted by the mountaineers of Mahallamia, who were apostates from Christianity to Muhammadanism, and by the mountaineers of Miana, who were devil-worshippers, the mountaineers of Sanjaar assembled around their bishops, priests, and deacons, and said, 'Our fathers, we can no longer endure?' and they replied, 'Our children, we can no longer endure!' And although one aged bishop exclaimed, 'Look up, your Saviour lives! He is mighty to save, even to the uttermost,' they refused to listen, and exclaimed, 'Let us, too, become Yezeedi!' And then they pulled down their churches, and were thenceforth worshippers of the devil!"

So far the history of the old man. How important is, therefore, the lesson given by Paul to the Romans, "Behold, therefore, the severity and goodness of the Lord: severity on them which fell, and goodness towards thee, if thou continue in his goodness. If not, thou also shalt be cut off."

When the caravan left the neighbourhood of the mountain of Sanjaar, although it was 5,000 strong, the party rode for fifteen hours in one day, in order to pass through the country as quickly as possible, on their mules and horses. The thirst Wolff underwent is indescribable; and the drought was so great that twenty mules died from want of water. Arriving in the oasis, called Jalakha, they encamped, and there Wolff preached in Hebrew and Arabic—having the Bible open before him—to the Jews, Arabs, and Kurds dwelling in tents. Wolff asked the Jews, "Has never any one of you turned Yezeedi, or Mussulman?" They replied, with a holy indignation, "Hear, Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord! Blessed be his glorious name: his kingdom endureth for ever." And then they added, "Oppression cannot bow us, nor tyranny shake us!"

Whilst Wolff was thus employed, surrounded by 5,000 men, a Bedouin cavalier approached, Dismounting his horse, he pressed through the crowd until he came to Wolff, when he looked in his Bible, and to Wolff's greatest surprise, he began to

read Hebrew. Wolff asked him, "who he was?" He replied, "I am one of the descendants of Hobab, Moses' brother-in-law; and of that branch called the B'nee-Arḥab, children of Rechab, who live in the deserts of Yemen. We drink no wine, plant no vineyards, sow no seed, and live in tents. And thus you see how the prophecy is fulfilled—'Jonadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me for ever.'" Saying this, he rode off, leaving behind him the strongest evidence of the truth of sacred writ... Wolff saw the whole body of Rechabites, twelve years after, near Sanaa (see Gen. x. 27), where it is called Uzal—as it is called to this day by the Jews of Yemen.

At last they arrived at Mossul, the ancient Nineveh, where Wolff alighted, in the palace of Archbishop Elias, who is the shepherd of the Jacobite church there. Wolff presented him with a Bible, printed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, which is in high esteem there; and was examined by him about his faith; and he translated, as an answer, the apostolic creed, and the creed of the Council of Nice, and that of St. Athanasius, into the Arabic language; on which Mar Elias embraced Wolff as a brother in Christ. He said, however, "The human nature of Christ is absorbed into the Divine, as sand into glass. But about this we will not dispute. Thou art our brother in Christ, and guile is not in thee." Wolff then went to the church, and heard the Bishop preach on the sufferings of Christ—the bitter gall in his mouth, and the nail in his hand—till the assembly melted into tears.

The Jacobites abstain strictly from eating pork. Wolff objected to this, the vision of Peter. The archbishop replied, with great acuteness, "The vessel returned, and none had touched what it contained, and it was only shown to Peter by this vision, that all kinds of nations, whatever they eat, will be accepted by Christ through faith." He added, "Pork is, besides this, distinctly forbidden by the Apostle, in the Acts, xv., 'That they should abstain from blood, and things strangled, and pork'"—(πορνειας). And Wolff believes they are right.*

He stopped at Mossul, and conversed with the Jews for a fortnight; and was struck with amazement to find that a Jew, who was a great Rabbi at Mossul, one hundred years ago, had

* Some read πορνη instead of πορνεια. The interpretation above given is the one held by many in the Eastern churches, and therefore they abstain from pork to the present day. In the year 1838, Wolff dined at Lord Normanby's, in Phœnix Park, Dublin, when Archbishop Whately was present, who was much struck with his view of this subject, told him it had always been his own idea, and requested Wolff to write what he thought to Bishop Coplestone, late Bishop of Llandaff, which he did.

translated the New Testament into Hebrew from the Arabic, by his own impulse, and for his own edification. Wolff gave the New Testament to the Jews, which offended the Christians of Mossul exceedingly; and they said to Wolff, "Why dost thou throw pearls before swine?" Wolff, thereupon, had a regular argument on that point with the Christians.

He then went to Karkush, where he was surrounded by Christians of the Jacobite nation, who wished him to give them the history of the conversion of England to Christianity. They then said, "We see thus, that you have got the apostolic succession from Peter, whilst we have got it from St. James."

Wolff observed that these Jacobites entertain a great hatred against the Roman pontiff, from an extraordinary circumstance, viz., because the Pope wears the cross upon his shoe, which, they say, originated in the following manner:—That a Jew had become Pope, and, as he was in his heart still a Jew, and therefore hated Christ, he wore the cross upon his foot, in order to stamp upon it with the other; but he said to his people that he had it upon his foot to compel every one to kneel down before it.

Wolff then asked them to give him an account of the conversion of Assyria to the Christian religion, when one of the priests began thus—a dead silence prevailing—"The whole of Assyria was converted to Christianity through the preaching of the Apostle Thaddeus, except the King Sennacherib, his daughter Sarah, and his son Behenam. They, and his whole court and soldiers, still continued to worship false and fabled deities, when a bishop, who passed by the name of the Old Man of Marmatay, prayed to Christ, saying, 'Christ, thou living fire, kindle in the heart of Sennacherib, and of his son Behenam, and of his daughter Sarah, the fire of thy love, in order that the banner of thy cross may be planted upon the throne of Assyria!'

"Thus that old man prayed for a long time, until, at last, Behenam and Sarah were converted, and came out to converse with him, after which they were baptized in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and, together with them, forty attendants. When Sennacherib heard of this, he gave orders that his son and daughter, and the forty attendants, should be put to death. The order was executed, and from that moment Sennacherib fell into madness and despair. He frequently left his palace dumb and silent, and walked near the river Tigris, and imagined that that river contained nothing but the blood of Behenam his son, Sarah his daughter, and the forty men whom he had slain. One day, he walked

in the evening upon the mountain, and his servant stood at a respectful distance from him, when he suddenly broke forth in these words, 'What have I done? I have slain Behenam my son, Sarah my daughter, and the forty men!' He then ran on, and came near a cottage, whence a light was glimmering, but he dared not open the cottage door,—his conscience forbade him. Then he heard a voice coming out, 'Oh, thou Behenam my son, thou Sarah my daughter, and ye forty martyrs, ye have been slain by your father and by your king!'

'Sennacherib opened the cottage door and saw, standing before him, the Old Man of Marmatay, who at once recognized the King, and addressed him thus: 'Murderer of thy son, and thy daughter, and the forty martyrs, Salvation is even for thee; forgiveness and pardon of sin are even for thee.' And he preached to him Jesus Christ and Him crucified; and Sennacherib believed, and was baptized.

"Returned to his palace, Sennacherib spent his days in carrying on his government in equity and righteousness, and his nights in singing penitential psalms, accompanying them with the sound of the lyre, like David in ancient times. Deep sorrow, and contrition for sin, and repentance, were painted on his countenance; and they heard him exclaiming frequently,—

"'Behenam my son,—'

"'Sarah my daughter,—

"'And the forty martyrs!'

"One day he was lying upon the couch, and dreaming he said—'And when the blood of Thy martyr Stephen was shed,' and he added

"'Behenam my son,—

"'Sarah my daughter,—

"'And the forty martyrs!'

"Little children came and asked his blessing. The good old man—blinded, at last, by tears and much weeping—blessed them, and said, 'Blessed children! When I was a child, I knew not Jesus; and now, that Lord Jesus bless you, and keep you, and let the light of his countenance shine upon you.'

"And the hour of his death came, and he looked up to heaven and said, 'The Blood of Jesus has pardoned me. I go to Jesus,' and so Sennacherib died, and went to Jesus, where he saw Behenam his son, Sarah his daughter, and the forty martyrs. And the ladies of Kurdistan still remember good old Sennacherib, Behenam his son, Sarah his daughter, and the forty martyrs."

Leaving Karkush, Wolff and his party arrived at a village called Kafti, near the water called Sarp. It was inhabited by Mussulmans and Yezeedi of the tribe of Mamusia, who differ

in some respects from those of Sanjaar. A Syrian from Mardeen brought one of these Yezeedi to Wolff's room, that he might converse with him, and they spoke together as follows:—

Wolff.—"Who was the founder of your sect?"

Yezeedi.—"Yazid Ibn Mowea."

Wolff.—"Do you never pray?"

Yezeedi.—"Upon Sanjaar they never pray; but the Yezeedi Almamusia, of whom I am, pray one night in the year; that night is called by us Lailat Almalihya, *i. e.* night of life."

Wolff.—"How many sects are there among you?"

Yezeedi.—"Many; as Danadeea, Mamusia, Khaldea, Sanjaar."

Wolff.—"Where do you pray on the Lailat Almalihya?"

Yezeedi.—"In the open air."

Wolff.—"Is Manes known among you?" (Wolff asked this, believing them to be Manichæans.)

Yezeedi.—"Nó;" others told him, "yes."

Wolff.—"What do you pray?"

Yezeedi.—"I cannot tell you this."

Wolff.—"What do you think of the devil?"

Yezeedi. (looking fearfully about as if somebody stood behind him).—"I cannot speak of that thing."

Wolff.—"What do you think of Christ?"

Yezeedi (first looking about to see that no Turk was present).—"He was God: we call Him Jod Nurani (Jesus the enlightened); He was *Kilma*, *i. e.* the Word. Kyafa and Pilapus, his faithful and good disciples, drew the nails from his feet, so that He never died."

Wolff.—"Do you never fast?"

Yezeedi.—"Thrice in the year."

Wolff.—"Do you drink wine and brandy?"

Yezeedi.—"Yes, we drink both in large plates the whole day."

The inference which Wolff drew from this interview is, that these Yezeedi are undoubtedly Manichæans, and their views have spread among the Bhuddists. Kyafa and Pilapus are none else than Caiaphas and Pilate.

CHAPTER XI.

Arrives at Bagdad; the Cuthites; Bossora; Sabeans; Bushire; Sheeraz; Sheah and Soonnee; Argues with Sooffees; Jews quarter in Sheeraz.

FROM Kafti Wolff proceeded to Arbeel (the Arbela of old), where Alexander fought his first battle against Darius.

And from Arbeel to Kushta, and Kantara (called in Turkish, *Altoon Kopri*); whence he intended to have gone by water to Bagdad, being extremely fatigued; but an observation made by a Syrian Turk (a soldier), induced him to change his mind. He said, "As you have gone so far with us, continue the journey with us by land; for at Karkook there is a considerable number of Jews, with whom you may make a *mejaadelah*" (*i. e.* enter into an argument). Such a suggestion from a Turk was remarkable enough, and Wolff acted upon it, tired as he was, and so went on with the caravan to Karkook, where Daniel was buried. This place is still inhabited by Christians, Jews, and most amiable Kurds, who are hospitable and kind; for the image of God is not entirely defaced in any nation. Wolff has never seen but one individual in whom it seemed to be entirely defaced, and this was Abd-ul-Samut Khan, the instigator of the murder of Stoddart and Conolly in Bokhara.

Before he arrived at Karkook, Wolff, being quite exhausted, said to a Christian of the Chaldean nation, "Could I get in one of the houses of the Christians a comfortable room, in order that I might rest, and recover from my fatigue?" and saying this, he wept. The Christian replied, "Brother, we would willingly give you a room, but it would not be a comfortable one, for we are poor and oppressed. Then a *Sayd*, (*i. e.* one of the family of Muhammad) who was riding near, said, "This is my care; so I will take it upon me." He then rode on before the rest; and the son of the Muhammadan Governor came out, and straightway went up to Joseph Wolff, and said, "My father wishes you to come to the palace, where a good room will be given to you, and you will be provided with all the comforts of life."

Wolff was then brought to what he will call the drawing-room of the Governor—his best apartment—which was covered with carpets and cushions to lean upon. When Wolff was stretched upon these, he wept again; and he was in such an hysterical state that when the Governor entered, and most kindly laid his hands upon his breast, and said, "Thou art welcome;" he only looked at him, and replied, "Pray, do not disturb me." And the poor man went humbly out of his own room; but Wolff, collecting himself, ran after him, and fell down upon his knees, and kissed the old man's hand, and asked his pardon. But the good Governor said to him, "You need not ask my pardon. I know that you continually speak about religion—that you are a Dervish from Frankistan; and I know that you have suffered from the villany of the Frenchman in your company," (alluding to the scoundrel

Digeon,) "sorrow upon him!" He then actually sent his wife to wash Wolff's feet, and himself poured rosewater over his head, and gave him lemonade to drink—which they make better than in any part of Europe—and he brought him pilau, and excellent meat, and sweet things to eat; and thus Wolff remained there four days, well treated by all.

During this time, Wolff was so very unwell, that he was quite unable to visit the Jews, or even to see any one. At the end of the four days, however, being somewhat better, the party went forward; sleeping several nights in succession in Arab tents. At last Wolff left the caravan, and, accompanied by only one Arab, proceeded on his journey, and arrived in a place where, centuries ago, there was only one garden, which is called in Persian, *Bagh*, and that garden belonged to a rich man whose name was *Dad*; and the place is therefore now called *Bagdad*. This is the capital of the Khalifs of Arabia; and even to this day the Pasha of Bagdad has the title of Khalif. Haroun Al Raschid lived there, immortalized in the "Arabian Nights."

And thus, exhausted and depressed by his many fatigues; poor, despoiled of all he had, with wounds still in his feet, did Wolff arrive in Bagdad, after his wanderings; and he was received in the splendid house of Agha Sarkees, an Armenian gentleman, who acted as British agent, with the greatest hospitality. And (as was ever the case when Wolff was in difficulty) he met with British officers to assist him. These officers, and a Scotch surgeon, had delayed their departure for some weeks, on account of having heard that Wolff was on the road to Bagdad. The names of these gentlemen were as follows:—Colonel the Hon. George Keppel, now Earl of Albemarle; Captain Hart, son of General Hart, of Ireland; Captain Hamilton; and Dr. Lamb, surgeon to the East India Company. All of them had come from India by the way of Bushire and Bossora, and they gave Wolff every assistance in their power. They gave him clothing and linen, and took his bills on England, and had precious conversations with him on his adventures in Mesopotamia; and Lamb cured his feet, and then they departed.

There was also an interesting gentleman at Bagdad, whose name was Monsieur Raymond, who, though of French extraction, was formerly in the military service of the East India Company. He came to Bagdad with Sir Hartford Jones, British Resident at that time; and, without permission, he entered the military service of the Pasha of Bagdad. When Sir Hartford Jones went to the camp where the Pasha's soldiers were drilled, and was about to arrest him, Raymond

drew a pistol, and threatened to shoot the first Englishman who came near him; and then he claimed protection under the French Consul-General of Bagdad, as a Frenchman; for the law in France is, a person, once a Frenchman, is always a Frenchman. Raymond was declared in Bombay to be a deserter, and he accepted service under the French Consulate. But his heart was with England; and he asked Wolff to speak on his behalf to Colonel Taylor, in Bossora, which he did, and with success, too, for Raymond was afterwards pardoned, and returned to Bombay, where Wolff lost sight of him.

As to Digeon, the scoundrel, he made the bishop, Monsignore Couperey, acquainted with Wolff's having eaten the sacred picture at Mardeen, for which the Bishop remonstrated with Wolff; and the bishop told him that Digeon said he had done it on purpose. Wolff replied that Digeon was a liar, and this he repeated in his presence. Digeon then began to abuse the King of England, when, with Raymond's assistance, Wolff made him so frightened, that he wrote an apology. In short, his conduct was so bad at Bagdad, that he was declared an infamous fellow by his own Government, and dismissed.

The Jews are mighty and rich in Bagdad, and many are learned among them, and their great man has still the title, "The Prince of the Captivity." Mr. Claudius Rich, the distinguished son-in-law of Sir James Mackintosh, who was the Resident for the Honourable East India Company, made the name of Englishman respected, not only at Bagdad, but throughout the country around, by his high talents, intregrity, munificence, and firmness. And one day, when he thought himself insulted by the Pasha, he planted in his palace a cannon, upon the terrace in his garden, and threatened to bombard the palace of the Pasha; and the Pasha of a town of 200,000 inhabitants was forced to yield to Mr. Rich, who had with him thirty sepoys, Captain Alexander Taylor of the Indian army, Bellino, his secretary, a German; and only one cannon!

Wolff remained at Bagdad a whole month, preaching to the Jews and circulating hundreds of Bibles; and then he embarked upon the river Tigris, called *Dajla* in Arabic, towards Bossora, on the Arabian Gulf, in company with Monsieur Vigoroux, who had vacated his situation as French Consul-General at Bagdad, in favour of Monsignore Couperey, Archbishop of Babylon. They passed the Shat Al Arab, where the Tigris and the Euphrates meet, and where the Paradise stood in former times; and there Wolff lost a coat, which an Arab, swimming from the other side, and putting his hands in the boat without being seen, contrived to steal. Wolff felt some-

thing moving under him, and calling out, "What is that?" got up; but, before he could turn round to see what was going on, the coat was gone! M. Vigoroux was a curious man: he travelled with a picture of his wife, before which he knelt down and worshipped every morning and evening

And thus they came to the village of Cuthamara, whence the Cuthites, who intermixed with the children of Israel in Samaria, came. The Cuthites "feared the Lord, and served other gods." Here they remained one night, and thence came to Gorno and Sook-Alsheeokh, two places chiefly inhabited by that remarkable people, who are called by three names, Sabeans, Mandai-Haya, and Mandai-Yahya; and thus they arrived at Bossora, where Wolff was received with the greatest kindness by Colonel Robert and Mrs. Taylor, and by Captain Alexander.

Colonel Robert Taylor, who died only six years ago at Boulogne, and who was, at that time, resident in Bossora, was a most extraordinary man. He knew sixteen languages, which he spoke with great fluency; and he was a great Arabic and Persian scholar, and could read the most difficult Arabic manuscripts with the greatest ease. He read with Wolff the historical book of Masoodi, which contains a splendid description of Muhammad, and the Temple at Mecca; and, also, of the attempt of the Jews to convert the Arabs to their own religion, before Muhammad arose, in which they so far succeeded as to convert the tribe of Tob, whose descendants are existing at this day.

Colonel Taylor also read with Wolff, "Tabestan," in Persian, which contains an account of the different religions; and it convinced Wolff more than any book he ever read, that his view of the prophets having been dervishes is correct; and that Isaiah was a dervish, and walked about naked (*vide* Isaiah xx. 2, 3); and that the prophets and the dervishes of the present day symbolize, by this nakedness, events which are to take place upon earth.

Wolff also visited, on the first days after his arrival, the Jews in Bossora; an excellent people, with whom he had whole days' conversation about Christ. Here, too, the Syrian chief priests, who belong to the Roman Catholic Church, allowed Joseph Wolff to preach to the Roman Catholic congregation, both in the Arabic and Persian languages; on which occasions, Wolff put on the mitre belonging to a Roman Catholic bishop, and wound around him the *Stola* and the *Cingulum*, and made the sign of the cross, as the priests do. He was listened to with the greatest attention.

At last, Wolff was burning with anxiety to see the Mandaye

Haya, also called Mandaye Yahya, also Sabeans. All three names are most important; and it is worth while that people should visit them, especially missionaries, in order to make themselves and the Church fully acquainted with that most interesting people. Dear people, yes, timbrel and dance have ceased from your eyes and your ears, as you used to say to me! You, brothers of Abraham, why do you so dislike your brother Abraham?

Colonel Taylor sent for two of this tribe; the first was Sohoron, who was a layman; the name of the second was Rabba Adam, who was the high-priest, and whose title was Gânz-Aura, which means, "One who has read through the book." He was the representative of Jesus Christ. Both the layman, as well as the high-priest, gave to Joseph Wolff a perfect description and idea of the history of their people. The first thing Wolff asked them was, to give him the real meaning of the names by which they are known.

Sabean is a nick-name, given to them by Muhammadans, and it means, "Those who have changed their religion, and turned in their prayers towards the north." But they call themselves by two names:—first, Mandaye Haya, *i. e.* "Followers of the living God;" and they worship that living God under three names:—the first, Haya Kadamaya, *i. e.* "The living in the first degree;" secondly, Haya Tinyana, *i. e.* "The living in the second degree; thirdly, "Haya Tlitaya, *i. e.* "The living in the third degree." They say that "The living in the second degree," is Jesus; but that these three are one. They are also called Mandaye Yahya, *i. e.* "Followers of John the Baptist."

That extraordinary young man, Sidney Pusey, who has more knowledge of the religions of the East than Wolff has ever found in England, Italy, or Germany, and whose authority may be depended upon, recently showed Wolff a passage in the *Sadra Rabba*, translated into Latin by Norbert, with the Sabean text at the side, which convinced Wolff that the love which these people profess for Christ is not universal, and that there is a jealousy between the disciples of John the Baptist and the Christians, which must have existed in the most ancient times. Pusey knew almost the whole book by heart, and he is certainly a most remarkable scholar.

There are, in the world, some miserable plagiarists. Wolff's description of the disciples of John the Baptist, has been literally copied from the "Jewish Expositor," by the traveller Bode; and the hymns of the Caraites as translated by Wolff, have been copied by Haxthausen, in his travels:

and the missionary from Basle, Mr. Hohenacker, has again literally copied Wolff's description of the Chaldean Churches, without saying where he took it from. Indeed, there are not greater plagiarists than some of the missionaries. The interesting writer of the "Court of Dahomey," Commander Forbes, justly complains of that plagiarizing system, which is practised by some missionaries.

Now a little more respecting the history of these poor Mandaye. Their language is Chaldean, with characters entirely their own. They come from Haran, where Terah, the father of Abraham, lived and died. They are the descendants of Abraham's brothers; and, when Abraham proclaimed the unity of one God, they became his followers; but, when he established the right of circumcision, they separated from, and abhorred, him. They never take a knife in their hands, so they never eat meat, because it has to be cut.

They have two books; the one is called Sadra Rabba, which means the "Grand Order;" the other, Sadra Nishmata, which means the "Order of the Soul." The first book contains laws, precepts, and histories; the second book is their Liturgy. They have two kinds of priests. The one is called *Ganz-Aura*, and means "He that is acquainted with the whole book"—he is the representative of Jesus Christ; the other is called *Tarmeeda*, *i. e.* "The awakened out of sleep"—he has to sleep a certain number of days, until he is declared to be the representative of John the Baptist. They baptize their followers every Sunday; and the Ganz-Aura, the representative of Jesus Christ, is himself baptized every Sunday by the Tarmeeda, the representative of John the Baptist.

In commemoration of our Lord's being baptized by John the Baptist, they baptize in the name of *Haya Kadamaya*, the living in the first degree; *Haya Tinyana*, the living in the second degree; *Haya Tlitaya*, the living in the third degree. The authors of the Sadra Rabba are said to be Seth, Adam's son; Abraham, and John the Baptist.

They relate that, after they had separated from Abraham, they lived with his descendants in peace and amity, and went with the children of Israel into the captivity of Egypt, and remained with them in captivity, and shared their affliction, and went with them out of Egypt, guided by Artabanes; and were with the children of Israel upon Mount Sinai, until circumcision was again established, which rite, they say, was introduced by Abraham, and again by his followers upon Sinai, on account of dissolute conduct. Then they settled by the river Jordan, and received from John the Baptist, when he arrived, *Baptism*.

There are two coincidences worth observing. First, they relate that they went out of Egypt with the children of Israel, which confirms the words of Exodus xii. 38, that a *mixed multitude* went up with the children of Israel. Secondly, they call themselves the disciples of John the Baptist; and it is again and again mentioned in the New Testament, that John the Baptist had disciples, separate from those of our Lord; nor did they ever unite together. The Sabeans also believe that Herod tried to kill John the Baptist, but did not succeed; and that John the Baptist came to Persia, and died at last in Shustar, the ancient Shushan of the book of Esther, where they now reside. For they always choose for a residence a place near a river, and so are therefore found residing at Sookalshiukh, Gorno, Despul, and Bossora.

Father Agadhangelus, a missionary of the Church of Rome, tried to convert these Sabeans 130 years ago, and actually baptized the whole body. But on the Sunday following, he relates that he sent spies to that river, and all of them were being baptized again in their own way. He asked, "Why they had been baptized again." They replied, "We like water." He asked, "Are you not Roman Catholics?" They replied, "We will be, on the following conditions:—First, the Pope must write to the Sultan for us to be relieved from tribute. Secondly, the Pope must give us a pension. Thirdly, at the hour of death, no Roman Catholic priest must come near us. Fourthly, we must be allowed to retain our own religion unmolested!"

Rabbi Adam, the Ganz-Aura priest, was an extraordinary man. He practised magic; and a Muhammadan lady, who wished to have a child, came to him; so he wrote some illegible words upon her stomach. The Muhammadan Governor heard of this, and got Rabbi Adam's tongue cut out, and his right arm cut off; but Rabbi Adam cut out the remainder of his tongue which had been left, and then he spoke again.

Although this sounds quite incredible—so much so that Colonel Taylor advised Wolff never to relate it (although he was a witness to it himself)—it is nevertheless a strict fact. And the same thing happened to a relation of the Prince Bushir, in Mount Lebanon, whose tongue was cut out; for by a further excision he recovered the power of speech. Of course these people spoke with difficulty, but they were quite articulate; and Rabbi Adam used to come to Wolff daily, and taught him the Sabean—called the Mandaye—language, though without his tongue; and he wrote all he had to write with his left arm. Wolff gave this account to several persons

in Malta, who repeated it to Sir Frederick Cavendish Ponsonby, the Governor of Malta, and he said, "I will believe anything that Wolff says, for he has already told me several things which sounded most incredible, but which turned out to be completely true."

Dr. Wolff has received a letter, dated 14th March, 1861, from Edward Twisleton, Esq., of 3, Rutland Gate, London, in which that gentleman refers to the following passage in Sir John Malcolm's "Sketches of Persia," vol. ii. p. 115:—"This mandate" (the excision of Zâl Khan's tongue) "was imperfectly executed; and the loss of half this member deprived him of speech. But being afterwards persuaded that its being cut close to the root would enable him to speak so as to be understood, he submitted to the operation, and the effect has been that his voice, though indistinct and thick, is yet intelligible to persons accustomed to converse with him. This I experienced from daily intercourse. He often spoke to me of his sufferings, and of the humanity of the present king, who had restored him to his situation, as head of his tribe, and governor of Khisht. I am not an anatomist, and therefore cannot give a reason why a man who could not articulate with half a tongue, should speak when he had none at all; but the facts are as stated, and I had them from from the very best authority, old Zâl Khan himself." Mr. Twisleton further wrote, "On reading this passage, I wrote to Sir John Macniel formerly British Ambassador in Persia, from whom I received a letter, in which he informed me that several persons whom he had known in Persia, and had been subjected to a mutilation of the tongue, spoke so intelligibly as to be able to transact important business. He added, 'More than one of them, finding that my curiosity and interest were excited, showed me the stump, and one of them stated that he owed the power of speech to the friendship of the executioner, who, instead of cuting off the tip as he was ordered, had cut off all that was loose in the mouth: that is, all that could be amputated by a single cut from below. The conviction in Persia is universal, that the power of speech is destroyed, by merely cutting off the tip of the tongue, and is to a useful extent restored by cutting off another portion as far back as a perpendicular section can be made of the portion that is free from attachment at the lower surface. I never happened to meet with any person who had suffered this punishment, who could not so speak as to be intelligible to his familiar associates. I have met with several of them.'"

Wolff now paid a visit to Zubeir, a large Arab village near

Bossora, where the inhabitants are sons of Abraham by his wife Keturah; and to these Wolff gave the Bible, and returned to Bossora, where, with the kind assistance of Colonel Taylor, he established a school, to which all the Armenian Christians subscribed; and the most clever of all the children was the son of Rabbi Adam, the Mandaye.

After several months' residence in Bossora, Wolff proceeded to Bushire, where he was most kindly received in the house of Colonel Stannes, who died as Governor of the College of Addiscombe, Sir Ephraim Stannes. He preached in the Residency, where he made the acquaintance of Captain Jervis, the excellent Dr. Riach, who is now at Plymouth, and united to that party called the Plymouth Brethren; Lieutenant Strong, Captain Mellard, Captain Wilson of the India Navy, and others. With their assistance, and the assistance of Armenian gentlemen and ladies, he established a school at Bushire also. At the opening of the school, the Armenian ladies came out of their hareem, and took the arms of the British officers there, and went to church for the first time in their lives. Many of the young ladies said, "I am ashamed." However, they went, and Wolff made a speech in the church in Persian after the service, in which he enlarged on the importance of Christian education.

Among the ladies was also Mrs. Lazar, the wife of an Armenian merchant, who was sister to the wife of Colonel Taylor, of Bossora, and who is now Lady Congleton, and resides in London. Mrs. Colonel Taylor had given Wolff a letter to her, and told her that she should admit him to the hareem, where he saw all the Armenian beauties.

The lives of those two ladies were very extraordinary. Both of them were the daughters of an Armenian family of Sheeraz. The Prince of Sheeraz, when they were quite young, had ordered them to be brought to his hareem. But the parents put them both in a basket, and by bribing some of the Persians got them brought to Bushire, where Mr. Bruce, the British Resident there at that time, got them respectably educated; and the one became the wife of Colonel Taylor, and the other married the Armenian merchant, Lazar. Colonel Taylor had to go to Bombay, and told his wife to follow him. She took as her companion, an old Mussulman servant, and both were made slaves by the Arab pirates of the desert around Muscat, who were at that time at war with England. But Mrs. Taylor and her faithful servant, in the darkness of the night, made their escape in a boat of the Arabs, and drifted out to sea, where they were found very soon by an English ship, and were taken in safety to Bombay.

Mr. and Mrs. Lazar, in the time of the plague, left Bushire, and took up their abode in Bagdad, at the time when Colonel Taylor was Resident there. There Lazar died, and Mrs. Lazar was left a widow. At that time four missionaries arrived in Bagdad, Mr. Groves, the dentist; Dr. Groning, a homœopathic doctor; Mr. Parnell, son of Sir Henry Parnell; and Frank Newman. Mr. Parnell succeeded in converting Mrs. Lazar to the tenets of the Plymouth Brethren, and then he married her; and Colonel and Mrs. Taylor, and Mr. and Mrs. Parnell came to England. Colonel Taylor died at Boulogne, but Mrs Parnell is now Lady Congleton, her husband having succeeded to the title; and both sisters are living in London—ladies who are highly revered by Dr. Wolff.

Let us depart from Bushire. Wolff, after having preached in the Armenian church, proceeded on his way to Sheeraz, the most scientific and poetic town in Persia. Dr. Riach and Lieutenant Strong accompanied him as far as Borasgoon; the Armenian Arootyoon, who had given £200 to the school, being with them also. Lieutenant Strong told an amusing story—and it must be observed that Lieutenant Strong was one of the handsomest men Wolff ever saw. The story was this:—The Duke of York called on his brother George IV. one day, and asked his Majesty to assist him with £200, as he was in debt. The moment the Duke of York got his cheque for £200, he walked out singing, "God save Great George our King."

Having heard this story, and eaten a good dinner at Borasgoon, which had been prepared by Arootyoon, Wolff got on his horse, and rode off with his servant for Kasseroon. He was much struck, both at Borasgoon and Kasseroon, with the houses of the Persian noblemen, who have the pictures of great men painted upon the walls of their rooms; which the Sheah permit, but the Soonnee consider an abomination. At Kasseroon, Wolff visited the Jews, when he was distressed to see them in the greatest misery and poverty. He made himself known to them as one of their nation, who came to preach Jesus Christ.

It is distressing to record an awful truth, that civilization, without true religion, will never make a nation or an individual more humane. For the Persians, though by far more intellectual than the Turks, are also much more cruel, greater liars, and more atrociously immoral in every respect. So that, in fact, increased civilization, without religion, only developes a greater amount of wickedness, and it is generally accompanied by hypocrisy.

Wolff had taken up his abode at Kasseroon, in the upper story of a house. At night, torrents of rain fell, and he was conversing with the Persians in the house upon religion, during this storm, when suddenly an earthquake shook the house. Wolff, like a flash of lightning, though without shoes and stockings, and without a coat, leapt down the stairs, with a swiftness and quickness, which produced a burst of laughter from all present. And although the earthquake had caused no injury—for it was only the remnant of the great earthquake of Sheeraz, which had happened five months before, and had destroyed part of Sheeraz, and the neighbouring cities—Wolff slept that night in the open air, with the rain pouring down upon him.

The next day, Wolff proceeded to Sheeraz, over a horrid mountainous road; and he arrived after a few days in the city, which is the most learned town in all Persia; and where the tombs of Hafiz, the Anacreon of the Persians, and of Sadi, the great poet, and author of Gulistan and Bustan, are outside the walls. They are both buried in a garden, which is kept by a dervish. Wolff first took up his abode in the house of a Persian, who acted as British agent, and who promised to invite the chiefs of the Sheah religion to argue with him, for all the inhabitants of Persia are Sheahs.

The whole Muhammadan nations are divided into two classes—the *Sheah* and the *Soonnee*. Whenever a great religious contest takes place in the world, two classes always appear, like these two; the one party says that a written book is not enough, there is also need of tradition, which will serve to explain the written word;—the other party says, the written word is quite enough in itself.

Wolff holds with the first party, for, though tradition may be, and has been, abused and exaggerated, yet the principle is true, that the written word cannot be exactly understood without tradition. And it has been the invariable experience of Wolff, that all those who belong to the anti-traditional party have their own pet traditions. Thus it is the case with the Jews, who divide themselves into *Rabbanim*, *i. e.* "Believers in the tradition of the Rabbis;" and *Coraeem*, "Believers in the Bible." But yet those Coraeem, who are the anti-traditional Jews, have their own traditions. Thus it is the case, also, with the Muhammadans. There are two great parties amongst them, the Soonnee, traditionalists, to which party belong the Turks, Arabs, and Turkomauns; and the Sheah, anti-traditionalists, who are the Persians—the Protestants against the Soonnee. Yet these have their traditions too,

which they call "Hadees." And is it not so in the Christian church? Dr. Wolff asks. The Roman Catholic and Eastern churches take, as their guide, the ancient Fathers; and the innumerable branches of the Protestant communion have their own traditions, without number, which are often no more than the mere opinions of the leaders of each sect.

Now, however, back to Sheeraz. The Sheah of Sheeraz divide themselves into two parties, like all the other religious bodies: into Moollahs, "those who follow the opinions of the Doctors, and are for outward forms;" and the other party are called Sooffee, which means "pure," for they say the mind in itself must be pure, and outward form is good for nothing. Wolff cannot refrain from making the following etymological observation. The Greek word "Sophos" (wise) is derived from the Arabic word "Soof" (pure); and the Greek word "Philosophos" might be translated "Friend of purity."

Wolff visited the colleges of the Sooffees. Their principles are rather liberal, which principles they have taken from a book called *Masnavi*, whose author's name is Moollah Roomee.

Let us give some sentences from that book:—

"Say of every one, whose morals are good, that he is good."

"If any one says that the Koran, which came from the hand of Muhammad, is not of God, he is an infidel."

This is a most ambiguous statement: for their principle is, that everything comes from God; and, therefore, nothing can be that does not come from God. And they themselves explain their statement so, from a sentence of the Koran, "From God we come, and to God we return."

That book also says, "If we attempt to enjoy together both God and the world, we are altogether devil-possessed."

Since the time of Henry Martyn they have also embodied in their faith the words of John iii. 5: "If ye are not born again of water and the Spirit, ye shall not enter again the kingdom of heaven." And they explain this almost exactly as the Evangelicals in England do, viz., by spiritualizing the water.

They sit in their college, with their heads bowed down, wrapped up in a prophet's mantle and belch, because, they say, that they are filled with the mystical wine of truth; which, Wolff observed, consisted of the wine of the grape, which is produced in Sheeraz. They also intoxicate themselves by smoking Jars, which is a kind of opiatic plant. Wolff dares say that there are some good men among them; but, in general, he trusted them less than the orthodox Moollahs (Muhammadans).

Their spirituality consists in sensuality of the most outrageous and unmentionable kind, and they are liars and cheats. Dear Henry Martyn seems to have been imposed upon by them; yet, by his writings, he has, after all, excited the attention and drawn the minds of people, not only in Sheeraz and Persia, but in other parts of the Muhammadan empire, into inquiring after Christianity; so that, after all, he did not labour in vain, which is all that can be expected from a mission amongst Muhammadans.

The Sooffees are divided into different classes: some, who try to excite themselves into devotion with musical instruments and the drum—so much so, that they fall down in ecstacies, until they fall into a trance, and are unconscious of what they say or do; and then they sometimes speak in a sublime manner.

When Wolff travelled in the Crimea, he found a *clairvoyant*, who, after Mr. Kylius, in whose house she lived, had laid hands upon her, began to sleep, and spoke in a most sublime manner. Wolff, at that time, had with him Mirza Ibrahim, whom he afterwards sent to England; and he asked him, "What do you think of this lady? Have you ever seen such a thing in your life before?" He replied, "Over and over again in Persia, both in Sheeraz and Ispahan, among the Sooffees."

There is also a class of Sooffees, who are called the *Saaket*, which means, "the silent ones," for they never speak. Here we have the counterpart of the order of La Trappe.

Wolff also visited the colleges of the orthodox party; a proud people, full of arrogance, with whom wisdom has died out. Some young men, with whom he argued, asked him, the day following, whether he had been able to sleep after having heard such powerful arguments as they had produced? Wolff replied, that arguments never disturbed his sleep. However, some of their arguments must be produced.

Wolff said, "Christ converted the world by persuasion; by the sublimity of his doctrine, by prophecies, and by miracles. Muhammad converted the nations by the sword." They replied, "There are two physicians: the one cures the sick by sweet medicine; he is a good physician. Other physicians give the sick bitter medicine, and they are cured. Thus, he is a good physician too. Again, there are two generals; the one takes the city by storm,—he is a good general. Another takes the city by persuasion,—he is a good general too."

Wolff said, "The sword cannot be a good medicine; for if it kills the enemy, he is prevented from being persuaded into

the right faith. And if it frightens him into submitting against his belief, it makes a hypocrite of him." Then they said, as to miracles. "The Koran itself is a miracle; for nobody was ever able to write such beautiful Arabic as the Koran is written in." Wolff said, "This cannot be proved, for it is a matter of taste."

Then they came to prophecies, and said, "The name of Muhammad is predicted in the Bible. He is called in Hebrew, Bimod Mead." Wolff could not imagine, for a long time, what on earth they meant, and only discovered it at last by their calling for a renegade Jew, who showed Wolff, in Gen. xvii. 20, "And as for Ishmael, I have heard thee: Behold, I have blessed him, and will make him fruitful, and will multiply him exceedingly." Now the letters which compose this word *exceedingly*, *i. e.* Bimod Mead, viz. Beth, Mim, Aleph, Daleth, Mim, Aleph, Daleth, when considered as letters expressing *numbers*, which is their common use also, amount to ninety-two. And so, in like manner, the four letters of the name Muhammad, viz. Mim, Kheth, Mim, Daleth, when summed together as numbers, amount also to ninety-two; and therefore, said the Muhammadans, *exceedingly* must mean *Muhammad!* an argument not very likely to have disturbed Wolff's rest. This ingenious argument, which the Muhammadans had learned from an apostate Jew, was further confirmed by the fact that Muhammad was a descendant of Ishmael, and *multiplied exceedingly*.

But there was another thing which they brought forward in the same verse; "Twelve princes shall he beget." These, said they, were the twelve Imaums—the twelve successors of Muhammad (which only the Sheah acknowledge). Wolff said, "But the word *exceedingly* cannot beget. On the contrary, it is said that Ishmael shall beget twelve princes, and the names of these twelve princes are mentioned afterwards in Gen. xxv. 13-15, viz., Nebajoth, Kedar, Adbeel, Mibsam, Mishma, Dumah, Massa, Hadar, Tema, Jetur, Naphish, and Kedemah." On hearing this, they said, "We must be candid; he has answered us completely."

They then asked Wolff "how he liked best to argue: whether from tradition or from reason?" He said, "he liked to argue chiefly from tradition, and then from reason." "For," he said, "reason can only reach to a certain point, but tradition tells us things which God has revealed. But, besides tradition and reason, there is an internal evidence; the heart is also given by God, and if the heart comes into collision with reason, something must be wrong. And the heart tells us that, as

faith is the gift of God, we must pray for it." They all exclaimed, "Good! very good!" They then asked Wolff, "What he believed Jesus to be." He replied, "The Son of God." They said, "God has no wife." Wolff replied, "There are different kinds of fathers. One the father by marriage, another is father by being the educator, bringer up, and bestower of benefits. And God is a father by creating and by preserving, by bestowing of benefits, and by his very act of chastising his children."

Then they said, "Then we are all children of God."

Wolff replied, "Yes; all of us, in a different sense. But Jesus was God, for in Him the fulness of the Godhead dwelt bodily."

They said, "Then Jesus is less than God."

To which Wolff replied, "Look at the sun. The sun gives light and heat to all the earth, yet the light and heat is one with the sun."

They again exclaimed, "Good! very good!" and then said, "What objection have you to Muhammad's doctrine?"

Wolff answered, "Muhammad did not act in conformity with God's actions, which are quite different from his."

They asked, "How do you know God's actions?"

Wolff.—"By his loving all mankind."

They.—"How do you see that?"

Wolff.—"In his creation. Look at the sun, which comes from God, which shineth upon the good and the bad, the Jew, the Christian, the Muhammadan, and the worshippers of fire —the Parsee. But Muhammad commands his followers not to love the Christian, who is yet the creature of God."

Once more they exclaimed, "Good! very good!"

To his great surprise, Wolff was soon after invited with the Muhammadans to a rich Jew, who, in order to save his riches, had become a Muhammadan himself. This man kept continually exclaiming to Wolff, in Hebrew, "The voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau." Wolff understood at once the meaning of those words: namely, that he himself was still at heart a Jew, although in outward appearance a Muhammadan. Wolff sighed, and thought it not well to press the poor man with arguments in the presence of Muhammadans; and he continued to speak to the Muhammadans on the fulfilment of many of the prophecies contained in the Old Testament respecting Jesus.

Now let us accompany Wolff to his brethren, the Jews, in a town which boasts of the highest civilization. In passing through the streets of Sheeraz, he went through the large

bazaar, built by Kareem Khan, formerly ruler of Sheeraz. The upper part is entirely covered in by a vaulted ceiling, and below there are magnificent shops. As he was going through and through the rest of the town, there were shouts from all sides, "Here is Joseph Wolff, who proclaims that Jesus is the Son of God!"

One day, Shanasar, and David Makardeetch David, two Armenians who were at enmity with each other, called accidentally on Wolff, at the same time, so that they met; and they began to talk to him, and said, "We will go now with you to the Jews. Do you know what happened last night? One of the chief Moollahs of Sheeraz went to the prince, and advised him to call on you to dispute publicly on the merits of Islam; and that if you were beaten in argument, you must either embrace Islam or die! but scarcely had the Muhammadan proposed that, when he was struck with apoplexy, and died." They added, that such excitement had never been before in Sheeraz."

But, before making them any answer, Wolff, who knew their feelings towards each other, said to them, "First of all, both of you being Christians, I command you, in the name of Jesus Christ, to make peace together, before you go with me to the Jews, to whom I go to proclaim the Gospel of peace." Whereupon Shanasar and David Makardeetch David embraced and kissed each other; and Wolff drank with them a glass of Sheeraz wine to celebrate the restoration of their friendship; and then they accompanied him to the Jews' Quarter, where they aided him greatly in conversing in the Persian language.

Wolff had been warned what he must expect in visiting the Jews at Sheeraz, and the description of their misery had not been exaggerated. A Persian Mussulman, of whom he had inquired their condition some time before, had said, First. Every house at Sheeraz with a low, narrow entrance, is a Jew's house. Secondly. Every man with a dirty woollen or dirty camel's-hair turban is a Jew. Thirdly. Every coat much torn and mended about the back, with worn sleeves, is a Jew's coat. Fourthly. Every one picking up old broken glass is a Jew. Fifthly. Every one searching dirty robes, and asking for old shoes and sandals is a Jew. Sixthly. That house into which no quadruped but a goat will enter is a Jew's." All which things, of course, came into Wolff's mind, as, in company with the two Armenians, he approached the street where the Jews resided.

And what a sight it presented! It was in the month of January, 1825, and, therefore, in the depth of winter—and all

was cold and frozen. The street was only a few yards in width; all the houses were like pig-styes, and even these were in ruins from the effects of the recent earthquake. Men, women, and children were lying about the street—many of them ill, naked, or in rags—women with their children at the breast, exclaiming, "Only one *pool*, only one *pool!*" (*pool* being the Persian word for farthing.) "I am a poor Israeli. I am a poor Israeli." Wolff crept into some of their houses, and spoke to them about Jesus being the Messiah. They asked, "What shall we do? What shall we do?" in a sing-song tone. Wolff told them to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and be baptized in his name. They wept. But how to baptize them—but how—in a town—with all its civilization—of the most fanatical Muhammadans? "Poor Israeli of Sheeraz!" exclaims Dr. Wolff, "I shall see many of you in heaven! Around the throne of Jesus! You were baptized with the baptism of misery, and suffering, and poverty! God forbid that one harsh thought should enter my mind against you! His blood has come upon you: but that blood speaks better things than the blood of Abel."

The Armenians reported the whole proceedings of Wolff to their brethren in Calcutta; telling them how he had made peace between Shanasar and David Makardeetch David, who were at enmity with each other. And after all this was over, he called on the Prince of Sheeraz at his palace.

Fire from heaven must come down upon a court like that! Let no person dare to ask Wolff to give a description of such a cursed court. Such a court never can be converted, with all their politeness and elegance! "Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered: let them also that hate Him flee before Him!"

Wolff left the place the following day, and the day after preached amidst the ruins of Persepolis, called *Takht-jamsheed* by the Persians, to thousands of Persians. On his returning to the caravanserai, where he had taken up his lodging, two *Rah-dar* came (namely, "those who repair the roads") and asked Wolff to pay money. Wolff replied that he was an Englishman, and need not pay. They threatened to put him to death. He gave them a good scolding; but had, after all, to pay six rupees (about twelve shillings). But the next day Persians came that road, who had arrived from Mecca; and they also were called upon by the Rahdars to pay money for the road. They replied, they were Hadshees, and, therefore, had not to pay. A regular battle ensued; and, after they had almost broken each other's heads, the whole company of Hadshees paid *half a pool!*

CHAPTER XII.

Ispahan: Teheran: Tabreez: introduced to Abbas Mirza: Tiflis: Erivan: Armenia, attacked by typhus fever: Circassia: Crimea: crosses from Odessa to Constantinople: reaches Dublin.

AFTER twenty days' journey forward, Wolff arrived near the great city of Ispahan, of which the saying is, *Ispahan Neem-Jehaun*—"Ispahan, half the world." It was built by a man, the wonder of the earth—King Solomon—who had travelled through the world in the air—carried by genii—as far as Cashmeer! As a proof of the truth of this story, there is to this day even, in Cashmeer, a mountain called Takhti-Suliman, the throne of Solomon. However, if Jewish tradition is to be credited, Solomon's history, as told by the Persians, may be liable to some objections.

The history given by the Jews of Solomon is this, and it is more to the credit of Solomon than the other.

Solomon had in his power one of the apostate angels, Ashmeday by name, whom he carried about in a chain, like a dog. One day Solomon said to him, "How entirely I have got you in my power!" Ashmeday replied to him, "Only let me loose for a little moment, and then you will see what I can do!"

Solomon granted his request, and Ashmeday gave him such a kick, that he was flung many thousand miles from his country, and wandered about as a beggar in all the countries of the earth. During his absence, Ashmeday reigned in Jerusalem, and sat upon Solomon's throne, in the very figure and shape of Solomon. And it was not Solomon who had one thousand wives, but Ashmeday, in the figure of Solomon. And it was not Solomon who committed idolatry, but Ashmeday, in the figure of Solomon. And it was not Solomon who oppressed the people, but Ashmeday, in the figure of Solomon.

At last, after many years, Solomon returned from his wanderings, when he found Ashmeday sitting upon his throne, in his very figure. Then he said, "I am Solomon, and thou art a deceiver!" And Ashmeday said, "I am Solomon, and thou art a deceiver!"

They appealed to the great Sanhedrin. The Sanhedrin decided that some one should examine the feet of both; and it was found out that Solomon the exile had the feet of a man, but Ashmeday the feet of a cock. So they expelled Ashme-

[redacted]the throne by the ineffable name, and he was again [redacted]in chains by the authentic Solomon.

But Wolff remarked, that one of his ancestors, Rabbi Jonathan Eubeschütz, had Ashmeday perfectly in his power. One day, Ashmeday took a little child, and carried it away in the air, amidst its own screams and those of its parents. They indeed lamented and wept, but could not get back their child, for it very soon was invisible in the air, and more distant than the stars. Rabbi Jonathan Eubeschütz was informed of this by the parents and family of the child, who desired his help, but he said, grumbling, "Why do you disturb me?" They replied. "Our child! our child!" "Well," said he, "send for the trumpeter" (who sounds the trumpet on the new year's day of the Jews).

The trumpeter came with the trumpet. The Rabbi said, "Set on, and blow."

The trumpet gave one sound, but no symptom of the return of the child was perceived.

"Sound again, a second blast of the trumpet!" cried the Rabbi.

But still there was no symptom as yet of the child.

"Blow again!" repeated the Rabbi.

No symptom as yet of the child.

Then Rabbi Jonathan Eubeschütz ordered the trumpeter to blow the trumpet much louder than before; when, suddenly, the screaming of an infant was heard, and Ashmeday appeared with it in his arms, crying out, "Here is the child—take it, and let me alone; make not such a noise!—Anything for a quiet life!" Eubeschütz, however, was accused by the Jews at last of believing that Shabatay-Zebec had been the real Messiah; but he denied it most decidedly. The history of Eubeschütz's son is remarkable. He resided at Dresden, and, on account of his riches, was made a Baron of the holy Roman Empire, and took the title of Baron von Adlerfeld; but he was a complete atheist, and scoffed at all religions. His father was dead, but one night he appeared to him just as he was going to bed, and said, "My son, if thou diest in thy present condition, thou wilt go to eternal perdition. Repent, and remember that thou art a son of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and exclaim 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord!'" These words made such an impression on Baron von Adlerfeld, that henceforth he became a penitent Jew.

Wolff will now give some idea of the Jewish accounts respecting the dominion of pious Jews over the infernal powers. One Saturday evening, the Jews of Ullfeld assembled in the

house of Rabbi David Wolff, (Joseph Wolff's father,) to hear his Exposition of one of the Prophets. It was about two hours after the sun went down, when the Jews close their Sabbath; and then Rabbi David Wolff told them of a pious Jew who was regularly proclaimed king by all the devils, who formed a guard around his house, or rather palace, and were dressed in a golden livery. And when this Jew entered his room of state, devils were placed there, who introduced the people to his Majesty; and when he died, they were all dressed in mourning, and accompanied his funeral, singing funeral songs. Wolff gives this as a specimen of Jewish belief, as it existed about 50 years ago.

There is another story which he also heard from the Jews; and which is believed not only by the Jews, but by the Eastern nations at large—it is, that all the creatures which are upon earth are also found in the sea. It is said, there are mermaids in the sea, for the confirmation of which, Wolff heard the following story:—One day, a gentleman came to a city and entered a large shop, where there were jewels and many beautiful things to be sold. He bought up the whole stock, which he paid for with golden doubloons, and he carried away all that he had bought. He had hardly reached the seashore, when the merchant ran after him, for all the golden doubloons had changed into fishes' scales. The merchant tried to stop him, but he plunged with all his merchandize into the sea, spread his fins, and disappeared.

The Jews lay a great stress on the virtue of a loud voice, and there was once in Poland a Rabbi who had a most powerful voice. When his house was attacked by robbers, there lived a nobleman six miles distant from him who was surrounded by soldiers and servants. So the Rabbi lifted up his voice, and exclaimed, "Hear Israel, Jehovah our God, Jehovah One!" The nobleman came immediately to the rescue with his soldiers, and took the robbers prisoners, and they were executed.

To return to Ispahan. On Wolff's arrival there, the Governor handed him letters from that excellent man, Sir Henry Willock, his British Majesty's Envoy at the Court of Persia, informing him that he had recommended him to the Governor-General of Ispahan; and Wolff took up his abode in New Julfa, a town in the outskirts of Ispahan. This town is entirely in the hands of the Armenians, descendants of those, who, centuries back, were brought by the great Shah Abbas from Old Julfa, in the Turkish Empire, to Ispahan, in order

to cultivate the ground, and introduce industry into his empire. Julfa contained, in former times, above 60,000 Armenians; who had built there a beautiful monastery, in which Wolff lodged, and houses like palaces. But just at this time the place was greatly deserted, on account of the tyranny of the Persian Government.

Wolff conversed with Armenians and Jews there for a whole month, and then proceeded to Teheran, the capital of Fat-Oolah Shah, who had 300 wives. Several of his wives were Jewesses, and it is the custom in Persia for all the wives at court to get distinguished names; as, for instance, Esther, which is taken from the Persian word, Astara, "A star," but which was not the Jewish, but the court name of that queen—her Jewish name being Hadasah. Another court name is Lulli, which means a "Pearl," and so on.

Wolff was received at Teheran, in the house of Sir Henry Willock, where he also met with Doctor McNeil, a highly-talented gentleman, who was sent to Persia by the East India Government, as Surgeon to the Embassy; and his talents subsequently raised him to the dignity of British Envoy in Persia, and he is now the Right Honourable Sir John McNeil, who was also sent to the Crimea, as one of the commissioners of investigation. Sir Henry Willock and Dr. McNeil introduced Wolff to all the ministers of his Majesty; highly-bred and well-informed gentlemen they were.

It is worth while to describe three of them. Daood Khan was a gentleman who was acquainted with the history of the Church of Christ, and with the authors of it, such as Eusebius, Baronius, and the French Fleuri. He knew the writings of these men, which was really astonishing, and was acquainted with the heresies which were in the Church of Christ; and he made this most surprising remark, though a Muhammadan himself, that "Muhammad seemed to have been a disciple of Cerinthus and Arius."

The second of those gentlemen was Mirza Abd-Alwehab, who took an interest in all the exertions of the British and Foreign Bible Society; and, especially, in the controversies of Henry Martyn, and whom Abd-Alwehab told Wolff, that forty learned men had tried to answer his arguments, and could not. Mirza Abd-Alwehab had a most pleasant countenance, and was of a more serious turn of mind than the majority of Persians are.

The third was Khosrof Khan, and a most extraordinary man. A Georgian by birth, he was chief eunuch, and one of

the king's prime ministers; and he may be called the Muhammadan Swedenborg. He maintained, like Swedenborg, that he had intercourse with the inhabitants of the other world. He was of a highly-intellectual mind, and could converse on every subject in the most rational manner; when, suddenly, he would fall down upon his face, and then rise, saying, "I have had a most remarkable conversation with the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Samuel;" and then he would give a most interesting description of their figures and appearance.

Wolff would here remark, that he never speaks ironically on such points as this, but he believes its possibility and probability. There is now a tendency in the Church to deny visions and miracles, not only those which happened after the Apostolic age, but even those mentioned in the Bible; and the continual outcry is, "We must progress with the time and we must go forward." But Wolff's motto is, "Backward! backward!". Wolff says we are to remember the days of old, to ask the fathers of old and they can tell us, and the elders of old who announce to us what God has done im ancient days. No geology will ever make any impression on Joseph Wolff: nor will even Copernicus or Sir Isaac Newton induce him to disbelieve one single word of Scripture, nor to try to interpret it so as to make it consistent with the experience of those philosophers; for, after all, no one has seen the earth walk, and the sun stand still. Wolff believes in the science of astrology: and Hookham Frere was perfectly right when he said, that in our day we have lost the key to the knowledge and sciences in which the ancients were versed: and all we can say is, that we know nothing about it.

Wolff took, as it was always his wont to do, whenever he remained in a town for a while, a teacher of languages; so he took, while there, one of the first scholars of Persia, whose name was Mirza Ibrahim. And, as Ibrahim expressed a wish to go to England, and Wolff had observed his great talents, he took him with him as far as Constantinople. Thence Wolff sent him, at his own expense, to London; where Sir Gore Ouseley recommended him to the Haileybury College, where Ibrahim became professor of Persian and Arabic; and, having learned Latin and Greek, he translated Herodotus into Persian, and he remained at Haileybury from the years 1826 to 1847, when he retired, with a pension, to Persia.

After Wolff had conversed with the Muhammadan Moollahs, and the ministers of the king, at Teheran, Sir Henry Willock asked him, after they left the room, "Do you know what they told me? They said, 'This man rivets the attention to every-

thing he says, for he speaks with such force, as none of the most eloquent of our nation could do; and, in spite too, of his foreign pronunciation, and his foreign manners, he rivets us, because sincerity speaks out of him!'"

From Teheran, Wolff proceeded to Caswin, the ancient residency of the kings of Persia; where he preached the Gospel of Christ to Muhammadans, Jews, and Daoodee, a people who believe in the divinity of David; and to the Ali-Oollahe, who believe in the divinity of Ali. They are known by the following question:—"Where do you drink water?" Then, if they are really Ali-Oollahe, they will answer, stretching out their tongue, and say, "From the upper lip."

And one of the Princesses of the King of Persia, who resided there, sent to Wolff for a Persian Testament, and an English penknife. Wolff was glad to be able to furnish her Highness with both.

And thence he proceeded to Tabreez, where he took up his abode with that most excellent man, Dr. Cormick, who was married, by Henry Martyn, to a Chaldean Christian lady, who introduced Wolff to his royal Highness the great Abbas Mirza, Prince Regent of Persia. The history of that man is this:—

He was the eldest son of Fat-Oollah Shah, King of Persia. When his father became old and stricken in years, and, in short, too lazy to reign any longer; and was spending his days in counting his jewels, visiting his hareem—each time amidst the beating of drums—and visiting, sometimes, places in his empire, and threatening to visit others, in order to squeeze out money from the poor subjects; he assembled all his sons together, and commanded them to bow down before Abbas Mirza, their elder brother, and acknowledge him as the rightful successor to the throne; and obey him from that time and henceforth, as the Nayeb Sultanah, which means, "The Lieutenant of Royalty," or, what we call in this country, "Prince Regent." They all bowed before Abbas Mirza, except one of the younger brothers, Muhammad Ali Mirza, Prince-Governor of Kermanjah, who sternly said to his Majesty, "As long as you, my royal father, are alive," here bowing his head, "I shall obey; but, as soon as your eyes are closed," (here pointing to his sword,) "this sword must decide who shall be King,"

Then they retired from his Majesty's countenance, and from the presence of his "exalted beard," which is one of the greatest wonders of the world, if Sir Alexander Burns may be credited; and this he assured Fat-Oollah Shah to his very face.

Muhammad Ali Mirza withdrew to his Government, in

Kermanjah, and had his soldiers drilled under Messieurs Devaux, Court, Avitabile, and Ventura. Abbas Mirza also retired to the seat of his Government, Tabreez, the capital of Aderbijan, and he had his soldiers drilled by English officers, who were sent to him by the East India Company, such as Majors Hart and Monteith, and giant-like Sir Henry Bethune.

Muhammad Ali Mirza then tried to distinguish himself, and marched against Bagdad; but he died on that expedition, as it is believed, by poison; and thus was Abbas Mirza liberated from his greatest enemy.

Wolff conversed with Abbas Mirza on religion, and he argued from reason. After that, Abbas Mirza desired Wolff to establish a school at Tabreez, and begged him to tell the English to send out teachers.

Wolff, on returning to Dr. Cormick, was embraced by an old friend, whom he had known in the College of the Propaganda, Bishop Shawris. Bishop Shawris was a Chaldæan bishop, under the obedience of the Church of Rome. Some of the Chaldæans are under their own bishops, and have their own Patriarch and Church; and these are called Nestorians. The rest are those who were converted from the Nestorian to the Roman Catholic Church; and of these was Bishop Shawris.

Nevertheless, he had been consecrated Bishop by Nestorian bishops; but, after a time, because this gave offence to his own people, they informed against him at Rome; and he was summoned by the Propaganda to come to Rome, and justify himself for having exercised the office of a bishop, without being canonically consecrated. He arrived in Rome in the year 1802, and presented himself to the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda in his episcopal robes. He was desired to take them off, until his case had been thoroughly sifted; and there he remained until the year 1817, without ever having had his case examined or attended to.

Wolff was one day laughing, and very cheerful, in the Propaganda, in his company, when he said, in the presence of others, "Now you are laughing, but, should you ever fall into the hands of these cardinals, you will weep blood."

Wolff, struck with his words, wrote what he had said to Niebuhr; but the letter was intercepted by the College of the Propaganda, and it was one of the accusations brought against Wolff, afterwards, that he had "uncovered the Mother's shame."

Nevertheless, what Wolff had done had its fruits, as he heard from Bishop Shawris seven years afterwards, at their meeting

at Teheran; for, eight months after Wolff's own banishment from Rome, Shawris received permission from the Propaganda to return to his country, though without being allowed to exercise episcopal functions. And he now told Wolff, that Cardinal Consalvi had said to him, "Now, you must pass through Vienna, and show yourself to Joseph Wolff, that he may see that justice has, after all, been done to you."

At the very time that Wolff met Shawris at Tabreez, he received a letter from the Rev. Henry Leeves, who told him to try and find out Bishop Shawris, to whom Leeves had given money, in order to procure a translation of the Bible into the Kurdish language. Wolff therefore went, with Shawris, to Ooroomia, the native place of Zoroaster, where the Chaldæan Catholics chiefly reside, and where Bishop Shawris had hopes of finding some one who would undertake the translation.

On their way to Ooroomia, both the Bishop and Wolff came to Salmast, where they met with Alexander Mirza, a relation of the late King of Georgia—the Georgian kings having their genealogy from King David. Wolff preached to the Chaldæans, Muhammadans, and Jews there, as well as at Bashkala, and Hosrowa, and Ooroomia, where thousands of Muhammadans came to hear him; and, besides expounding the Gospel to them, he gave them Bibles.

The Georgian king had been expelled from his capital, at Tiflis, by the Russians, who took possession of his country; and he retired into Persia to Salmast, where he died. Alexander Mirza begged Wolff to get the interest of the King of England to place him upon the Georgian throne, but Wolff could give him no hopes.

Wolff is entirely convinced that Asael Grant, the celebrated missionary of the Americans, is correct with regard to the Chaldæan Christians being descended from the ten tribes of Israel. They call themselves the children of Israel; and what right have we to doubt the account which they give of themselves?

It is to be regretted that his countrymen, the American missionaries, assailed poor Asael Grant for that belief. Yet, it is not to be wondered at, for the Americans are, in the strictest sense of the words, *citizens of the new world.* All their ideas are *new*, and they take all their notions of history and theology from the writings of the German neologians, (which word may be literally translated *new-doctriners*—a word coined by Joseph Wolff); those "new-doctriners" do for the most part laugh at the very existence of the ten tribes; and even Baron Von Bunsen, in a conversation he had with

Wolff, exclaimed against the *mania*, as he expressed himself, of the *Englanders* about the ten tribes.

Shawris found a person in Ooroomia who undertook to translate the Bible into the Kurdish language; but, after all, it came to nothing. The Patriarch of the Nestorians resided, at that time, at Cochanes, in the mountain. Those patriarchs are the lineal descendants of St. Peter; and, whenever the mother, whose son is to be the successor of the Patriarch, is with child, she eats no meat; and, if a son is born, he is to be a patriarch, and if it is a daughter, she is to become a nun.

Wolff now returned to Tabreez, and departed for Tiflis. On his way to Tiflis, he arrived in the last frontier town of Persia, called Erivan, which was then (1825) in the possession of Persia. The Persians believed that Erivan never could be taken by the Russians, because it was protected by a talisman; but the Russians convinced them that they could uncharm a talisman, for they became masters of the town in the year 1826, when it was taken by General Paskewitsch.

Wolff rode from Erivan to Etsh-Miazin, which means, "The descent of the Only-Begotten," and which is situated at the foot of Mount Ararat, near the spot where Noah alighted and sacrificed, and where there is now a city built, called Nakht-shavan, which means, "Noah's descent." Upon the height of Mount Ararat, the ark of Noah is said to be still standing; but to no human being is granted the privilege of ascending the height, and beholding it. St. Jacob Nisibenus attempted it, and arrived halfway, but fell asleep there; and an angel appeared to him, and said, "Jacob, Jacob, desist from thy purpose; but, in order that thou mayest be satisfied, and that others may see that thou art favoured, thou shalt find a good piece of the ark on thy being awake." And so it came to pass, that when Jacob awoke, he found a piece of the ark, which he brought to Etsh-Miazin, where it is preserved to this day, as Wolff can testify, for he has seen it.

Gregory Lusaworitsh, or "Gregory the Enlightner," preached in Etsh-Miazin; and 124,000 Armenians were converted and baptized in the river Euphrates. Gregory then prayed to God, that he would show him the place where he should build Him a church, and the Only-Begotten descended from heaven and showed him the spot; and there is now a mighty monastery standing, and three churches. Gregory sent many of the Armenian youths for study to Athens. Two of them, Mesrop and Isaac, gave new characters to the Armenian languages and Mesrop translated the Bible into the Armenian tongue. The Armenians then went about, and

preached the Gospel; and thus the Armenian nation was converted.

The Patriarch Ephrem was absent when Wolff arrived in Etsh-Miazin, and he wrote to him several letters, thanking him for the high interest he took in the Armenian nation, and expressed a great desire that Wolff should exert himself in England, that they might establish colleges in England in the place where he was dwelling, which they proposed doing at their own expense.

From Etsh-Miazin Wolff proceeded to Tiflis; and, after six days' journey, he arrived at the Russian cantonment; and it is extraordinary how, the moment he arrived there, he felt that he was under European power. Russian officers immediately received him into their small houses, vacated their beds, and offered him a bed to sleep in. Then he arrived at a village where all the people spoke German—for one of the seven churches built by Würtembergians stood there; and the emigrants, who cultivated the ground, were believers in Jacob Bœhme. This Teutonian Theosophos was originally a shoemaker, and his mystical writings occupied and engaged, in former times, the minds of Leibnitz and Sir Isaac Newton, as well as those of the inhabitants of the German cottages.

From thence Wolff proceeded to Tiflis, capital of Georgia, where he was received in the kindest manner by General Yermaloff, the Governor-general, and also by General Kotzebue, son of the great writer, Kotzebue, who was killed by Sand. There Wolff delayed for several weeks, and stopped with the missionary of the Basle Missionary Society. Wolff preached in Tiflis in German and English, and in Jewish German to the Polish Jews, who, though sometimes kicked and pelted by Georgians and Russians, are, nevertheless, cheerful and happy. They were just commemorating a wedding in the open street, which they never could do in Persia. While there, he arranged a plan with Saltet, the missionary, to visit that extraordinary man, Count Zaremba, missionary of the Basle Missionary Society, at the station called Shushee, in the province of Carabagh, in Armenia Major.

On his journey thither, he made acquaintance with the German colonists of Elisabethenthal, and Kornthal, and Helenendorf, &c. They were all believers in the personal reign of Christ, and believed themselves to be the woman who was to fly into the wilderness, until Christ should come in glory and in majesty.

Wolff preached in all these villages. He met there a German missionary, Hohnacker by name, who had come from

Shushee, where he had left Zaremba. Hohnacker was betrothed to a German colonist girl, who, he thought, had been sent to him by God, when he found her labouring in the field; and, at the very first moment, asking her if she would have him as a husband, she replied, "Yes!"

Wolff next arrived at Shushee, where he came to a house, in the corner of a room of which he saw a man in deep meditation and prayer. Wolff walked up to him, and asked him, "Are you Zaremba?" He replied in the affirmative. Wolff said, "I am Wolff." Zaremba fell around Wolff's neck, and kissed him, and shouted for joy. Zaremba then gave a holiday to his school, which consisted chiefly of Armenian children, but with a few Tatars and Muhammadans mixed. Zaremba's history is interesting.

Zaremba was a Russian count, private secretary to Capo d'Istria, Chancellor of Russia, in the time of Alexander I. He was an immense reader of every book he could meet with, and spoke twelve languages with the greatest fluency. He read the wanderings of Jung Stilling, and the Bible, which made him resign every worldly prospect of promotion, and give up everything to become a missionary; for which end he went to Basle, where in due time they sent him to Tatary. Zaremba was of that branch of the Counts of Zaremba, who became Lutherans at the time of the Reformation. But Zaremba had completely the spirit of antiquity in him; and though he was not a thorough mediæval man, yet he admired all that was grand in that age. He was a missionary indeed: and if all had been of his spirit the German missionaries would never have been banished from Russia.

Wolff remained with him for about ten days, and then returned to Tiflis, where he had left his Persian companion. Here he fell exceedingly ill, but still he left Tiflis and came to Vlaticaucass, a miserable village at the foot of Mount Caucasus. His complaint was typhus fever; and, by the time he reached Vlaticaucass, he was too ill to go on, and laid himself down in the street, expecting to die there. There, however, he fell asleep, and a British officer passing by in his carriage, saw him, took him up, assisted him into the carriage, and conveyed him to Mostock, under the post-escort with which he was travelling for security against the Circassians. The posts were always escorted by artillery, and travellers were glad to avail themselves of it. This gentleman was Colonel Russel, afterwards Sir James Russel of Ashestiel, only lately dead. Colonel Russel left Wolff in the monastery of the Jesuits at Mostock; but as Père Henri, the Jesuit, continually bothered

him during his delirium, by trying to convert him, Wolff actually crept out of the house, and was again found by Colonel Russel before he had got far from the place, and was taken by him to a German physician. The German physician treated Wolff very judiciously, so that, after ten days, he was able to proceed to Karrass, a town in the midst of Circassia, but belonging to the Russians. There he was exceedingly well received by the missionaries, but now was seized with ague.

One morning tremendous shrieks were heard. Wolff asked the reason. The Circassians had broken through the Russian line, and while calmly smoking their pipes, took prisoners sixteen German boys; and having placed the boys upon their dromedaries, were flying with the swiftness of eagles towards the mountain. Wolff wrote an account of this to Mr. Venning in St. Petersburg; who, after Wolff's departure, sent to the parents several thousand roubles.

Wolff next set out in a German wagon, driven by a German colonist, to Nicolayef, where he was treated in the kindest manner by Admiral Greig, a Scotch gentleman, but Lord High Admiral of the Russian Fleet, who gave him letters for Count Woronzoff, Governor-General of Odessa. He did not leave Nicolayef until he had preached to the Jews, though he was still very weak. From thence, passing Cherson, where he met Jews of the highest intellect, to whom he preached the Gospel, he at last arrived at Taganrog, where his Majesty, the Emperor, sent to him Baron Friedrich and General Diebitsch, and desired them to tell Wolff that he would receive him next week in person; but that amiable Emperor, Alexander I. died in the meantime.

Wolff preached at Taganrog to thousands of Germans, and thence he went on to Kertsch and Theodosia, also called "Kaffa," in the Crimea; and thence to Simpheropol, where he lodged in the house of a Tatar Sultan, Kategerry Krimgherry, who had been sent some years before to Scotland, by Alexander, had embraced the Christian religion among the Presbyterians, and had married Miss Nielson.

Wolff from thence made an excursion to the settlement of the Caraite Jews, who had been there from time immemorial. The place is called Jufut-Kaleh, the "Castle of the Jews," upon the height of the town, called Bakhtshe-Seray. The Empress Catharine was about to impose a tax upon them, when they sent in a petition, proving to her satisfaction, that they were of that tribe of Jews who had had no hand in the crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Empress thereupon graciously freed them from the tribute; and it is most

remarkable, that though proselytism is prohibited in Russia, those Caraites have converted, not by their preaching, but by the integrity, uprightness, and honesty of their conduct, many of the Russians to the Jewish religion. Let us cease from talking about the tyranny and despotism of Russia. The Crimea, from the moment that it fell into the hand of Russia, prospered. Mighty cities were erected, the wandering Nogay Tatars, who live in the Oural mountains, and even around Bokhara, and feed on human flesh, settled down in nice cottages in the Crimea, and lived in harmony and peace with the Germans, the Russians, and Greeks there.

On being with the Caraite Jews, Wolff found that they well recollected that noble soul, Lewis Way. They went with Wolff to the Cemetery, where he was much struck by an epitaph, written in Hebrew, on a simple stone,

> "Thou hast been like to me,
> I shall be like to thee."

Wolff returned now to his friend the Sultan and his Scottish wife in Simpheropol, and proceeded in a German wagon to Odessa, where he stopped in the house of Superintendent-General Böttiger, a good-natured unfortunate man, who wept over his sins while he still continued to commit them, and ended his days in Siberia.

Wolff was allowed, by Count Woronzoff, to preach to the Jews, not only in their synagogues, but in the open street. He met at Odessa, a young German, Schauffler by name, a turner by trade, who copied Wolff's journal. Wolff observed his great talent for languages, and his piety; and resolved to take him with him to Constantinople. Wolff remained in Odessa till February 1826, when he determined to proceed to Constantinople in an English merchant vessel, called "The *Little*," and commanded by a captain also called "Little," who had his wife with him on board. On being applied to for a passage, the captain told Wolff that his ship was *too* "little," and that, besides that, he did not like parsons on board, because they bring bad weather. He therefore left for Constantinople without Wolff. Wolff then made an agreement with the captain of another English merchant vessel—Captain Newton of the "Thetis," and taking Schauffler and the Persian with him, he sailed off. After four days a heavy fog coming on, Captain Newton said, "Now let us kneel down and pray, we are in a most dangerous place;" all parts of the Black Sea being of very difficult navigation. Wolff offered up prayers, and the vessel sailed on, and arrived safely in the

harbour of Constantinople. There Captain Newton took out the trumpet, and asked, "Has Captain Little arrived?" The answer was (also through a trumpet), "No, he and his wife, and every man on board, perished just at the entrance!"

Wolff was received most kindly and hospitably at Constantinople, in the house of the Rev. Henry Leeves, a man who has succeeded in conciliating both Greeks and Armenians, and has translated the Bible, with the assistance of a Greek Bishop, into the modern Greek language; and has, moreover, drawn the interest of thousands to the promotion of the circulation of the Word of God.

Wolff sent his friend Schauffler to an hotel, and told him to eat and drink just as he pleased, and he would pay for him; but as Schauffler never came for money, Wolff asked him, "Why do you never come to me for money?"

He replied, "I have sold my watch,"—such was the delicacy of this man. Wolff then went to the hotel and told the people, that they must not ask his friend for money, but that he would pay.

Wolff found out here that several Jews to whom he had preached at Jerusalem, had become Christians, and were at Constantinople. He also made an excursion to Adrianople, which almost cost him his life, for when he arrived there he preached not only to Jews, but also to Muhammadans, and circulated the Word of God among them openly, just at a time when the Muhammadans were in the wildest state of frenzy and hatred against the Christians, because the revolution of the Greeks was at its height.

So Wolff had scarcely left Adrianople half an hour, when the janissaries marched out to cut him to pieces. However, he managed to escape, and arrived safely in Constantinople again, where he was introduced to Sir Stratford and Lady Canning, with whom he dined. Sir Stratford warned Wolff not to go amongst Mummadans at this critical moment; an injunction which he obeyed.

After this, he was introduced to Sir Hudson Lowe, who was Governor of St. Helena in the time of Napoleon. Wolff was delighted with him, he was so full of information; and will stand up for him, in spite of all that is said against him by O'Meara and Las-Casas. Wolff then took up his abode with the Armenians at Constantinople, and learnt Turkish. When he left Constantinople, he proceeded to Broosa, where Hannibal died; and there he lived in the house of an English gentleman, and employed himself in reading Lord Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and "Irving's Orations."

A Greek Prince soon called upon him, accompanied by his son; both these poor people had been exiled by the government to Broosa, and they were very anxious to hear political news from Wolff. The old Prince began his inquiries in this way:

"You are Signore Wolff?"

Wolff replied, "Yes."

The Prince.—"Dunque che dicono le Potenze?" (What do the sovereign powers say?)

Wolff answered, "Really I don't know."

The Prince.—"Oh, we know that you are a man of great information. Dunque che dicono le Potenze?"

Wolff.—"My mind was occupied with other things."

The Prince.—"Have you known Sir Stratford Canning?"

Wolff.—"Very well."

The Prince.—"Dunque che dicono le Potenze?"

And so on, till at last, after finding he could not succeed in hearing anything, he went home.

Wolff proceeded next to Smyrna, where he preached to the Jews, and gave lectures to the English and Italians, who were there; and then he embarked on board the English ship "Eblana," commanded by Captain Small; and after amusing himself for the two months he was there, by reading Rowland Hill's "Dialogues," preaching to the sailors, and making a collection from them, for the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, he arrived safely in the harbour of Dublin, in Ireland, in the month of May, 1826.

Wolff gave the following lively account of the conclusion of his voyage, in a letter to Sir Thomas Baring:—"We arrived in Dublin harbour at midnight, after a voyage of two months. We were not allowed to land for three days, and, as we were quite starved out, I sent on shore for a splendid dinner for myself, as well as for the captain and his wife,—ordering salmon, turkey, turtle soup, pudding, apple-pie, jelly, and a handsome dessert, so that the hotel-keeper, when reading over the list, said, 'This reverend gentlemen knows also about the good things of this world!'"

CHAPTER XIII.

Leaves Dublin for London; Edward Irving; Lady Georgiana Walpole; Discussions at Albury Park; Marries and is Naturalized as an Englishman; Visits Holland; Sails for Gibraltar; Malta; Smyrna; Egina; Navarin.

DURING his stay in Dublin, Wolff spoke in the Rotunda, and he afterwards spent some days with Lord Roden and the Archbishop of Tuam; and in the palace of tho latter he was shaved by an old woman, who made him pay 2*s.* 6*d.* for the job.

For his public addresses he was attacked by the Roman Catholics in Ireland. Lalor Sheil called him "Baron von Münchausen," "Katerfelto," "Mendez," "Wolff, the Old Clothesman, of Monmouth Street, London," &c., &c. And Wolff, in anger—certainly not in the true spirit of Christ—called him a liar in return. He also wrote a wild letter to Bishop Doyle, offering to visit him, and stay in his house for some days, for the purpose of arguing with him—a foolish proceeding, which Bishop Doyle received in a dignified but cold manner, writing to him to the effect, that he was perfectly well acquainted with the reasons for which the Cardinal-prefect removed Mr. Wolff from the Propaganda; and that he would receive him, but not as a guest, should he, when weary of his present pursuits, wish to return to the sobriety of true religion.

It is here to be observed, that, even in the midst of Wolff's public diatribes against the Church of Rome, he invariably spoke of Pope Pius VII., and Cardinal Litta, with the regard and affection he really felt for them, and acknowledged the good he had received from his residence in the Propaganda; but, in spite of this, the Irish Roman Catholics, naturally excitable, and driven to greater lengths, probably, by wild Protestant outcries, continued to abuse Wolff in no measured terms, and Wolff retorted upon them in their own style. By the Protestant party in Ireland, it need scarcely be said that he was received with the most cordial kindness, both on this occasion, and every other, of his visiting that country.

At the end of a few weeks, Henry Drummond and Irving sent for Wolff to come to London; and, as he had been lately reading Irving's celebrated "Orations," he was extremely anxious to see him, and not the less so from Irving's having

mentioned Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier with great admiration.

Wolff accordingly arrived in London, and was not disappointed in his expectations of Irving. Even at the first interview, he was struck with him as a very remarkable man; and he often afterwards said, that he quite bore out Chalmers' account of him, that he was "like the sun, with a few spots upon it." But Wolff even goes beyond this, and thinks that many things, which Chalmers considered spots, were not so in reality. And, although he never accepted his new doctrine of the unknown tongues, he has never liked to speak against it.* Of one thing, however, he is perfectly certain, namely, that Irving had, what may be called, the organ of being humbugged; no deceiver himself, he was yet liable to be deceived by others.

On his arrival in London, Wolff went at once, by arrangement, to Irving's house. It was nine o'clock at night, and Irving was not at home, but had left word that Wolff was to follow him to the house of Lady Olivia Sparrow, where he was dining. Thither he accordingly proceeded, and saw Irving for the first time; and it was on this occasion, also, that he was first introduced to Lady Georgiana Walpole, daughter of the Earl of Orford, who, in February, 1827, became his wife. Here something more must be mentioned.

In the year 1807, when Wolff was only twelve years of age, he read the History of England by the German historian Schütz, and met with the name of Sir Robert Walpole, when Wolff said to himself, "I should like to marry a lady who bears the name of Walpole." And when in the year 1826, Irving and Lord Mandeville (afterwards Duke of Manchester) introduced Wolff to Lady Georgiana Walpole, he turned round for a moment, and said to himself "that Lady Georgiana Walpole will become my wife."

When the party broke up, at about eleven o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Irving took Wolff home with them to their house, where he slept. Before going to bed, Wolff said to Irving, "I cannot shave myself; can you get me a barber for to-morrow morning?"

"At what o'clock," inquired Irving, gravely, "shall you want the barber?"

* Neander, in his "History of the Apostolic Ages," and the great Thiersch, perfectly agree with Irving, that those tongues spoken on the day of Pentecost, were not foreign dialects, but a kind of ecstatic ebullition. See Neander's "Geschichte der Christlichen Kirche durch die Apostel."

Wolff said, "At seven." And Irving told him one should be provided, and bade him good-night.

Wolff described Irving, as he stood before him that evening, as a tall, majestic man, with a quantity of dark hair flowing down over his shoulders, after the manner of the pictures of our Lord; a slight cast in his eye; an expression of deep thought over his face; and his whole bearing as of one who would soar aloft into higher regions.

On the following morning, at seven o'clock, some one knocked at Wolff's door. And when he had called out "Come in," the door opened, and the mighty Irving himself appeared in the capacity of barber, with a suitable apron tied round him, and shaving apparatus in his hand. And thus Irving shaved Wolff with his own hands; and, moreover, continued to do so, not only as long as Wolff remained in the house with him, but even at times afterwards, whenever Wolff went to him for the purpose.

And the fact did not remain unknown. Ten days after the first operation, Irving and Wolff were walking together in a street, near Oxford Street, when they observed a crowd round a bookseller's shop, and, going up to the window, they found it was caused by a caricature representing Irving in the act of shaving a *wolf*. Irving did not even smile, but, turning to his friend, said, "Never mind, Wolff, I shall shave you again. Come along." And they went away amidst the amused laughter of the lookers-on.

After a few days, Henry Drummond invited Wolff to Albury Park, near Guildford, in Surrey, to be present at the great conference that was to take place there, among a chosen set of friends, upon unfulfilled prophecies. The consultations lasted a week, during which time the consulters lived together under Drummond's roof. Among them were Dr. Macneil, Lord Mandeville (afterwards Duke of Manchester), Lord Riley, Dodsworth, Dr. Marsh, Frere, Simons of Paul's Cray, Haldane Stuart, Cunningham of Lainshaw, &c., Drummond, Irving, and Wolff. There they discussed the personal reign of Christ, and future renovation of the earth; the restoration and conversion of the Jews; and judgments on the Christian Church for their infidelity and unfaithfulness;—each person speaking out his peculiar views, and all referring to Wolff upon the texts of the original Hebrew. These dialogues were subsequently printed, and the opinions of each given under fictitious names: Wolff's sobriquet being "Josephus," Irving's, "Athanasius," &c., &c.

The result of these meetings was, that all became of opinion

that the system of interpreting fulfilled prophecy, in a grammatical, historical, or, as it is commonly, but not quite correctly, called, *literal* sense; and unfulfilled prophecy in a *phantomizing*, or, what is commonly called, spiritual manner, is a miserably rotten system, and one leading to infidelity.

One particular instance may be given, as it is one of which Wolff experienced the power and effect during the whole of his after life, in speaking both to Jews and Gentiles.

In Luke i., ver. 30, 31, 32, 33, read, "And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favour with God. And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name JESUS! He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David. And he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

Now, every one admits that the first two of these verses, and half the third, are to be interpreted in a grammatical, historical sense; for they have already had a grammatical, historical fulfilment. The Virgin has brought forth a son, his name was called Jesus, and he was called "The Son of the Highest." But the prophecy does not stop here. It goes on to say, "The Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David, and he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever." How is this to be interpreted? Spiritually, figuratively—anyhow but grammatically—say the generality of readers. But against this arbitrary and most unjustifiable change in the system of interpretation of one prophecy, Wolff protests, as an almost blasphemous trifling with the Word of God. Assuredly, the whole of the 3rd and 4th verses of this prophecy must be read in the same historical, grammatical sense as the two preceding ones. As the Virgin did verily conceive, and bring forth, the Son Jesus, so verily and really—not spiritually or in a phantomizing manner—shall that Son Jesus, one day, "Sit upon the throne of his father David, and reign over the house of Jacob for ever." That is, He shall come personally to earth once more, in the third and last office to which he was anointed—namely, that of King. As Prophet and Priest He has been with us already; as King He has yet to come.

The value of this argument with the Jews, is incalculable. On the other plan, the Jews, who have always been looking for the advent of the Messiah as King, have a great advantage in their discussions with Wolff, and other Christians. For against the spiritual interpreters, that is the phantomizers, of

the 3rd and 4th verses, they had always to object the utter inconsistency of their two methods of explanation. But, on the contrary, Wolff found the Jews incapable of defending themselves against the grammatical, historical interpretation of the whole.

It has often been represented, as the fundamental error of the Jews, that they expected the Messiah to establish a temporal kingdom; "whereas," say those who hold this view, "the Messiah's kingdom was to be only a spiritual one."

Wolff says to this, "I challenge the whole Christian Church to produce one single passage of the New Testament, by which it can be proved that the error of the Jews consisted in their expecting the Messiah to come as a temporal king; or which countenances the notion that Christ's kingdom was to be only a spiritual one. Neither Christ, nor His apostles, ever once reproved the Jews for their expectations of Him as a king. The real error of the Jews consisted not in that;—in that they were *right*;—but their error was, as Christ told them, that they were 'fools, and slow of heart to believe ALL that the prophets have spoken. Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?' They were not wrong in believing the glory, but in not recognizing the sufferings which were to precede the glory."

And there are many Christians who commit the opposite mistake. They are ready to believe in the sufferings, but doubt about, and try to explain away, the glory, in spite of the prophecies connecting one with the other.

"There is, however, one great error," Dr. Wolff says, "among those who accept unfulfilled prophecy, as they ought to do, in its grammatical, historical sense, and which," he adds, "has never been pointed out before."

They speak of the final restoration of the Jews, and of their conversion, in such a way as to make Christians believe that there are no promises for the nations at large in Scripture; and that the Jews shall be above all, and that all the rest of the nations shall be exterminated—though this is not expressed by them in so many words. Now, although Wolff believes that there shall come judgments over the Gentile churches, and over other nations, yet he does not believe that there is one single prophecy, in the whole of Scripture, which says, that the Jews shall be above the nations, and much less above the Christian Church; and the Jerusalem above, which shall come down from heaven, will be filled with all nations, kindred, and tongues; and then there shall be neither Jew nor Gentile, but all shall be one in Christ Jesus. And those who undertake to interpret

prophecy, ought to be on their guard, lest they fall into the error of Cerinthus, who made all our happiness consist in inferior pleasures; in short, we must take care that we do not become Muhammadans—sensualizers.

Dr. Wolff is also happy to observe that the greater number of the believers in the personal reign of Christ have renounced the belief that the Pope is the Antichrist; and he is, with them, firmly convinced that the Antichrist is still to come. And he is very happy to observe that some Roman Catholic priests now living in England, are believers in the personal reign of Christ —a doctrine which has never been condemned by the Church of Christ. On the contrary, it was universally believed in the first two centuries; and Wolff believes that the great Newman, whose lecture entitled "The Turk" has afforded so much delight to Wolff, will become a powerful defender of that doctrine.

Another result of those conferences in Albury Park,—the dwelling of that extraordinary, most amiable, and oldest friend of Wolff, Henry Drummond,—has been, that people have seen the importance of revising other points which seem to have been settled by Protestants; but which assumption is entirely against Scripture. For example, Wolff pointed out two errors of this kind at the time.

First, it is an assumed maxim of the Protestants, that miracles were to cease when the apostles died.

Secondly, Wolff threw out the hint, that Protestants undervalued tradition too much; for, without tradition, we cannot understand the meaning of Scripture. Joseph Wolff must also give his opinion as to the application of science to religion. He considers Galileo and Copernicus to be downright heretics, and he believes that the sun walks and that the earth stands still. And their heresy is not at all so universal as people suppose; for all the Hutchinsonians deny it, Archbishop Nares denies it, all the Eastern Churches deny it, and so do all the Muhammadan philosophers. The middle age was right, and Copernicus and Galileo were wrong.

Wolff, soon after these conferences, travelled about all over England, Wales, and Scotland, with the Deputation of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. And then he was united, by the hands of that holy man of God, Charles Simeon, to (as Dr. Wolff continually calls her) his "darling angel in earthly shape." Previous to his union with her, he voluntarily gave to her brother, the Earl of Orford, an undertaking in writing, by which he renounced all claims to a life interest in her property, in case of her death. And he got that undertaking signed by Henry Drummond, Bayford, and

Dodsworth. However, his dear wife made a will by which she left him £2,000 out of her property, in case of her dying without children. But when Wolff arrived at Malta, he found out the contents of that will, and he immediately wrote another undertaking, by which he resigned all right to that £2,000 in favour of Lady Georgiana's brothers and sisters, in case she died without children, and he got this signed by Sir Frederick Ponsonby, the excellent Governor of Malta, and by his secretaries; and Sir Frederick wrote to Wolff, and said, he could not sufficiently admire his disinterestedness. This undertaking Wolff deposited with Mr. Lee, the solicitor of the Earl of Orford; but the Earl's family declared that they would not make use of it, for they were shocked to think that Wolff should be entirely deprived of every portion of his wife's property; and it was probably at their suggestion, that Mr. Lee wished to return the undertaking when Wolff called upon him, but Wolff insisted on his keeping it. In 1838 Lady Georgiana heard that Wolff had left this document in Mr. Lee's charge, and she went to him, and begged him to allow her to burn it, which she did. But Wolff, hearing of this, wrote the same undertaking a second time, which was signed by a dozen people; and in order that it might not be destroyed, he sent copies to both Mr. Roebuck and Sir Charles James Napier. Nevertheless, Lady Georgiana did not only withdraw her will, but made another; so determined was she that Wolff should have the money if he survived her. This, however, did not take effect, as Lady Georgiana Wolff did not die childless.

Dr. Wolff will not allow to have paraded before the world the great practical talents and intellectual gifts of his dear wife, her active usefulness, her piety, and her affection; and therefore he concludes to spare his own feelings by saying no more about that heavenly being. After his marriage, Wolff was naturalized as an Englishman, before both Houses of Lords and Commons.

Wolff visited, with his family, that man of God, Simeon, in Cambridge; and he again repeats, that Simeon was a good sound Churchman; and if he was now alive, he and Archdeacon Denison would love each other as brothers in Christ. And Dr. Wolff subscribes *ex toto animo* to Simeon's views on baptismal regeneration; and Dr. Hook, the Dean of Chichester, agrees also with Simeon on this point.

The Jews in Germany, on hearing that Wolff had married a lady of noble birth, had not the least doubt that he must have received immense riches with her; and, as her name was Walpole, they concluded that Wolff must have become Prime

Minister of England, like the famous Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. He therefore received lots of congratulatory letters; all the writers of which claimed relationship with him. One of these epistles was very funny. It was written by one Bechofer, who reminded Wolff that he had often drunk coffee with him in a coffee house at Frankfort; and, on that ground, he begged Wolff to make him the steward of his large estate! Wolff replied that he was quite ready to make him steward of all the Deserts of Egypt! on which the Jew sent him, in return, all the curses in the law of Moses! Not long ago, Wolff received letters from Germany, by which he perceived that the Jews of Ullfeld still firmly maintain, that he was made a Cardinal when he was at Rome! And these funny things recall the wit of Lady Georgiana, which was very great; and he remembers on one occasion, when she was sitting with her pleasant friend, Miss Hamilton, in the presence of an American who was chewing tobacco, the latter lady turned to Wolff, and said in an undertone, "This fellow is chewing his own cud:" to which Lady Georgina replied, "But he does not divide the hoof:" Miss Hamilton rejoined, "This remains to be proved:" to which Wolff added, "Examine his feet." Miss Hamilton said, "You pig!"

In April, 1827, Wolff set out with his wife for Amsterdam, where he preached the Gospel to the Jews, who, to this day, make proselytes to the Jewish religion. They had, a hundred years ago, a great Rabbi, Isaac Ger by name, who was born a Roman Catholic, and became a priest, and then embraced Judaism. Wolff made acquaintance there with the famous Isaac da Costa, and Dr. Kappadose; both of them sincere converts from Judaism to Christianity. He was also struck by a young Jew, who had become a Christian, but continued to live in the house of his Jewish parents, who treated him with great kindness.

Wolff delivered lectures in the Athæneum at Amsterdam, and the Universities of Leyden and Utrecht, and made the acquaintance of the Jansenists, and their Archbishop. Among these are holy and good men to this day; and one of their priests gave Wolff the writings of Quesnel.

Wolff asked the Jansenist Bishop, whether they really believed the so-called five propositions of Cornelius Jansenius, which are condemned by the Church of Rome as heretical? The Bishop, whose name was Monseigneur Tett, replied, "We condemn and anathematize those five propositions as heretical; but we say that those five propositions, said by the Church of Rome to be in the book of Cornelius Jansenius called 'Augus-

tinus,' are not to be found there. And we have, over and over again, offered prizes to any Roman Catholics who will show us those five propositions in Jansenius's book. And therefore we are condemned, because, while condemning those propositions, which are considered as heretical by the Church of Rome, we believe our senses, and deny that they can be found in the book 'Augustinus.' So it has come to pass, that whenever an Archbishop is elected at Utrecht, we send to Rome to the Pope for his confirmation; on which the Pope requires us to condemn first of all, the five propositions. To this we reply, 'With all our heart.' But then we are required to say those five propositions are in the book 'Augustinus,' and to this we reply, that 'we cannot find them there.' Then the Pope says, 'I say that they are there.' To this we say, 'we appeal to a general council. Let a general council determine whether they are in the book or no.' On which an anathema is pronounced against the Jansenists. After this we proceed at once to the consecration of the Archbishop, without troubling ourselves further about the Pope."

Monseigneur Jean Bon, Bishop of the Jansenists at Haarlem, showed to Wolff the famous book of Jansenius, and that portion of it was pointed out to him, in which the Roman Catholics maintained that the five propositions were to be found; and he was also made acquainted with the five propositions. The Jansenists call themselves, not Jansenists, but "L'Ancien Clergé Catholique."

The five propositions said to be contained in the book called, *Cornelii Jansenii Episcopi Yprensis Augustinus*, are as follows:—

1. Some commandments of God are impossible for righteous men to observe in their present state, even should they desire to observe them, and were to strive so to do, in their own strength, if the special grace is wanting.

2. In the state of unrenewed nature, grace is more easily resisted than in a renewed state.

3. In order to have merit or demerit in a corrupt state of nature, it is not requisite that man should have liberty that exempts him from the necessity of willing or acting, but a liberty that disengages him from restraint is sufficient.

4. The Semi-Pelagians admit the necessity of internal preventive grace for all good actions, even for the commencement of faith, and they are heretics inasmuch as they say that this grace is such, that human will can either resist or obey it.

5. It is speaking like a Semi-Pelagian, to say that *Jesus Christ died for all men*, without excepting one.

Wolff, always anxious to embrace any opportunity of saying a word in season to any lost sheep of the house of Israel, sought to engage Mr. Meyer, a clever Jewish lawyer, and member of the Senate of Amsterdam, in argument. This gentleman had a high repute amongst his brethren, who esteemed him second only to Mymonides himself. Wolff thus addressed him by letter:—

"DEAR SIR,—You will excuse the liberty I take in addressing these lines to you. I detest the covert manner of the Jesuits, and therefore tell you, with all openness, that the object of this letter is to obtain an interview with you, that I may have the opportunity of speaking with you concerning the Gospel of Jesus Christ, in whom alone I believe salvation is to be found. I am a missionary of the Gospel, and have travelled through Palestine, Mesopotamia, and Persia, and should consider it a particular favour if you will allow me to speak with you concerning the hope which is in me. The favour of an answer would particularly oblige,—

Your humble Servant, JOSEPH WOLFF."

The following answer was received:—

"Mr. Meyer presents his respects to Mr. Joseph Wolff, and being neither a Christian, nor anywise prepared to converse about the Gospel or belief, must decline any visit on that account."

"*May* 1, 1827."

This repulse was considered by the Jews a masterpiece of diplomatic tact, the production of a great man, and evincing deep knowledge of the human heart; in short, a triumphant display of Hebrew genius.

Wolff then proceeded, with Lady Georgiana, to Zeist; and they were accompanied by Mr. Reichardt, the missionary of the London Jews' Society. Zeist is entirely a Moravian settlement, where men and women are separated from each other. Wolff attended, in company with Reichardt, the Divine service of the Moravians. They sing a hymn, and drink a cup of tea, which is handed to every one present, together with a Dutch bun, called "Zwieback." Wolff ate his portion of Zwieback, and drank his tea, which were very good. Reichardt had placed his portion of refreshment near Wolff, who was sitting close beside him, and Wolff took hold of Reichardt's Zwieback and tea, and consumed them both, to the great chagrin of poor Reichardt.

Wolff was amused by a conversation Reichardt had with one of the Moravians, on the importance of converting the Jews.

Moravian.—"Give up the idea of converting the Jews;

they will never be converted." Reichardt coolly said, "Who told you so?" Wolff never saw any one so utterly taken aback as the Moravian was.

Wolff then set out, with Reichardt, for Germany, to meet his mother and sister, whom he had not seen for eighteen years. He met them at Düsselthal, a place where he had appointed to meet them, for they resided at Munich. The moment Wolff saw his mother and sister, they both wept, and his mother said, "To-day, I have borne thee again." Wolff had the unspeakable joy of preaching the Gospel to the Lutheran congregation; his mother and sister listening to the sermon, for the former said, "Nothing should prevent her hearing her son preach, though she was a Jewess." She wept the whole time he preached.

Düsselthal belonged to the Count Von der Recke; and in his presence, as well as in the presence of other Christians, Wolff's mother began in this way to address him:—"My dear child, I have no rest; for, if you are right, you will be happy in the other world, and I unhappy; if you are wrong, what an awful sight this would be for me, in the other world, to see your shadow flying from mine, lost in hell!" All who were present wept, and she went on, "Do you think that Abraham was wrong? and that Isaac, Jacob, and Moses were wrong? and all the prophets were wrong? and our rabbis are wrong?" Wolff needs not to repeat his answers, for every believer in Christ will know that he proved to her that in Christ Jesus all the prophecies are, in a great degree, fulfilled; and that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob had desired to see this day, but saw it not. With God's grace, his arguments were instrumental in converting his sister, Jetto, who was then instructed by Dr. Krummacher, the author of "Elijah the Tishbite." She was afterwards baptized by him, and has ever remained a consistent Christian, and is now married to Mr. Pflaum, in Baireuth, in New Bavaria.

Wolff then returned to London, and on July 26, sailed, as he expresses himself, with her who is now his glorified angel, for Gibraltar. He stopped a few days at Cadiz and Lisbon, and arrived safely at his destination. His reason for going to Gibraltar was, that he was now a credited missionary of the London Society, and was on his way to the East to preach the Gospel there. Wolff during his stay there, made the following appeal to the Jews;—

"DEAR BRETHREN,—Seven years have passed since I was the first time in this place, proclaiming to you the tidings of salvation by Jesus of Nazareth. I found but little candour

among you. The most learned of you have been called to answer, but were never able to do so with reason, for the truth of the Gospel is too clear to be obscured by sophistry, either of rabbis or of philosophers.

"You, Jews of Gibraltar, were the first among whom I commenced my missionary career; and if I was not convinced, by the grace of the Lord, that the word of Jesus Christ is a hammer which smiteth rocks in pieces, I should at that time have been discouraged, for you were impenetrable as the rock of Gibraltar itself; but the love of Christ constrained me, and your hardness of heart, and your blindness, convinced me more of the necessity and the importance of preaching to our brethren the Gospel of Christ, in which I have found for my own soul, joy, liberty, and abundance of peace. I went to Egypt four times, thence twice through the deserts of Arabia; my feet stood upon Mount Sinai, Mount Zion, and Calvary; and thence I went to Mesopotamia and Persia; and often, in hunger and thirst, and amidst the persecution I suffered in my travels, I proved to the Jews that Jesus was that seed of Abraham in whom all the nations of the earth were to be blessed: that Jesus of Nazareth was that Shiloh, who came after the sceptre of Judah had departed; that Jesus was the promised Prophet, like unto Moses: for He was rejected like Moses; He was an intercessor like Moses; He performed signs and wonders like Moses; and being the very image of the invisible God, He saw his Father face to face like unto Moses; He proclaimed a covenant and a law like Moses; He was persecuted like Moses. Walking upon Zion, I proved to the literal children of Zion that Jesus was that Son of the Virgin —that Immanuel, who was a sanctuary and a rock of offence to both the houses of Israel. To the Jews at Jerusalem, at the ruined wall of their ancient Temple, I proved that Jesus was that Root of Jesse, upon whom the Spirit of the Lord rested, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge, and the fear of the Lord. Walking with the Jews upon the Mount of Olives, I proved to them that Jesus was that Child which was born to us, and that Son which was given us, whose name is Wonderful! Counsellor! Mighty God! Everlasting Father! Prince of Peace! And, going with the Jews of Jerusalem towards Bethlehem, I proved to them that Jesus, who was born at Bethlehem, must have been that Man of whom it is said, 'But thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me, that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been

from old, from everlasting.' And in the case of Jeremiah, I reminded them of the words of the prophet, that the Anointed of the Lord was taken in their pits, *i. e.*, received of the Gentiles, of whom the Jews said, 'Under his shadow we shall live among the heathen.' (Lam. iv. 20.) And day and night I tried to convince thy nation that Jesus of Nazareth was He who had borne our grief, and carried our sorrows, and who was taken from prison and from judgment. And at the sepulchre of Haggai, I proved to them, that Jesus was that desire of the nations predicted in that same prophet. And though I was thus forced to remind my Jewish brethren of their guilt and crime, in approving of the murderous act of our ancestors, I left them not comfortless; for, at the sepulchre of Zechariah, I showed to them, that 'the Lord will pour out the spirit of grace and supplication upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and they shall look upon Him whom they have pierced, and mourn.'

"Men and Brethren of Gibraltar!—I am now again on the point of returning to the city of Jerusalem, and I exhort and beseech you, for the last time—for your souls' sake—to pray to the Lord Jehovah, that he may open your heart and your ears: for whilst you are circumcised in the flesh, you are uncircumcised in heart and ears; and that you may cease from being murderers and betrayers of your own souls, by trampling under foot the blood of Jesus Christ, and approving of the act of our ancestors, in having slain the Lord of glory.

"Men and Brethren of Gibraltar!—Believe in Jesus Christ, and you will have a testimony without you, in which thousands of evidences have concurred, and you will have a testimony within you, which likewise has been confirmed by the concurrent experience of thousands. *You will see, you will know, you will enjoy the truth*; and you will find that in your afflictions, distresses, and *temptations*, the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ will be made perfect in your weakness, and the power of Christ will rest upon you. You shall be blest in your coming in, and you shall be blessed in your going out, and you will stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. Believe in Jesus Christ, and the Lord shall establish you, Jews of Gibraltar, a holy people to Himself; and the Lord shall make you, Jews of Gibraltar, the head, and not the tail; and you shall be above, and you shall not be beneath.

"But you, Jews of Gibraltar, rich and poor, if you will not hearken unto the voice of the Lord your God, and should reject the Gospel of Christ, then beware lest all these curses shall come upon you, and overtake you: 'Cursed shall you be in the city, and cursed shall you be in the field; and cursed shall

be your basket, and your store; cursed shall be the fruit of your body, and the fruit of your land; cursed shall you be when you come in, and cursed shall you be when you go out. And the Lord shall send upon you cursing, vexation, and rebuke.'

"Would to God that I could conscientiously say, that I hope better things of you, Jews of Gibraltar; but I can scarcely hope. I am afraid that you will reject my exhortation; you will despise this appeal of your brother; you will go on in boasting that you are the sons of Abraham, without having the faith of Abraham; you will go on in being proud of your Talmudical wisdom; you will continue to be contented in being well off in temporal respects; but I have done my duty. And I again call heaven and earth to witness, that there is but one name given in heaven and on earth by which men can be saved, and this is the name of Jesus Christ. If you reject my exhortation, I am clear of your blood; and the Lord delivers me from blood-guiltiness, for I have warned you. Speak ye, therefore, 'Blessed be He, who cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosannah to the Lord in the highest.' And then the Gentiles, true believers in Christ, will rejoice with the descendants of his ancient people, residing at Gibraltar.

"Joseph Wolff, Missionary to the Jews in Palestine."

Sir George Don, Lieutenant-Governor of Gibraltar, and his whole staff, and Lady Don, paid the utmost attention and kindness to Wolff, and her who was his darling wife.

There was residing in the town of Gibraltar at this time, a Jew, Jonas by name, who, one day, came to Wolff in a greatly excited state, having read his appeal to the Jews, and he said to him, "I will show to you a text from Moses, our great prophet—hear it! He says in Deuteronomy xiii. 1, 2, 3, "If there arise among you a prophet, or a dreamer of dreams, and giveth thee a sign or a wonder, and the sign or the wonder come to pass whereof he spake unto thee, saying, Let us go after other gods which thou has not known, and let us serve them, thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams, for the Lord your God proveth you to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul.'" And then he read a part of the 5th verse, "And that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams, shall be put to death." "Now, you are come among us," cried Jonas, "and you tell us, 'Let us go after three gods,' and therefore you deserve to be put to death!" Wolff replied, "Show me that I believe in three gods." Jonas answered, "You believe Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." Wolff replied, "Does not Moses say,

'Is He not thy Father?' and does not David tell us that the Lord says, 'Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee;' and does not Isaiah say, 'They vexed his holy Spirit?'" Wolff had often to encounter this argument from the Jews.

Jonas then broke off, and said, "I was rather startled with one announcement in your appeal, and thought, at the first impulse, that you must be a holy man, because you gave us to understand that you walked upon Mount Zion; but I recovered myself on reading the following passage, which I now beg you to read aloud, Lamentations v. 18, and I knew at once that you answer to that description. Read it aloud!" Then Wolff read, with a loud voice, "Zion is desolate, *the foxes walk upon it!*" "There!" he exclaimed, "you have at least fulfilled this prophecy! But," added he, "you are a personage of another description, also mentioned in Holy Writ, because you give us to understand that you have travelled much here upon earth. Read in Job i. 6, 'Now there was a day, when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them. And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.'" Wolff answered the whole with a hearty laugh.

Oddly enough, when Wolff was telling the Jews in Jerusalem of his travels in Persia, and other countries, one present referred him to the same passage in Job. And, moreover, the reader will smile to learn that a brother clergyman in England, who was attending a meeting for propagating the Gospel in foreign parts, and who was an intimate friend of Dr. Wolff, coolly said in his speech, "We all must stand back when Dr. Wolff speaks, for he comes from going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it." This was the Rev. William Marshall, rector of Ilton.

After about a fortnight, Wolff embarked for Malta, and there all his friends rallied around him; among them were Sir Frederic and Lady Emily Ponsonby; and here was Lady Georgiana Wolff confined of her first child, which died afterwards in Cyprus, ten months old.

After remaining some months at Malta, Wolff proceeded alone, in the frigate "Isis," commanded by Sir Thomas Staines (who had his wife on board, because he had only one arm, and her presence was allowed as a favour), for Smyrna. On the passage, one day, Wolff was sitting at dinner in the Captain's cabin, with Lieutenants Sainthill and Garnier, when Lieutenant Sainthill sniffed with his nose, and exclaimed,

"There is fire on board!" Wolff immediately sprang on deck, and shouted out, "Sailors, down, all of you, into the cabin; fire is on board!" The sailors stood as quiet as mice, and asked, "*What* does he say?" Wolff shouted again, "Down, down into the cabin; there is fire on board!" And, actually, one of them was induced to obey the order, for doing which, he narrowly escaped a flogging. Presently, Lieutenant Sainthill came on deck, and said, "Do not be frightened, Wolff; the fire is out." The whole affair was simply this:—There was a chaplain on board, by name Salvin, a most excellent man, but very absent; and, in a fit of absence, the poor fellow forgot to put out a candle, which he had had in his cabin, while he sat reading a book; and so a curtain took fire, which was immediately extinguished, but it nevertheless left a smell of burning.

The officers made great fun of Wolff after this occurrence; and Sir Thomas Staines told him, that passengers were never allowed to make an alarm. He added, "I see you have hurt your nose; you fell upon it as you hurried up on deck;" which was true enough. A full history of this was written to Malta for the general amusement.

Wolff reached Smyrna in December, 1827, just a few weeks after the battle of Navarin. On coming into the harbour, they found it full of English ships of war, and also French and Russian vessels, which had been in the battle of Navarin; and they had all their admirals and captains on board. Among them were also the three ambassadors—English, French, and Dutch. Sir Stratford Canning came on board the "Isis," and was not a little surprised to see Joseph Wolff among the passengers. Wolff's friend, the Reverend Mr. Leeves, Agent-General of the British and Foreign Bible Society, came to him, and said, "Now, Wolff, pray do not make a noise in this country; if you do, you will be cut to pieces by the Turks." He told him of the rage of the Sultan Mahmood, when he heard that his fleet had been destroyed at Navarin; for, in his first fury, he had given orders to kill all "the infidel ambassadors." This, however, his privy-council prevented him from doing; and the great Sir Stratford Canning sent the Sultan word, "That if he intended to do any such thing, he had best, first of all, build himself a castle in the air to take refuge in!"

Wolff remained only a few days in Smyrna, and then (January, 1828) sailed for Egina, near Athens, in the "Cambrian" frigate, commanded by Captain Rohan Hamilton, which frigate was afterwards wrecked at Carabusa.

Athens was at that time in the hands of the Turks, and

besieged by the Greeks. Egina was filled with English, French, Italians, and Poles. Among the English were there, Captain Felix and Lord Prudhoe. Wolff circulated the New Testament and Tracts amongst the Greeks, and wrote a letter to the Government of Greece, desiring them to extend that liberty, which they themselves now enjoyed, to the Jews, and not persecute them. This letter attracted the attention of every member of the Government, so that Prince Mawrocordato, and Monsieur Tricoupi, now Ambassador in London, called upon Wolff, and conversed with him on the subject of his mission. Wolff had cause to admire the high talents of both these gentlemen. Tricoupi was a *protégé* of Lord Guildford, and had had his education in the college at Corfu. Either Prince Mawrocordato or Tricoupi ought to be made Emperor of the Turkish Empire by the European Powers, and thus ascend the throne of Constantinople; whilst Abdul-Medjid, the drunken civilizer of Turkey—the sick man—ought to be made comfortable.

Those in England, who consider the Greek priesthood as a set of ignorant and superstitious people, ought to be informed that many of them have had their education, not only under their great countryman—Korais, who resided at Paris, and who is celebrated as philosopher, historian, and grammarian—but also have studied in the Universities of Göttingen and Heidelberg.

So hospitably was Wolff received that he had not to spend a single farthing either in coffee-houses or hotels in Egina; and he never experienced one single slight from any of the Greeks for his having been born of Jewish parents; and he is convinced that the Greeks are capable of the highest moral and scientific cultivation, so that he hopes that a Greek will one day reascend the throne of Byzantium; and that the indolent, heavy, cruel, and barbarous Turk, filled with all possible immorality, will be expelled from Europe. For neither the Khat-Sherif of the drunken Sultan, Abdul-Medjid, nor the concourse of Italian Carbonari, and French Jacobins, nor English Socialists, will ever be able to bring life into the cadaverous body of the Turk. Muhammadanism has been established by the sword, and Muhammadanism must perish by the sword. Christianity, in its most deformed condition, is better than Muhammadanism in its most enlightened state.

Enough of them! One thing must, however, be observed. Justice must be done even to the Turks. Wolff never received one single insult from them any more than from the Greeks,

or from any other nation of the East, for his having once been of the Jewish persuasion.

Wolff left Egina and went to Syra in a boat. It was a remarkable place. The Greeks below in the valley belonged to the old Othodox Greek Church, and those on the heights of Syra to the Obedience of Rome. Syra was filled with Philhellenists, of all nations. With some of them Wolff was rather agreeably disappointed. As, for instance, with the Germans Goss and Köring. From Syra Wolff sailed to Milo, in an old Greek merchant vessel. At Milo he was kindly received by the English agent, who was a Greek. In his house he met with Peckham Miller, an American Philhellenist, who had under his care a Greek boy, seven years of age, whose father had been killed by the Turks. With him he sailed towards Cephalonia. Not far from Navarin, the ship was pursued by Greek pirates; but they escaped these pursuers, and Wolff and his companions arrived safely in the harbour of Navarin, where he saw the wrecks of the ships which had been destroyed in the great battle; and the Turks, being still enraged, fired at the ship in which Wolff was.

CHAPTER XIV.

Sir Charles Napier; *Ionian Islands*; *Beyrout*; *Cyprus*; *Detained by Illness at Cairo*; *Address from Bishops of Cyprus*; *The Desert*; *Exorcises an Evil Spirit*; *Holy Land*; *Jerusalem Again*; *Is poisoned*; *Dr. Stormont*; *Jaffa.*

THEY sailed away from Navarin, and, passing on towards Cephalonia, the ship was dashed to pieces on rocks; but Wolff, his companions, and the crew, saved themselves in a boat; and thus arrived in a most destitute state in the harbour of Cephalonia, where, soon after their arrival, the greatest man, whom not only England, but all nations have for centuries had—a man whose fame resounds from England to Bokhara, and to the walls of China—made his appearance on the shore, with convulsive eyes and shoulders, with fire-flashing glances, and a pleasant countenance. This man was at that time Colonel Charles James Napier, afterwards General Sir Charles James Napier. Thus, again, a British officer

appeared at a time when Joseph Wolff was in the greatest distress.

The first thing that extraordinary man said, was, "I know your sister-in-law, Lady Catherine Long, very well. She is one of the prettiest women I ever saw." This was spoken to Wolff through the *Parlatorio*, as it is called, *i. e.*, the iron grating of the Lazzaretto, in which all new-comers are placed before being allowed to go on shore. He then added, "Now, Wolff, I know you, too, very well. I know that you are going about preaching that the world is to come to an end in the year 1845. It serves them right!"

Napier made a mistake here. It was not 1845 which Wolff had imagined to be the date of a great change, but 1847; and what he had imagined, was not the destruction of the world, but its renovation, and the restoration of the Jews, at the coming of the Messiah in glory.

But here, let it be observed, that Wolff has long ago given up attempting to fix a date for the accomplishment of unfulfilled prophecies; and these are his reasons for doing so:—

First, he has a difficulty in fixing the time from which to date. Secondly, he has entirely given up considering the 1260 days as so many years, but believes them to be literal days. Thirdly, the Antichrist is not yet come. And, as long as Antichrist, or the Man of Sin, is not yet come, the words of our Lord, in the first of the Acts, are still in their full force, *i. e.*, "Of the times and seasons knoweth no man." And Wolff deeply regrets that he ever fell into the errors here alluded to.

Sir Charles Napier continued to joke Wolff about his prophecies up to the last, as will be seen from the following letter, written in the year 1852:—

"Oaklands, 6th October, 1852.

"My Dear Wolff—Your friend, the lady who wishes for my Autograph, does me great honour, and I am very much flattered thereby. I write this on purpose that you may give it to her, for which reason, I will not say *a word* about your prophetic inspirations, or your theology! but only what I know to be true, and that is, that you are an honest good fellow, and one that I believe has worked harder for religion, and gone through more dangers for it, with a brave heart, than any man living; and if you do not now stay at home quietly with your wife, I shall *really* begin to believe that you are crazy!

"I met your son in London, and a very nice young man he seems to be.—With respects to Lady Georgiana Wolff,

"I remain, yours faithfully, C. Napier."

Sir Charles Napier went on to say, "Now, Wolff, you are not allowed to land; but I and my friend Kennedy, and Doctor Muir, will often come to see you. I shall send you victuals from shore, and you can do just what you like. You must remain here twenty-six days, for we don't wish to catch the plague; though it is all a humbug. But we must submit to humbug. I shall come to-morrow, with the Jews and Greeks, to whom you may preach. You may tell them that there is no difference between Jew and Greek,—for they are both rogues alike!" Sir Charles was, nevertheless, a great lover and friend of the Greeks.

Next day, he actually came with a great crowd of both Jews and Greeks, and said,—"Now! here I am come to stand by you. If you cannot convert them, they shall get a d——d licking!" Wolff reproved Napier for swearing, to which he answered, "I deserve the reproof, for I swear like a trooper."

After Wolff had been for some days in that horrible Lazzaretto, he wrote to Sir Charles Napier a long letter, assigning six reasons, which ought to induce Sir Charles to let him out sooner than the twenty-sixth day.

Sir Charles answered this letter as follows:—

"You gave me six reasons for letting you out; I will give you seven reasons for keeping you in. One of the reasons is,—That if I let you out sooner, the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands would cut off my head."

However, in spite of that, he gave Wolff six days' grace, and took him into his house; and Wolff maintains, that he never in his life saw a more affectionate father, and tender husband, or a man who set a better example by having daily family prayers in his home; and on Sunday, Wolff held Divine service, and preached there. For Sir Charles assembled in his house all the Jews; and to those who knew how to read, he gave the Bible. One of the Jews wanted a Bible. Sir Charles Napier immediately asked, "Do you know how to read?" The Jew said, "Yes." Sir Charles Napier then said, "Read," and put a Bible into his hand. But the man did not know how to read, on which Sir Charles Napier exclaimed, "I have a good mind to give you a d——d licking!—the soundest licking you ever got."

Sir Charles Napier told Wolff the following story of Lord Byron, who resided for some time in Cephalonia, and often dined with Dr. Kennedy at his house. Kennedy was a doctor, with whom Lord Byron had frequent conversations on religion.

Sir Charles Napier asked Lord Byron, "What is the reason

why you are always talking with Kennedy about religion?" Byron said, "To tell you the truth; in order to make a Methodist of Don Juan in the second part!" Sir Charles Napier told him frankly, "he would not allow him to make a fool of any person whom he met at his house, and therefore that he should tell Kennedy." And this he actually did do; but Kennedy said, "he did not mind it, he should converse with Lord Byron whenever he had the opportunity." And so Kennedy did, and it will be seen by the Life of Byron, published by Kennedy, that the poor man, after all, believed that he had converted Lord Byron.

Sir Charles Napier thus alluded to this circumstance in writing to Wolff. "My dear Prophet (I mean *False Prophet*, who tried to kill the world before its hour), your name is great, and rings through the world. McMurdo *is* a valiant man, he slew *seven* men in single combat; three at Meeanee, three at Hydrabad, where one of them wounded him, and one in the Bogtee Hills. The Kennedy who published his conversations with Lord Byron, was both a doctor and a *fool*; he afterwards died in the West Indies. He was an amiable, weak creature: weak in *mind* and weak in *body*; so much so, that it was supposed that his very handsome wife sustained no loss at his death. She has since married a Captain Kennedy of the navy, and was a very charming woman. Why she ever married the poor man no one could tell. I believe she published the 'Conversations,' &c. I have not seen them, but they must be foolish, because I was there, and know that Lord Byron was getting out of Dr. Kennedy all sorts of cant and nonsense, on purpose to convert Don Juan in the next canto into a Methodist. So he collected all the expressions he could, and told me one day, 'I will make Don Juan a Methodist, next canto.' I warned poor Kennedy that the poet was laughing at him; but the doctor's inordinate vanity would not believe a word of it; and he was quite sure he had converted Lord Byron, though the latter made him the laughing-stock of Argostoli! In short, Kennedy's consummate vanity was past endurance.

"I am glad that your lectures are well attended—they are very interesting. Lady Napier desires her kind regards.

"Yours ever, C. NAPIER."

"What made you think it was *my* Kennedy that tried to convert Lord Byron? He tries to convert no one, but converts every one to an unbounded admiration of his own great character."

Sir Charles Napier gave an excellent hint to Wolff, although it was one on which Wolff had already acted, before hearing it

from him. He said, "Wolff, do not attack the superstition of the Greeks, or of any one. For to begin, what harm is there in a Greek believing that St. Spiridion* performs miracles? The Apostles performed miracles too."

Here Dr. Wolff makes the following remark:—"I challenge every one to show one single passage in the New Testament, ordering men to preach against superstition. Twice superstition is mentioned; and twice not only not censured, but mentioned in a favourable manner." Acts xvii. 22:—"Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." Here St. Paul praises them for the very excess of their faith. There is another passage in Acts xxv. 19. Festus writes to Felix about Paul. "Therefore, when they were come hither, without any delay on the morrow I sat on the judgment seat, and commanded the man to be brought forth. Against whom when the accusers stood up, they brought none accusation of such things as I supposed: but had certain questions against him of their own superstition, and of one Jesus, which was dead, whom Paul affirmed to be alive," &c., &c.

Besides this, Dr. Wolf says, our Lord never attacks the Jews on account of their superstition, but on account of their unbelief—infidelity being the great sin of the world. And he adds, "I can never believe any religion to be true, which can be entirely fathomed by, and made consistent with human philosophy; because there are necessarily many things in heaven and earth which our philosophy does not dream of."

Wolff was about to go to Corfu in a little Greek boat, but Peckham Miller said, "We had better wait here till a steamer comes." Wolff said, "Who knows when it will come?" So he induced Miller to go in the little boat, but scarcely had the boat taken up the anchor, before the steamer came in sight, and then Wolff insisted on going in the steamer. Miller was angry, but at last complied. So they arrived in a few hours, on board the steamer, in Corfu; where Wolff took up his abode with the Rev. Isaac Lowndes, missionary to the London Missionary Society.

To be short, Count Teotoki, President of the Republic of the Ionian Islands, called on Wolff, and asked him how he could be of use to him in his mission. Wolft said, by giving

* The Patron Saint of Corfu.

him the opportunity of delivering a public lecture in the College of Lord Guildford; and also by allowing him to preach in the open street to the Greeks, on the personal reign of Jesus Christ upon earth. Count Teotoki laid the request before the Senate; the whole was approved by them, and the Lord High Commissioner, Sir Frederic Adams, and Sir Alexander Woodford, Commander-in-Chief, confirmed it; and thus Wolff lectured, amidst the applause of all the lively interesting Greek students, in the College; and also to thousands in the open street. Count Teotoki was present, and asked him afterwards to dinner, when he said, "I like men of energetic pursuits." Wolff was delighted to hear lately that even now there are most respectable Greeks in Corfu who remember Joseph Wolff; and he met Ionians both at Liverpool and Leicester, who expressed to him their great wish that he would come again to Corfu and Zante, and deliver lectures as before.

After Wolff had remained there for about a fortnight, he sailed in an American merchant vessel, commanded by Captain Allen, for Malta. But, on hearing that his wife, according to arrangement, had preceded him to Alexandria, he followed her thither in the ship "Glasgow," commanded by Sir Ashley Maud. Lady Georgiana Wolff had taken up her abode in the house of a Wesleyan missionary; but after Wolff's arrival, they both went to reside in the house of the hospitable Robert Todd, a merchant there.

Wolff remained at Alexandria till the 17th of May, 1828, and then embarked, with his wife and little daughter, for Beyrout, where the plague was raging. Here, to their great relief, they found an English brig of war, the "Zebra," commanded by Captain Popham, who kindly sent a boat to take them on board. They asked alongside for news, but there was none to tell, except the wreck of the "Parthian" brig of war, near Alexandria, which, having happened the day before Wolff left that place, was a little stale; and there was on board the "Zebra" a Mr. Borrows, from Norfolk. He had come out with Captain Hoste to Malta, and had since been cruising with Captain Popham, but was too much afraid of the plague to land anywhere. So, doubtless, he returned back to Norfolk, to tell the natives that he had seen the coast of Syria, and to be thought a wonderful traveller, and a most adventurous person. He expressed a great wish to see the women of this country, who wear horns, as do also the women of Mount Lebanon, which illustrates the words of Deborah, "My horn is exalted." The horn thus worn is of silver.

Wolff and Lady Georgiana dined on board the "Zebra,"

and were fetched on shore by a boat, being landed about two miles from the town, to avoid landing among a number of people. On arriving at the gate, it was closed, the day being Friday (the Muhammadan Sabbath), and it being then the hour of prayer. Wolff, therefore, sat down with his family under a tree, at a little distance from the gate, and waited; after which, they walked, one by one, through the gate, and along the street, endeavouring thus to avoid touching any person, or any article of apparel; and in this way they came to a house prepared for them.

Several old acquaintances of Wolff called upon him at Beyrout: and he applied to the Pasha of Acre, the ancient Ptolemais, for permission to proceed to Jerusalem, but he received no answer. Meantime, Assad Yakoob Khayatt, a tailor, took refuge in Wolff's house, in order to conceal himself from the Turks. The same Assad Yakoob Khayatt came afterwards to England, and is now British Vice Consul. It is to be observed that the word *Khayatt* means "tailor." The Jews at this place did all in their power to assist Wolff to get to Jerusalem, but it was in vain. And, finally, Wolff left Beyrout, with his family, and went to Cyprus, where the Greeks received him in a sort of triumph, as they at once recognized in him the benefactor of so many Greeks whom he had saved, and the person who had sent several boys to England.

He spent some time at Cyprus, with his wife, in a monastery, called Santa Barbara, as the air there was better than in Larnaca, on the coast. In that monastery, however, Wolff had an attack of Cyprus fever, but was cured. Thence they proceeded to Limasol, on the coast, and there Wolff's child died; and Lady Georgiana became dangerously ill. Wolff sent from thence another Greek boy, Paul Pierides by name, to England, for education, to Lady Carnegie, who sent him to Scotland, where he studied for the medical profession. After this, Lady Georgiana being recovered, Wolff and she left Cyprus in a miserable Austrian vessel, and came to Damiat, in Egypt, where they resided in the house of the British Consul, Signor Surur by name, an old friend of Wolff.

Wolff was taken violently ill at this place with dysentery, yet they went on to Cairo. There they stayed with the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, Messrs. Kruse and Lieder. Wolff's illness continuing to be very serious, Lord Prudhoe and Colonel Felix daily called upon him. They treated Wolff like a brother, and helped to nurse him in his illness, which was a great relief to his anxious wife. And he recommended her, who was so dear to his heart, in case of his

death, to their care. After a time, Wolff was restored to health; and, while at Cairo, he baptized a Jew; and his dear companion bought little tarboushes, or red caps, for the pupils of Messrs. Kruse and Lieder.

Jews from Jerusalem, hearing that Wolff was at Cairo, called on him, and reminded him of the arguments he had used with them in Jerusalem; and they were surprised when Wolff showed to them those same arguments printed in the "Jewish Expositor." It gratified them very much. One day, a black lady, married to a French physician, Dussap by name, called on Wolff and his family, together with her husband. She spoke very affectingly about Christ. Mr. Gobat, a missionary, had baptized her. She was beyond all doubt the handsomest black woman Wolff ever saw.

Wolff preached in Italian at Cairo to a great number of Italian infidels. One of them, a Jew, said, "I am a mathematician. I want you to prove the truth of Christianity in a mathematical manner." Lady Georgiana here asked him, "Do you eat?" He said, "Yes." She asked, "Why?" He answered, "Because I am hungry." "Then," said she, "prove it mathematically." To which the man gave no answer.

One day, a man came in and asked Mr. Kruse, in an abrupt manner, if he understood Hebrew, as he spoke that language himself? Mr. Kruse did not understand him, but sent for Wolff, to whom the man said "I am a Jew." Wolff said, "You are no longer a Jew. You are a renegade from the faith of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and have run after vanity —after a false prophet." The man, Sooliman by name, acknowledged this, and was surprised at Wolff's knowledge of physiognomy. Wolff afterwards raised his hands, and prayed in Hebrew, that this poor man might turn to the true God, and Jesus Christ his Son. The man seemed much touched, and thanked him when he had finished the prayer. While they were still sitting together, two other Jews came in, who were old acquaintances of Wolff, and kissed him in the oriental fashion. They bore witness to the truth of the renegade's statement, that he had been forced to become a Mussulman. These two young men were very much impressed by what they knew of the Gospel.

Wolff received from Cyprus a letter from the Council of the Bishops of Cyprus, which they had written before his departure from thence, and which had been sent after him.

This letter was as follows:—

"MOST NOBLE AND MOST RESPECTED SIGNOR JOSEPH WOLFF,

"For a long time informed by fame of thy knowledge, thy fame, and thy virtues, we have admired thee; and, above all, on account of the travels thou hast generously undertaken for the purpose of propagating religion among the human race; but, by condescending to make us personally know thee, we have perceived with certainty how much our admiration has been inferior to thy merits, and how much more we ought to admire thee, since we have known better, what a great friend of science and of the Greeks thou art, and how great are thy exertions in the great and good work of the refinement and civilization of mankind. Trusting in this thy great love for science, and especially in thy sentiments, we appear before thee, with the present humble petition, and present to thee, on the part of all our countrymen, the due respect they feel towards thy venerable person, and pray thee warmly that thou establish in our island a Gymnasium of Greek Literature.

"Thou hast, O best Wolff, all the means required, as we perceive by the schools established in different cities. Thou hast likewise a voluntary assistant in that most honourable friend of the Muses—thy most noble and respectable wife.

"Alas! how does it break one's heart to see the sons of this unhappy country remaining deprived (for want of instructors) of education and doctrine! But it is not unknown to thee that great enterprises, for general utility, require great expense in order to be brought into execution; and that this surpasses our strength it is superfluous to say to a man from whose penetrating eye the nature of our situation cannot be hid. Blessed be the name of the Most High God, that from the height of his glory He turned his eye towards our misery, and sent us a man capable of curing our greatest infirmity!

"Incomparable will be, esteemed Wolff, the advantages which shall result from such an establishment for the general use, nor must thou in the least doubt that for this, thy great and pious work, the whole island of Cyprus shall honour thee, by erecting monuments for eternal commemoration of thy name, and the instructed youth shall boast themselves of thee, and the whole of Europe shall boast itself of its great man, and they shall show their gratitude towards thee by lifting up their supplicating hands to heaven for thy health and happiness, and for that of thy most worthy consort, and shall lift up their voices to the glory of thy benevolence. Besides this, the joy that every good heart shall experience, by seeing thy exertions adorned with science and virtue, cannot be described.

"We propose as professor of the Greek language and sciences

thy good friend Themistocles, whose knowledge and ardent zeal for the civilization of his native country are generally acknowledged. But another professor, for other languages, is necessary. We are in possession of a building suitable for a college, in a most beautiful situation. This we offer gratuitously, and dedicate it to the Muses, in order that thy name may be blessed by future generations.

"But, Wolff, the Lord preserve thee to the glory of thy nation, and the utility of ours. We remain, as we sign ourselves, your sincere friends,

"PANARITOS, Archbishop of Cyprus.
"KARITOS, Metropolite of Paphos.
"LEONTIUS, Metropolite of Citi.
"KARALAMBUS, Metropolite of Cirene.

"Dated, Nicosia, July 10th, 1828."

At last, Wolff set out for Jerusalem. They were accompanied out of the gate of Cairo by all the Missionaries, and by Mr. Rolt, an English gentleman, who was studying Arabic there. When they had got outside the gate, which was called Baab Nasir, a Jew, named Isaac, from Jerusalem, came to say "Good bye" to Wolff. After this, the camels arrived, and Wolff prayed for a blessing on the journey. All were much affected, and at last they took leave, and then crept into the vehicle, which was in the form of a basket, and was tied on the camel's back. This kind of "basket," which is called "Shibbria," is something like two arm-chairs, without legs, tied together in front. These seats hang one on each side of the camel's back, and the passenger is obliged to sit sideways.

This curious machine might properly be called a "Noddy," for the motion is so short that, unless one places one's back stiff against the end, one goes nodding every moment in the most ludicrous, as well as fatiguing, manner that can be imagined. After the two persons on each side have crept into this vehicle, the camel rises, whilst the conductor warns you to hold fast. The beast rises first on his knees, which throws you backwards; then on his hind legs, which throws you forwards; then on his fore feet, when you are even; and then you go on, and commence nodding.

This "ship of the desert" has an extra joint in his legs, below the shoulders and haunches, which enables him, after kneeling down, to fold his legs together, so that he lies as close to the ground as a hen on her eggs; and truly, with their beak-like noses and long necks, camels are not unlike large birds sitting. Their docility is wonderful; and if they are

displeased, they express it only by a deep grumbling sound, which, when strong, resembles the gurgling of water in their throats. Their pace is about three miles an hour.

In this manner they proceeded for about twelve miles, and then were surprised by hearing the sound of a band of European music, coming from a fortress called Khankah, in the midst of the desert; the players being Egyptian Arabs, who had been trained by European soldiers.

Of the Desert itself it is impossible to give a true description, it is so very extraordinary; being nothing but sand of different colours. The bottom of the sea must be very like it: sometimes the sand is ribbed like the sea-sand; sometimes it is all little stones; in some places there are a great many little stunted stumps of fir trees. Wolff's servant, who walked by him when he rode on the donkey (Wolff had brought a very fine donkey from Cairo), picked up a large piece of stone, which he told him, it was said, had been wood: and it had all the appearance of wood. He also picked a very curious flower, the petals of which shone almost like silver. The name of it was not known, and the travellers had no means of preserving it . . . In the spot where their tent was pitched, there was a great quantity of shells like sea snails.

On the ninth day of this journey, Lady Georgiana tried dromedary riding, which she much preferred to the camel. She described it as only requiring the use of stirrups, to make it exceedingly comfortable; and, on the evening of this day, after a journey of six hours, the tents were pitched in the Desert, not far from Gaza.

They went to bed early, but were not destined to have much rest. Some time after they had retired, they heard a most unnatural, almost unearthly, sound of laughter, mixed with fits of crying. They called out to know what it was, and Ahmad, their servant, told them it proceeded from one of the Bedouin Arabs, who was called *Haj-Ali, i. e.*, a Pilgrim Ali, for he had been in Mecca, and who was possessed with a devil. This dreadful misfortune some people have imagined to be only lunacy, but it is far otherwise. After listening a few minutes longer, Wolff called out with a loud voice in Arabic, "In the name of Jesus be silent!" And immediately all was hushed. About twenty minutes after, the man began to talk wildly, and the dreadful gibbering began again. Wolff again in the same manner called out, so that all the Arabs heard him, and again the fiend was silenced, and soon after, they all went to sleep.

In the morning, the Greek servants told Wolff, that the

possessed man had said many wonderful things. Among others, when Wolff spoke, he asked, "Who was there?" They answered, "No one." To which he replied, "There was; I saw him, but he is gone." And when he became wild again he exclaimed, "Elias is here!" and on Cavass (the Turkish soldier who travelled with them) saying something about Muhammad, Haj-Ali said he was a pig, (a common term of contempt among the Arabs).

The poor man wanted Wolff to give him a *paper* against the spirit; meaning probably a charm; but Wolff prayed in Arabic to the Lord to deliver him from his plague, and told him to pray to Jesus Christ, and then he need not fear the devil, giving him a New Testament at the same time.

Two days afterwards, Haj-Ali had another attack, which Wolff subdued in the same manner, one loud cry issuing from the man's mouth before he was still again. And afterwards he told Wolff that he knew that the devil came, because he smelt the incense in the charcoal pan—it being the custom, in using charcoal, to throw a species of incense, compounded of some gum, upon it, in order to do away with its deleterious effects. This is an old belief, and magicians always burn some perfume to raise a spirit.

The Bedouins are very frequently profane to a degree that is not to be imagined; and every word they say is corroborated by an oath, even their very lies, and these they tell without the least hesitation. Their conversation consists either in jokes about women, or in talking about money; *fulus*, the Arabic for money, being sometimes repeated a hundred times in a quarter of an hour.

Proceeding onward, Wolff and his party soon reached a beautiful little town, surrounded by fig trees and vineyards, and inhabited by Muhammadans and Greeks. These were walking about in the streets, with their long pipes in their mouths; and the principal Greek came and brought Wolff, his family and servants, to the caravanserai, where the servants made coffee for them. It was the little town called Gaza, from whence Samson carried away the gates, and where naughty Delilah deceived him; for that wicked woman worried his life out, until he had told her the secret of his strength; but he paid her off afterwards, and 3000 of her countrymen as well. Poor Samson ought to have had a little more of the resolution and spirit of General Haynau, and have given her a good sound horsewhipping.

From Gaza they proceeded to Ramlah, where Joseph of Arimathea was born. Here they stopped in an Armenian

monastery for one night, and went to the camp of the great robber, Aboo-Goosh, who gave them coffee, for which they paid him some small gold pieces. Then they proceeded onward, and thus Wolff arrived, for the third time, in Jerusalem.

Wolff had no cause this time to be satisfied with the general conduct of the Jews towards him. When he was there, both the first and second times, Rabbi Mendel was alive, and so was Solomon Sapira, the rival of Rabbi Mendel, and also the crafty old fox, Rabbi Joseph Markowitz. But now all these were gone, and a new generation had risen, though only five years had elapsed. Many of these "did not know Joseph" (Wolff), who had assisted the Jews formerly, when they were in trouble; and those who did know him were well off, and had received money from the Jews in England; and were, at the same time, warned by Rabbi Solomon Hirshel against Wolff; and, in their conduct, they verified the words of Moses—"Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked."

Wolff could not help feeling very deeply grieved when those very Jews whom he had once clothed and fed,—when they were naked and almost starving,—and for whom he had paid rent, and thus redeemed them from prison,—would now pass him by unnoticed as they came out of the synagogue, or look at him with a fierce eye, and without speaking. He was only acknowledged by two persons out of all his old acquaintances. The one was Rabbi Mendel's widow, who came to call on him; and who, though four years had passed since her husband died, was still in deep sorrow, swinging her head slowly backwards and forwards, as she sat, after the custom of the Jews. The other was a son of Rabbi Mendel, whom he met in the street, and thus addressed, "Why do you not come to me, for I loved your father?" He calmly replied, "My dear Sir, my father was a learned man, well versed in the law. He knew how to ask questions, and give answers. But I am a young man, and all I can do is, to pray that the Lord may have mercy upon Zion, and build up the walls of Jerusalem." However, Sir Moses Montefiore himself, although a strict Jew and burning with love for the Jews, has met with ingratitude from his nation.

There is no doubt that, during this third visit to Jerusalem, Wolff was poisoned by some ill-disposed enemy. He had a suspicion by whom it was done, but was unwilling to investigate further; and, therefore, when the governor inquired as to whether he knew the offender, he said nothing. And who was

it saved his life on this occasion?—Whilst Wolff passes over in silence the name of the man who perpetrated the deed, he mentions with pleasure the name of him who was the means of curing him.

This poisoning took place in a coffee-house, into which Wolff had gone and called for coffee. It was brought, and he drank it; and almost immediately after he was seized with convulsions all over his body, accompanied by sickness and vomiting, and twitchings of the arms and legs. A Greek outside, seeing his distress, offered his assistance, and helped him home; and, on his arrival, Lady Georgiana, at his particular request, sent for the Roman Catholic physician. He came, and his name was Fra Francesco, of the Terra Santa monastery, and he was sent by order of the Riverendissimo. Fra Francesco first gave him milk, and then other remedies; and, after an illness of three weeks, he recovered, so far as to be able to go about; but he felt the effects of the poison for a year afterwards.

Another very curious incident happened during Wolff's stay in Jerusalem. Dr. Stormont, a naval surgeon, came to Jerusalem, and lived in the Latin monastery. He used to be dressed in a green beneesh, and wore a white turban upon his head, and European boots on his feet. He was a tall man, about fifty years of age, very miserly in his habits, and was averse to spending money upon a guide. Wolff had no time to walk out with him, and it was the season of Ramadan, when all the Muhammadans fast and sleep during the day. Wolff warned Dr. Stormont, on no account, to enter the Temple of Omar, for the punishment was death to any intruder. He replied, "I have no great faith in your account of the bigotry of these Muhammadans," and then they parted. After two hours he came to the Greek monastery, where Wolff was, to have dinner with him; and Wolff asked, "Where have you been?" He replied, "There, in the place of your bigoted Muhammadans, the Temple of Omar." Wolff said, "I now advise you to leave Jerusalem as fast as you can." He replied, "Fiddle-de-dee!" On the next day, when he came again to dinner, Wolff asked him, "Where have you been?" He again said, "To the Temple of Omar." Then Wolff repeated, "Stormont, Stormont, you had better leave Jerusalem at once." Stormont's only answer was, "First give up your prejudice as to the bigotry of Muhammadans." Wolff again repeated, "Stormont, Stormont, go off without delay." "Fiddle-de-dee!" was the Doctor's contemptuous rejoinder.

The next day this foolish fellow went once more to the

Temple, and did not return as usual to his friend. He got out safely, it is true, although he had ventured to write his name upon the wall, and had proceeded to offer even further indignities; but this insult got wind; the whole town became excited; and the situation of Stormont was immediately most critical and perilous. All the people exclaimed, and the whole town resounded, "*Oommat Muhammud Nasaara dakhaloon al hykal!*" (People of Muhammad! Christians have entered the Sanctuary!) They seized upon Stormont, tore off his beneesh, struck the turban from his head, stripped him naked, and then thrust him into a cow's stable, where they gave him nothing to eat; and where he continually cried out, "Wolff, Wolff, Wolff!"

Christians came and told Wolff in what danger his friend Stormont was placed, and that the people insisted upon his becoming a Muhammadan. Upon this Wolff ran to the Latin monastery, to ask for help; and they told him that they would assist him, but that it must be done with caution, and Wolff himself wrote as follows to the Cadi:—

"Recollect that this gentleman is of high respectability, and belongs to the ships of war which are now cruising about, near Jaffa; and, if you dare to touch him, troops will be sent to Jerusalem."

Wolff sent this letter, and then called upon the Cadi to remonstrate. Stormont was brought out from the cow-house, and the beneesh and turban he had worn were lying before the Cadi, who said to him, "Why did you enter the Temple of Omar?" Stormont replied, "I want my clothes." The Cadi, who did not understand the answer, asked Wolff, "What does he say?" Wolff told him Stormont's words, when he said, "Tell him to answer my question." Wolff said to Stormont, "The Cadi wants to know why you went to the Temple and committed such excesses?" but Stormont only repeated, "Tell him I want my clothes." Wolff went up and put the clothes upon him, and told the Cadi that the prisoner did not understand Arabic, and fright had made him forget the English language; and so the Cadi let him go.

Poor Stormont, when he got back to his lodging, had some food, which he ate most heartily; and Wolff said to him, "You don't tell me fiddle-de-dee now!" He replied, "There is, after all, no place like home. England, with all thy faults, I love thee still!" Soon afterwards, the servants of the Cadi came, and wanted a present for having taken so much trouble in letting him see the Cadi, and getting Stormont out. So Wolff gave them thirty dollars (about £6). But when he said

to Stormont, "You must pay me back the thirty dollars I have paid for your release," the Doctor replied, "What a great fool you are! They insult me, and now they want money! I'll be hanged if I give them a farthing!"

On another occasion, an Italian woman arrived at Jerusalem, from Pesaro. She was very decently dressed, with a bonnet and feathers. She had been a servant to Queen Caroline, and knew Count Bergami very well. Wolff asked her why she had come to Jerusalem? She answered, in order to perform her devotions at the tomb of our Lord, and to see the blessed body of St. James; and from Jerusalem she intended to go to San Jago, in Spain, where she must be by a certain season, in order to see the blessed head of St. James; for if she went too late, she would not be able to see it, as it was only exposed at a particular time of the year.

Wolff suspects that the friars of Terra Santa had told her all this, because they wished to get rid of her; for they take in the poor gratis, and they did not wish to be at more expense than they could help on her account. When Wolff asked her how she paid the expenses of travelling, she coolly replied, "Whenever I have got no money, *i Consoli debbono pagare*" (the Consuls have to pay). Wolff's dear wife gave her several dollars, for which she kissed her hand. She seemed to be a woman of great simplicity. Whilst they were at Jerusalem, Wolff asked whether he could get a good Arabic teacher for 200 piastres a month? Papas Joel replied, "All depends upon what you will pay. If you give 200 piastres a month, you will get a very fat man—Aboo Hannah himself, who is enormous, and waddles as he walks about;" and Papas Joel at the same time imitated Aboo Hannah's mode of walking, and gave an idea of his paunch by circling his own arms.

After seven months' residence at Jerusalem, where Wolff (in spite of the opposition caused against him by the Jews in London,) had continual conferences with the Jews, he prepared to leave it, his health having suffered considerably from the effects of the poison; but, fearing that the Turkish officers would come and ask for "Bakhshish," *i.e.*, *gifts*, he resolved to start early in the morning.

Papas Joel, the Superior of Mar-Elias, accompanied Wolff and his family a good way out of the gate, where they sat down a little on the ground, while Wolff himself walked backwards and forwards, musing,—a thing which Easterns cannot bear to see done, especially by Europeans, for they are always afraid that they are measuring the earth, and will afterwards come and take the country. So an Arab woman, with a large

basket on her back, on seeing Wolff thus walk about, called out to him, as she passed by, "*Tekayas alardh ya khanzeer?*" (Dost thou measure the earth, O thou pig?) Papas Joel said to her, in reply, "*Berukh-shuglak ya marrah*" (Go about thy business, O woman).

Wolff arrived at Jaffa, in the house of Damiani, the British Consul there. And here he cannot help mentioning a great injustice which was done to Damiani by Colonel Campbell, the British Consul-General for Egypt, and, at that time, also for Syria, which made a bad impression against the English.

The house of Damiani had been Consuls for England for more than a century—in fact, the office was hereditary in that family. When Colonel Campbell was at Jaffa, he resided in the house of the British Consul, and, while there, money was stolen from him. He suspected Damiani's son, who it is true, was considered to be a bad subject; so, Colonel Campbell said to the father, "If you do not replace the money, I shall depose you." As poor Damiani had not got the money, Colonel Campbell was as good as his word, and actually did depose him; a man whose integrity was universally known. Poor Damiani went to Constantinople to get redress, and to be reinstated in his office, by the Ambassador. But he appealed in vain; and the disappointment broke his heart, and he died.

In Jaffa, Wolff lived in Damini's house, which stood upon the same spot where formerly was the house of Simon, the tanner, and where there was still an ancient well, which was there in Simon's time. Damiani's house was the rendezvous of pilgrim Jews, who came from Salonica, Constantinople, Rhodes, and other places.

There is a custom when new pilgrims arrive in Jaffa, for the purpose of going to Jerusalem, that a Rabbi from Jerusalem comes to receive from each pilgrim the money which he vows to leave behind for the benefit of the Jerusalem Jews. One Friday evening, the chief Rabbi of Jerusalem, who had come to Jaffa to collect this money, got exceedingly drunk, and all the rest followed his example. Wolff knew this man personally, and when he and all the rest came drunk to his room, he took one of them by the arm and turned him out; and, as he danced good-naturedly out of the room, he said, "Joseph Wolff does me great honour." Next morning (Saturday), the chief Rabbi called on Wolff, who was just then smoking a pipe. The Rabbi said, "Why do you smoke on a Sabbath day?" Wolff replied, "It is not said in the law that one should not smoke, but it is said by the prophet Isaiah (Isaiah v. 11), 'Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they

may follow strong drink, that continue until night, till wine inflame them.'" The chief Rabbi turned as red as scarlet.

Among the pilgrims there was a Jew of Constantinople, who belonged to those converts to Christianity there, whose conversion caused such excitement all over the East, in the year 1827, and he was rejoiced to see Wolff.

CHAPTER XV.

The Levant; is attacked by Pirates; Mount Athos; Intense thirst; Salonica and Admiral Slade; Malta, and Hookham Frere; Starts for Bokhara, on his own account, viâ Constantinople and Persia.

ON the 7th July, 1829, Wolff embarked for Cyprus, where he remained for a short time, being detained by the illness of his dear wife, who was taken with the Cyprus fever; but, as soon as she was recovered, he sailed with her for Alexandria. They were twenty-four days on the passage—a passage usually performed in as many hours; and, on his arrival at Alexandria, he established regular services for the English, Italians, and Germans; and he preached also to the Jews in his own house, and on board her Majesty's ships.

Wolff there issued a public printed call to the Muhammadan grandees, to repent and turn to Christ; and he predicted to them the speedy downfall of the Muhammadan power: which prediction was hastening, and has ever since hastened towards its fulfilment. He sent one of those written calls, made out in Arabic, by a donkey-driver, to the Governor of Alexandria. The poor fellow was flogged for being the bearer of such a message, and came back in a violent rage, and almost knocked Wolff down; but had his wrath mitigated by a present of two dollars, as a compensation for the flogging. After which, whenever the man met Wolff in the street, he would say to him, "Never send me again with such rubbish to the Governor;" and on Wolff replying, "Ah, but you got two dollars for it," he rejoined, "You ought to have given me ten."

At last, the Pasha, Muhammad Ali, sent word to Wolff, through the British Consul, that he must leave Alexandria. Wolff demanded a written order from the Viceroy, who sent

word that he would not send a written order; but if Wolff did not go he must abide by the consequences.

Wolff then embarked for Salonica, leaving Lady Georgiana behind, as her confinement was approaching, and took with him a Greek servant, and a Maronite, Youssuf Michael Aboo-Mansoor by name, who was to assist him in preaching. This man was from a village called Haddat, near Beyrout, of the family of Shidiack. He was short in figure, and never able to look any one in the face. He had been converted by Gobat and Theodor Müller (who has now a living in Devonshire) to the Protestant religion; and they believed him to be a thoroughly converted man.

On Wolff's arrival in the island of Rhodes, Youssuf left the cases of Bibles open in such a manner, that anybody could see them, and take them out. This caused so great a disturbance among the Turks, who were angry that an Englishman should dare to come there with infidel books, that they compelled him to leave Rhodes within an hour after his arrival. Thence he proceeded to Tenedos (near the famous Troyes), where he resided with the British Agent, who was a native. All this time, Youssuf assured his master that he had sent all the money he had given him to his family in Mount Lebanon, which deceived Wolff for the time; and he proceeded with him from Tenedos to the island of Mitylene, where he preached to the Greeks in Italian, and circulated the Word of God.

Wolff observed in all those islands a great change for the better, since he was last in the Turkish neighbourhood. The Sultan had given strict orders to the Greeks, to send their reports to him, and tell him how they were satisfied with the Turkish Governors he had placed over them; and many Governors had been dismissed in consequence of this, and it had taught them to behave better. Wolff next sailed from Mitylene to Lemnos, in a Greek boat. On his arrival there, he stopped two days with the Archbishop, and gave him Bibles. He then called on the Turkish Governor, who asked him whether the Archbishop was satisfied with his conduct towards the Greeks? Wolff replied in the affirmative, at which the Governor was much pleased.

From Lemnos Wolff sailed in the same boat, accompanied by his Greek servant and that scoundrel Youssuf Michael Aboo-Mansoor, to Mount Athos, which is also called "Haghios Oros," which means Holy Mountain; and a Holy Mountain it is; for it is inhabited only by monks, whose number sometimes amounted to 15,000. Many of them occupy themselves with knitting stockings, and tilling the ground, and praying.

No female is allowed to approach the place, for they say the Virgin Mary would immediately kill her. Even no she-animal is allowed to come near. It must, however, be acknowledged that there were great and learned men on Mount Athos; and, even when Wolff was there, there was a most learned man, who occupied himself with the history of the mountain, and was well acquainted with the Italian and German literature. And Wolff cannot but express his regret that a great diplomatist hurt the feelings of these monks by forcing them to receive, against their statutes, his most worthy lady into their Monastery. It is also to be regretted that Robert Curzon, in his wanderings through the Monasteries, should have represented every one of them as totally void of knowledge; forgetting the great minds of Kalistos, in Mount Sinai, Hilarion and Constantinus, in Constantinople, &c.

Wolff sailed away from Haghios Oros, towards Mount Kartalia; when, early in the morning, a pirate boat was observed coming towards them, and tacking about in its approach. The chief boatman of Wolff's boat exclaimed, "Kleftes!" which means *robbers*. Wolff said, "The best plan will be to remain in the boat." This he said, although, as they always sailed close to the shore, it was easy to land. They replied, "If we all remain here they will put us to death, in order not to be discovered; for they are Skupoliot pirates, and will kill every one of us." On this, Wolff leaped out of the boat, and told Youssuf to leave the case containing the money behind. Youssuf then exclaimed, "My money, my money, my money!" (at once betraying that he had made no remittances to Mount Lebanon), and he immediately took Wolff's money from the case and put it into his own pocket. And so these two ran off across the mountain, Wolff without shoes or stockings. Some of the boat people also made their escape; and the pirates, not liking to kill the few who were left, lest the affair should be made known by the fugitives, were content with collecting what booty they could find.

For nearly thirty hours Wolff continued to wander about on the highest tops of the mountains. The shirt he had on was torn to pieces by thorns. The pirates fired both at him and his companion several times; and they actually came up into the mountain, but Wolff and Youssuf had hid themselves in some clefts of the rocks, and were not discovered, so the pirates went back. The natives afterwards said that no native even had been in the parts of the mountain where Wolff had wandered; and the heat was so intense there—there not being even a moist leaf to be found to quench his thirst—that he

was reduced to the most dreadful extremities. At last he came down from the mountain and found a spring, on which he fell like a horse.

Youssuf remained faithfully with him after all; his great vice being covetousness and hypocrisy in religious pretension. And Wolff is sorry to make here the declaration that the worst people among the Eastern natives, are those who know English and have been converted to Protestantism. There are, however, some honourable exceptions. There was one, Shidiack by name, a relation of Youssuf, who died for the Protestant faith, having been first a Roman Catholic.

Soon after he had reached the spring, Wolff found some Roumelian shepherds who were tending their flocks. They provided him and his companion with sour milk and bread, and he never before ate and drank so heartily. It was better than wine of Burgundy or Champagne. He proceeded with these shepherds to a little town, called Shika, whence he proceeded with the Governor and his soldiers through a forest, which had been set on fire on both sides by robbers, so that they had to ride through at full speed, in order to avoid the flames. Wolff describes himself as almost stupified on this occasion.

At the end of the forest they came to a little village, where they slept. Then they proceeded next day towards that famous town, Salonica,—the Thessalonica of Scripture, to the inhabitants of which the Epistle to the Thessalonians is addressed, who were, at the time of the Apostles, in great tribulation; because they expected the immediate coming of the Lord. But they were too impatient, and had forgotten that, previous to his coming, the "man of sin" must be revealed; who will oppose true as well as false religion,—everything that is worshipped as God,—and will say that he himself is God. And that then, when he shall have appeared, and shall have deceived, if it were possible, the very elect for the space of 1260 days—literal days—the Lord Himself shall descend with a shout, with the trump of the Archangel, and the dead in Christ shall rise first. And then we, which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be, not in the air, but with the Lord, who shall then gently light down with his saints upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem in the East. And this ought to be our comfort. Wherefore comfort one another with these words:—"O Lord, hasten thy coming, that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith, may have our perfect consummation and

bliss, both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory!"

It was at that remarkable town, to which the Apostle had addressed two epistles, chiefly on the second coming of Christ, that Wolff now arrived; and the first person he met there was a British officer, Leiutenant Adolph Slade, of Her Majesty's Navy, now Admiral in the Turkish Navy, and Pasha. And he, as well as Charneaud, the Consul, and Chasseaud, formerly English Consul, comforted Wolff—poor fellow!—in his distress, and advanced him money and clothing. But he was not able to stir out of the house on account of the thorns in his feet, some of which a French physician drew out, even after his departure from Salonica; and Dr. Liddle, of Malta, drew out others, at least three months later.

In Salonica Wolff met with a body of Jews, who are of the most interesting description. They have their origin from an impostor, one of those numerous men who have fulfilled the prophetic words of our blessed Lord, in the Gospel by St. Matthew:—"There shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect."

Shabatay Zebee, born at Sköp, in Bulgaria, was a Jew of great learning, and was said to have performed many miracles, when he suddenly rose, and proclaimed himself to be the Messiah. He travelled about in royal pomp; and thousands rallied around his standard in Aleppo, Smyrna, Jerusalem, Prague in Bohemia, and Vienna. He abolished the law of Moses; for it is a belief of the Jews, that one of the offices of the Messiah, when He comes, will be to abolish the law of Moses; for they say the prophet Jeremiah says (Jeremiah, xxxi. 31), "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah."

Now is it not extraordinary, Wolff asks, that whilst these men reject the Lord Jesus Christ, because, as they say, He had abolished the law of Moses, they yet produce, as an evidence of Shabatay Zebee's Messiaship, the very fact of his abolition of the law of Moses?

Shabatay Zebee ruled, with uncontrolled power, over thousands and thousands of the Jews; and they paid tribute to him. He sanctioned every vice, until at length he drew upon himself the attention of the Sultan, who had him brought to Constantinople, where, in order to save his life, this deceiver became a Muhammadan. But the man was too restless to be quiet, so at last the Sultan had his head struck off. But even

this has not diminished the number of his followers; and they apply to him the fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy (Isaiah liii. 8), "He was cut off out of the land of the living." There are now about 200,000 of his dupes still existing; and wherever they are, they conform outwardly to the ruling religion of the country; but they intermarry with none, and in secret they carry on their own religion.

There are many thousands of these people in Salonica, and they are called by the Turks, *Domna*, the meaning of which is "The turned." They are very rich and very clean; many of them are great merchants, and honest in their dealings. Some of them believed Wolff to be of their own sect, and called on him; but the moment they were convinced that he was a Christian, they all disappeard. Their enemies accuse them of having secret assemblies at night, in which they practise every kind of immorality imaginable; but Wolff has heard this same account of every little sect, even of the Irvingites in England, and therefore he has his doubts of the truth of it. And as he could learn nothing positively of them, his conscience will not allow him to do as a traveller lately did with regard to the Anzairee in Mount Lebanon, who published three volumes describing them, without giving one single piece of information on the subject.

Many thousands of Jews were put to death by the Turks, on account of that impostor Shabatay Zebee. Poor people, how often have the words of those who crucified the Lord of Glory been fulfilled in you! "His blood be upon us and upon our children!" They have been fulfilled by the sword of Muhammad in different ages. They were fulfilled by the sword of the crusaders, until the great S. Bernard stopped them by preaching to them on the eleventh chapter to the Romans, warning them not to boast against Israel and the branches thereof; and they should behold the severity and goodness of God. For while the mercy of God is over all His creatures, there is a retributive justice which is not only clearly demonstrated by the Bible and the history of the Jews in every age, but also by the history of nations at large. This we have lately seen in the defeat of Austria, which was justly dealt to her on account of her ingratitude to Russia. And the same retributive justice is also experienced by individuals, of which Wolff will give an instance.

A father had an only son, for whom he did everything; but the son became at last so outrageous against his father, that he dragged him by the hair out of the room until they came to the top of the stairs, when the father said, "Now, my son, you

have done enough, for you have done your duty in fulfilling God's justice; for it was from the room to the top of the stairs that I dragged my own father by the hair." When the son heard this, he burst into tears and said, "Oh! I have committed a great sin. Father, O my father forgive me." The father said, "I have forgiven thee," and expired. It is remarkable that even the great poets among the Muhammadans, Sheikh Saadi and Moollah Roomee, have most powerfully felt the truth that there is a retributive justice.

After Wolff had circulated the Bible and New Testament amongst the Jews, he left Salonica in company with Lieutenant Slade, the scoundrel Youssuf Michael Aboo-Mansoor, and his Greek servant; and soon after arrived at Smyrna, where Wolff convicted Youssuf of downright roguery, and at once dismissed him as a hypocrite and impostor. And then Wolff sailed for Malta, to which place, very soon afterwards, his wife and infant son (born in Alexandria) followed him. Here they stopped in the house of the Right Honourable J. H. Frere, who had been ambassador at Madrid during the Peninsular war; a gentleman of fine taste and scholarship, and a friend of the great George Canning, and Coleridge.

Wolff had set his heart upon going on a mission to Timbuctoo; but Frere said to him, "If you go there, you will dwindle away into a simple traveller, and you ought to maintain your missionary character. And therefore, I will point out to you on the map the road to Bokhara and Affghanistan, where you will find, not only Jews, but traces of the ten lost tribes of Israel." Here Mr. Frere showed him the map, in which were the names, *Youssuf Szeye*, *i. e.*, "*Tribe of Joseph*," *Iszhak Szeye*—"*Tribe of Isaac*," *Baruch Szeye*—"*Tribe of Baruch*," &c.; and Wolff shouted, "To Bokhara I shall go!"

He then wrote to the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews, that he had resolved to go to Bokhara, and they replied that he must first come to England, and receive fresh instructions from the Committee. Their reasons for this precaution must be stated.

First, Wolff had entered so much on prophetic dates (far more than he would do now), and had written on this subject not only to the Committee, but to other people, that an outcry had been raised against his proceeding in "The Christian Observer," and "The Record." Besides which, he had attacked every missionary, who either disagreed with him, or who he thought was not acting in an apostolic spirit. Moreover, he had published his belief in modern miracles, and

had proclaimed his having cast out a devil in the desert. Hence the Committee said, "This man has run wild!" And so they wrote to him, that he must first return to London, in order that they might come to an understanding with him. Wolff wrote to them in reply, that he would come back to London, *viâ* Bokhara, Affghanistan, and Calcutta; and therefore that he should make this journey at his own risk. Mr. Frere nobly came forward to facilitate the expedition; and advanced to Wolff £500, either on loan, or as a gift; and this circumstance must be remembered, as the repayment was effected in a very singular manner. Wolff set out on the 31st of December, 1830, from Malta for Bokhara, provided with letters from Government, and a passport from the Duke of Wellington.*

On reviewing this proceeding, Wolff cannot but justify the whole conduct of the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews. For a society, as it is constituted, is responsible for the conduct of its missionaries, and has a full right to demand from them entire submission and obedience to its resolutions. Any missionary, therefore, who is unwilling to submit, must make a merit of necessity, resign his appointment, and take all the responsibility upon himself.

Besides this, Wolff is conscious that by his independent treatment of his employers, he fell into the very same error which he had found fault with in other missionaries; and he thinks the duty of a missionary is to mind his own business, and to let others go on in the way they think right. Moreover, there is a great deal of vanity in trying to set everything right; and a person who acts thus does injury to his own spirit.

Wolff once more arrived in Alexandria, in the month of January, 1831, on board a Maltese ship; and as he had been

* It will be seen Dr. Wolff's Journals, published in the "Jewish Expositor," by the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, that it was Joseph Wolff who first proposed, in the year 1821, the establishment of a British College in Malta, which was established some years ago. The erection of missions in Alexandria and Cairo, was also proposed by him in the year 1821, and missionaries were sent to those places in the year 1824, by the Church Missionary Society. Wolff was the first missionary who visited Mount Horeb and Mount Sinai, and circulated the word of God there. He was also the first who preached the Gospel to the Jews in Jerusalem, in 1822; and upon his recommendation, Lewis, Nicholaison, and Dalton were sent in 1823, as missionaries to Jerusalem. Thus it is also with the missions in Constantinople and Bagdad; and in Jerusalem he proposed the erection of a College, and to send there a British Consul.

exiled from Alexandria on the last occasion of his being there, for interfering with the Muhammadans, he first went on board Captain Lyons' ship (afterwards Lord Lyons), and then wrote a letter to the Consul-General, Mr. Barker, asking whether he might land. Barker wrote to him that he might safely come on shore, as all was forgotten. Wolff, therefore, took up his abode with his friend, Mr. Gliddon, who was Consul of the United States of North America. Here he preached in the Wesleyan Chapel (there was no English Church in Alexandria), and the Wesleyans were ever kind to him, although he once attacked them about their groaning; which, perhaps, he ought not to have done, as he confesses that the religious movements and actions of every one ought to be respected.

He met at Alexandria this time his old friend, Sir John Malcolm, one of those four sons of a Scotch farmer, who had raised themselves to high eminence in the State, by their talents and merits. One of them, Sir Pultency, considered Wolff as his spiritual father. Sir John Malcolm provided him with letters for the British Ambassador in Persia, Colonel Campbell; and then Wolff set out in a miserable Turkish boat for Sataliah, the ancient Attalia in Pisidia, which is mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. He took with him from Alexandria a black servant, a thorough negro, of the Shuluk tribe, who was always drunk, and, when drunk, got into a furious rage. And as the Shuluk tribe are believed to be cannibals, Wolff had a few misgivings about this man; so he was glad to dismiss him on their arrival in Constantinople.

At Attalia, Wolff resided in the house of Demetrius, the bishop of the place, who had the title, Demetrios Pisidia, an energetic and active man. He had been married, but, after the death of his wife, he became a monk upon Mount Sinai, and was then made Bishop of Attalia. The bishops of Anatolia have the title Krites, *id est*, "Judges;" speaking of which, Demetrius said, "Does not the Apostle Paul say, the saints shall judge the earth?"

The whole of Anatolia is exceedingly cheap to travel in, for very few Englishmen travel there; and whenever one comes, the Turk receives one, and gives one bread, salt, and soup, gratis; and one has only to pay for *caimac* (a thick kind of cream, like Devonshire cream), and provender for the horses, but for nothing else.

From Attalia Wolff went to Buldur. There are Greek Christians, who only speak the Turkish language, and are like buffaloes. It is a remarkable fact—and it must not be concealed—that, except the Armenians in Etsh-Miazin, Persia,

and Russia, and their enlightened brethren in Hindoostan, the native Christians of Anatolia, and the Turkish empire in general, where Roman Catholic missionaries have not penetrated, are ignorant, rude, and uncouth, like buffaloes!

Roman Catholic missionaries have carried everywhere the light of civilization. This was even observed by Robertson, in his "History of Mexico and Peru," who showed that holy priests of the Spanish nation, like Las-Casas, have enlightened barbarians, and restrained the Spanish tyrants.

Wolff at last arrived in Kiutaya, in Phrygia, and there he found the Greeks more enlightened, and their Bishop too; for they were real Greeks, and, though not themselves Roman Catholics, yet they had intercourse with them, and learned a great deal from them. It was in Kiütaya that the Apostle Paul was, when he was minded to go to Bithynia, but was induced by the Spirit to go to Salonica, the capital of Macedonia.

Wolff proceeded to Broosa, the capital of Bithynia. There it was that Hannibal died; and there it is that Abd-el-Kadir now resides. Wolff met there with an old Jew, so handsome that he thinks he never saw in his life such a beautiful man. He lived in a splendid house, and showed to Wolff the grandeur which surrounded him. Wolff read with this man portions of the Gospel; and slept that night in the house of an amiable French gentleman; and here an Armenian advanced him money on his bills on Constantinople. Wolff quitted Broosa the following day, in order to hasten swiftly onwards to Constantinople. His aim was Bokhara, and, therefore, he did not spend much time in any place, either in the Mediterranean, or in any part of Asia Minor.

On his arrival in Constantinople, Sir Robert Gordon received him most kindly, and invited him to dinner at his house, and said, as Wolff afterwards heard, that he never had a more pleasant evening than in his conversation with him. He procured him firmans and other letters from the Sultan, and from Christians and Muhammadans; and the Armenian Patriarch at Constantinople, and other Armenians, begged him to let them know whenever he settled in England, in order that they might establish colleges there for their nation, and schools for their youth, under the superintendence of Armenians; so that they might benefit by the light of European civilization.*

* Extracts from Dr. Wolff's Missionary Journal, published in 1828:

"Jan. 28, 1822.—We stopped for three hours in the Armenian convent, called Bait Hashbuck, near Ayun Warga. The name of the Superior is Gregorius. They expressed a desire of establishing a college in England."

Wolff was now about to depart for Angoroo, in Galatia, being furnished with letters, as above-mentioned, for his whole journey to Bokhara and Hindoostan. But it will be seen during the course of the details, that letters of introduction endangered his life; whilst the plague saved him from misery, slavery, and most probably from death.

At the expiration of about a fortnight, Wolff left Constantinople with a Tatar.* They were mounted on horseback, but Wolff always asked for an old, decrepid horse—the only sort he dared to mount—and thus he came into the province of Galatia to Angoroo, called also Ancyra. There, on the mountains, Arabs and Persian shepherds were to be found in the midst of this Turkish country and population. The Arabs were singing,—

"Seewas, Seewas, shall never be taken;
Nor shall they slay Bayaseed's son;"

while the Persians sang,—

"To attempt to possess together both God and the world,
Is altogether folly!"

Wolff asked the Arabs the meaning of their song. They replied, "Timoor koorekan," or, as he is also called, "Timoor lank,"† which means, *Timoor, the lame one*, invaded the country of Room. At that time Bayaseed ruled over that country. Timoor had under his command 900,000 soldiers. He sent word to Bayaseed, who had the surname "Yilderim," which means, "The lightning," that he should come and give an account of his stewardship. Bayaseed, in order to insult him, sent him ten presents instead of nine—nine being the honour-

"The Grand Prior, Peter Wartanes, was more warmly disposed towards me, and manifested a great desire to establish an Armenian college in England."

"Mr. Bogos, an Armenian, highly respected and revered by his nation, has given me a letter of introduction to the Patriarch of the Armenian nation, residing at Constantinople, in order that he may listen to me when I propose to him to unite the Armenian Church with the Protestant Churches of Europe!"

These extracts—and more might be given—show that Dr. Wolff has for long held a desire to see the Armenian Church brought into closer relationship with the Church of England.

* A Tatar is a Government messenger, who can be hired by any traveller desirous of assistance.

† Erroneously called *Tamerlane*.

able number among the Turcomauns; and to increase the insult, he sent him word that he would come and force him to divorce his wives.

Timoor said, "Has the man become mad?" So he marched against Seewas, a great town of Room, with 900,000 soldiers, took the city, and killed Togrool, the favourite son of Bayaseed, and buried alive 18,000 Armenian Christians. This was reported to Bayaseed, who rallied around him 30,000 Servian soldiers, all Christians, and placed them under the command of their co-religionist, Lazarowitsh. Besides these, he collected together 100,000 Turcomauns (countrymen of Timoor's soldiers), who had come from Turkistan; but being, as all those Turks are, too avaricious, he did not pay them their wages. In his march against Timoor, he passed the shepherds of Angoroo, and said to them, as he went by, "Sing to me a song I like; sing—

"Seewas shall never be taken,
Nor shall they slay
Bayaseed's son!"

And thus that song has come down to this day:—

"Seewas, Seewas shall never be taken;
Nor shall they slay
Bayaseed's son!"

Bayaseed came near Seewas, but found that it was taken; and that Togrool, his favourite son, was slain!

A battle ensued: Timoor dismounted his horse, and reviewed his soldiers; then harangued them, and gave the signal of attack,—"Soorunk!" *i. e.*, "Brave!" And the Turcomauns of Bayaseed exclaimed, "Bismillah Rahmane arraheem!" "In the name of the most merciful and compassionate God." The Servian Christians exclaimed, "Christos aneste!" "Christ is risen!" then crossed themselves, and the attack commenced. The Christians fought to the last, so that Timoor, in admiration, exclaimed, "How these Christians fight for their Muhammadan master!" The unpaid Turcomauns, however, at once went over to Timoor, and Bayaseed was defeated, and made prisoner, and brought in a cage to Akhshehir, where he died.

Wolff entered the city of Angoroo, where the Armenian archbishop and the Greek and Armenian Catholic bishops were living in greater harmony than is generally the case among the different denominations of the churches of the East. The Armenian archbishop made Wolff a present of an Angoroo

shawl, wrought out of the famous Angoroo goats' hair, with the request that he would send it to his wife. He also desired Wolff to write to the ambassador in Constantinople, to say that they were tyrannized over by the Governor, which Wolff was happy to do for two reasons. In the first place, he was able to bear witness to the truth of the complaint, for the Governor was a thorough brute; and, secondly, the ambassador had particularly desired Wolff to give him an account of those Governors who tyrannized over the Christians.

Wolff then left Angoroo, after staying about a fortnight. He took with him a most excellent Tatar of the Sultan, and rode on through a range of most romantic mountains, till he arrived in Tokat, where he lodged in the house of a very covetous Armenian. Here he visited the grave of that man of God, Henry Martyn. "Father, my father, the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof," came into Wolff's mind as he stood where his brother missionary was buried; and the words of that holy man never depart from Wolff's memory:—"Confession of sin is not yet repentance: knowledge of sin is not yet contrition." Martyn was buried by the Armenians in 1812, with all the honours of an Armenian archbishop. What an amiable spirit breathes through all the ebullitions of his noble mind. With what intrepidity did he preach the truth to the unconverted!—of which he gave proof on board a ship of war, when the officers jestingly told him, "Mr. Martyn, don't send us all to perdition to-day," and he at once took as the text of his sermon, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."

And again, what liberality may be perceived in the account which he gives of a Roman Catholic woman, who was pouring forth her spirit, like Samuel's mother, whilst kneeling before the altar of a Roman Catholic chapel!—"Dear woman!" he says of her in his diary. Dear Martyn! Wolff hopes to see thee in heaven! Wolff, however, cannot forbear from observing, that Henry Martyn, in his conversations on religion with Muhammadans at Sheeraz, showed too much of the senior wrangler of Cambridge in his arguments, by trying through Euclid to prove the truth of Christianity. Say what you will, Christianity cannot be proved by mathematics. We cannot prove by mathematics (as Wolff's darling wife once said to a mathematician) that one must eat when one is hungry; and no more can one mathematically prove the truth of David's saying, "As the hart panteth for the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O God."

While in Tokat, a Jew from Poland called on Wolff, and he

never saw a more handsome young man. This Jew appeared deeply impressed with all that Wolff told him, and spoke German, and gave to Wolff the title, "Your High Excellency." He much regretted that Wolff should have fallen into the hands of such a covetous Armenian as the one he lodged with, and that he had not accepted the invitation of the excellent and wealthy merchant Bambuktshee.

Wolff was taken very ill while at Tokat; but at last left it, with his Tatar, and passed many ruins, which had once been buildings belonging to the Republic of Genoa. Wolff asked the Tatar, "Why these buildings were not restored?" The Tatar gave a most emphatic reply, which he did not expect from a Turk:—"The people of Islaam never rebuild; the people of Islaam always destroy!"

He arrived, after a pleasant journey, at Trebizond, and lodged in the house of the British Consul, Mr. Brant, where he preached; and he visited the Greeks, both in and around Trebizond. In this town are a great number of Greeks, who are Pauline Christians. They are mentioned by Gibbon as having been persecuted during the reign of the Comneni, both by the orthodox party and the Muhammadans; and they outwardly conformed to the Muhammadan faith; but, in secret, they are Christians, and great friends of the Bible. Trebizond contains the tomb of one of the Georgian kings, whose epitaph is written in French, in which he is described as one of the descendants of King Solomon.

Wolff, after a few days, went across Mount Ararat to the capital of Armenia, Erz-Room; the proper meaning of which is, "The land belonging to the Roman Empire." From Erz-Room to Tabreez there is only one story to tell, viz.:—that the whole country was deserted by its Armenian inhabitants, because, in 1828, they emigrated, with General Paskewitsh (about 90,000 families in number), to the Russian dominions. Wolff stopped a few days in the city of Bayaseed with the Pasha, whose office is hereditary from father to son; and the Pasha lives in a splendid palace.

From Bayaseed, Wolff went to Khoy, where he resided with a Persian, who had received his education in England, and spoke English well. He said to Wolff, quite in an English way, and in that language, "I am very happy to shake you by the hand." He invited a whole party of Persians to meet Wolff, some of whom were freemasons; and one of them, Suliman Pasha by name, said that freemasonry is to be found in chapter iv. of Revelation. And there is some truth in this; for, after thirty-eight years, when Wolff peruses this chapter,

he can testify that Suliman Pasha was right; and he distinctly knows to which verse Suliman alluded; which every good and accepted mason will also immediately find out.

The Persians are really, with all their tremendous faults, an interesting nation; and it is to be lamented that they are Muhammadans. Tea was served, and conversation took place about the truth of the Gospel; and, on the first evening, the Persians invited were of a liberal description, and therefore a narghili was offered to Wolff that he might smoke with them. But, the next evening, Persians of a different stamp came, who considered it a sin to smoke a narghili with an infidel, and so Wolff was passed over; but the generous host made a thousand apologies to him, for being obliged to submit to the prejudices of his guests.

This prejudice well explains the astonishment of the woman of Samaria, when our Lord asked of her to give him water to drink; and when she said to him (John iv. 9), "How is it that Thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." And it explains also, Genesis xliii. 32, "Because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews; for that is an abomination unto the Egyptians." One can hereby see the wisdom of our blessed Lord, whose design was to unite brother with brother, and therefore to remove those religious prejudices which are so apt to keep them apart. Even at this entertainment, Wolff recognised the divinity of our Saviour's reform; his reform consisting in making all things smooth for all nations coming to God. God unites, and the devil divides.

CHAPTER XVI.

Advance towards Bokhara; Colonel Campbell, Sir John McNeil, Borowsky the Jew; Plague; from Astaara to Teheran; State of Persia; Boostan; Journey through the Desert of Cayen.

ON the third day after Wolff's arrival at Khoy, a "takhtruwan" arrived, which means literally "a walking-chair." It is like a sedan chair, with red curtains, and it was sent to him by the British Ambassador, Colonel Campbell, with a letter both from him and from Doctor, now Sir John, McNeil, dated Astaara, which is ten miles distant from Tabreez; and

they stated their great sorrow at being told of Wolff's indisposition at Tokat. They sent this letter by their head servant, a Persian; and it proceeded to inform Wolff that the plague was raging all over Persia, and especially in Tabreez; so that all the chief inhabitants of that place had fled from it. Moreover, they informed him that his royal highness, Abbas Mirza, had marched with his army, 20,000 strong, accompanied by Major Stokes, Captain Shee, and five English sergeants, into the interior of Persia, towards Yazd and Kermaan, two places which are the chief seats of the Parsees, the fire-worshippers. Dear people, will that fire divine ever burn in your hearts which will lead you to that light, which guides to the source of light, the real Ormuzd, Christ our Lord? The messenger was instructed, moreover, to desire Wolff to come to their tents, where a tent was already pitched for him, and where he should also meet the Russian ambassador and his staff. Wolff went accordingly to Astaara, and was most kindly received by the British Embassy, and his friends, Dr. and Mrs. McNeil. The Russian ambassador also called upon him, with his two secretaries; one of whom was Chodzko, a Pole, who was very much concerned about the destiny of his countrymen, who were, at that time, in open rebellion against the Emperor Nicholas; and he desired Wolff to make him acquainted with the last news about Poland. Chosdow, the other secretary, displayed a candour which it was surprising to observe in a diplomatist; for he informed Wolff that the Poles had hitherto been victorious on every occasion, and had defeated the Russians.

Wolff preached in the tents of the British Ambassador, and his sermon consisted of an exposition of the 12th chapter of Revelation; in which he showed that the woman mentioned in the first verse was the Jewish nation; and the child which was born was Christ; and the time of the spiritual conception of Christ in the Jews, will produce a war in heaven between Michael the Archangel, and the dragon. And he showed that in that conflict Michael will be victorious, and will expel the dragon, which is the devil, who has hitherto access in heaven, as we can see in the case of Job, when he appeared before God as accuser. This fall of the dragon will fill him with wrath, and then he will persecute the Jewish nation, when those mighty wonders shall be performed, which are alluded to in Micah vii. 15, wonders similar to those which were performed at their coming out of Egypt. "According to the days of thy coming out of the land of Egypt will I show unto him marvellous *things*." And it is for that reason that the prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel make those battles fought in former times

typical of those battles which shall be fought previous to the coming of our Lord, &c.

McNeil confessed that he never heard a sermon in which such a deep insight into Scripture was displayed, and such knowledge of the writings of the Fathers. The Russian secretaries, to whom also he preached the same sermon, took it down in writing, and sent it to Count Nesselrode, the Chancellor of the Russian Emperor. Chodzko also said, that many monks of the famous monastery, Troitzo, held the same views as Wolff; and Wolff advised Chodzko to get the book called "The Coming of Christ in Majesty and Glory," written in Spanish by a converted Jew, the famous Jesuit Lacunza, under the assumed name, Juan Josaphat Ben-Ezra, which had been translated into English by Edward Irving; and was also translated into German. This book was condemned by the Church of Rome, on account of Lacunza's belief in the re-establishment of Jewish sacrifices.

Colonel Campbell now immediately wrote to the King of Persia, who had fled into the mountains of Ispahan, on account of the plague, and also to Abbas Mirza at Yazd, for letters of introduction for Wolff to the chiefs in Khorassan. And in due time both letters of introduction and passports arrived, according to this request; on which occasion it so happened that Wolff, the Ambassador and his family, with Dr. McNeil and his family, were all seated together at dinner, and Dr. McNeil said jokingly to Wolff, "Now you have got all the letters; but, in spite of them, we shall hear, two months hence, the sad tidings that Joseph Wolff has been made a slave in Khorassan by the Turcomauns, and sold for six *shay*,"—the value of one "shay" being the twentieth part of a farthing.

Despatches arrived at the same time from Bushire, with a letter from the British Resident there, who gave notice to Colonel Campbell that Colonel Chesney had arrived from Bombay, in company with a Polish nobleman, Count Borowsky by name. On hearing this announcement, Wolff at once said, "Be on your guard, Borowsky is not a Polish nobleman, but a Jew!" This man was a very remarkable one, and to form an idea of him, we must go back to the year 1829, when Wolff had arrived in Alexandria with his wife from Jerusalem.

A Jew called one day on him there, with all the appearance of a gentleman; but who struck Wolff as being a great braggart. He informed him that his mother had been a Jewess, but that his father was Prince Radzivil; that he had been in London, and had wished to be baptized there; but as the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews

would not come to his terms, he had left them. This visitor, who called himself Borowsky, was then a young man, giving instruction in Alexandria, in history and mathematics; but Wolff, convinced that he was a Jew, on the father's as well as mother's side, did not wish to have anything to do with him.

However, Caviglia (mentioned already), the philosopher, Christian, mystic, and antiquarian, took an interest in him; and, as he wished to proceed to Bombay, he offered him letters of introduction, if he would first state what he meant to do there. Borowsky told him coolly, that he would teach the English there how to govern India. Caviglia retired, and exclaimed, "Per Bacco!" and did not wish to have anything more to do with him. Nevertheless, Borowsky proceeded to India, though without the letters. This was in the year 1829; and in 1831, as stated before, the news reached Colonel Campbell, that this Borowsky, under the title of Count, had arrived at Bushire with Colonel Chesney. And Wolff warned Colonel Campbell accordingly of his suspicions about the man. That Wolff's suspicions of his being a Jew were well founded, will hereafter appear.

Wolff left Astaara, accompanied by a servant of Colonel Campbell, and traversed, for eight days, all the villages infected by the plague, for 300 miles, till he reached Teheran, the chief capital of the King of Persia, the journey being performed on horseback, and Wolff always sleeping outside the villages on the ground, in the open air. The servant cooked for him, and he was provided with victuals at Astaara to last the whole way.

On his arrival in Teheran, he took up his abode in the palace of the British Ambassador, as Colonel Campbell had most kindly provided him with a letter for the housekeeper there, who was a Persian. Khosrow Khan, his old friend, the chief eunuch, called on him; and he has been already described by Wolff as a Muhammadan Swedenborgian. He was delighted, he said, to hear again about Christ. He said, also, that he would assist Wolff in going safely to Bokhara; but that it was a far more dangerous journey than any Wolff had ever undertaken before, and, therefore, great caution was required. He said, too, that, in the year 1825, Captain Brown, an English traveller, had been killed in Khorassan, although he had had with him an escort from the King of Persia.

Wolff called the next day on Khosrow Khan, when he met there several Affghan merchants who had come from Bokhara. Khosrow Khan asked them, how Wolff could go safely? They

replied, "Nametwanad B'rawad," "*He cannot go.*" Wolff asked, "Why not?" They answered, "They will kill you in Khorassan, because they cannot bear Christians; and if you should slip safely through Khorassan, and arrive in Sarakhs, where there are 6000 tents of Turcomauns, they will keep you a slave; and if you were to slip through Sarakhs safely, and arrive in Merw (also called Mowr), you will still be in the same danger; and if you should slip safely through Merw, and arrive in Bokhara, you will either be kept there, and never be allowed to leave: or killed, as they killed Morecroft, and Guthrie, and Trebeck, six years ago, after Shah Hydar had received them with the greatest kindness, and after they had given him immense presents." Besides this, they said to Wolff, "You have physical impediments, because you are short-sighted, and do not see when robbers are coming."

And Wolff must confess that he is the most unfit of travellers, because, as they justly observed, he is short-sighted; and also, he is not able to ride upon a good horse, nor even upon a donkey; he cannot swim at all; he cannot cook his own victuals, nor sit as the natives do, with crossed legs, like tailors; and his habit of walking about, in a pensive manner, was always offensive to Easterns of every description, until they had found him out to be a dervish, who was absorbed in meditations on higher matters.

Khosrow Khan said, "My dear friend, I do not like to be responsible for your safety, for I am convinced you are in great danger." Wolff replied, "God is mighty above all things; He will take care of me."

Now, before Wolff proceeds to give an account of his departure, he must be allowed to give an insight into the state of the country of Persia, and of Turkistan, and Bokhara—those countries to which he was about to proceed. He has already observed that there are two great parties in the Muhammadan religion: The Sheeah,—Anti-traditionalists, who believe that the first rightful successor of Muhammad was Ali, and after him the twelve Imaums. They reject entirely the right of successorship of Aboubeker, Omar, and Osman, and consider them as robbers and usurpers, and curse five times every day, in each of their prayers, Aboubeker, Omar, and Osman.

Now the Persians and the people of Khorassan are Sheeah, and are under the government of the King of Persia, who is also a Sheeah. And Persia Proper, including Khorassan, is comprised by the name of Iran. But, after it, Tooran comes, which comprises the whole of Turkistan, Bokhara, Khiva, and Kokan, and Tashkand, and Hasrat Sultan, Mimona, Ankhoy,

and Herat. These countries, except Herat, are also called Turkistan. Its inhabitants are Osbeck, Tatshick, and Kalmucks, all of which are Soonnee, *i.e.* Traditionalists. They recognize the Khalifatship, or successorship of Aboubeker, Omar, and Osman, and Ali; and declare the Sheeah to be infidels, and worthy of being sold, as they express themselves, like donkeys and horses. And this they do; and every year the King and Muhammadan Mollahs of Bokhara issue a Fetwa, *i.e.* Papal bull, ordering the Turcomauns in the desert, and the Hazara (called by Gibbon, "Khozaren"), to march every year to Khorassan and Persia, to make "tchapow," *i.e.* foray; which order those tribes obey, and capture whole caravans, burn down cities and villages, and sell the inhabitants as slaves in the cities of Turkistan.

In Hebrew, the Turcomauns are called, *The children of Togarmah.* Is it not remarkable that this description agrees with the words of Ezekiel? (Ezekiel xxvii. 14)—"They of the house of Togarmah traded in thy fairs with horses and horsemen"—*i. e.* slaves, because the Persian slaves are used as horsemen—"and mules." This is their trade to this day. The Turcomauns now, therefore, enter Khorassan every year, five or six times, burn down whole villages, carry away the inhabitants as slaves, and sell them in the cities of Bokhara and Khiva.

But this is not the only thing to be dreaded. The people of Khorassan, though Sheeah, and subjects of the King of Persia, were only nominally his subjects, and were, in reality, subjects of forty-two Khans; and, let it be observed, all of them were Sheeah also. And all those Khans had power in their respective territories over the lives and property of their subjects, like the feudal lords, in ancient times, in England and in Germany; and they cared but little for the King of Persia, to whom, however, each Khan gave every year a horse as a mark of tribute.

Many of these Khans were in open understanding with the Turcomauns of the desert; the enemies of their rightful King, and the enemies of their religion! There was one of them, especially, whose name was Muhammad Iszhak Khan, ruler of the city and territory of Torbad-Hydareea; a man six feet high, with eyes flashing fire, who marched out, sometimes with 3000 horsemen, making slaves of the subjects of his fellow-Khans, bringing them to his own town, Torbad, imprisoning them, and putting them in irons until Turcomauns from the desert came to purchase them of him; and thus bought Sheeah from the hands of a Sheeah chief, to sell them

again, chiefly in Bokhara and Khiva! It is said of him, that he had, in this manner, sold 60,000 of his co-religionists, and subjects of his own King, to the Soonnee; and as this system has been now carried on for centuries, there are 200,000 Persian slaves in the kingdom of Bokhara alone. It was through such a country as this that Wolff had now to travel.

Meantime, several cases of Bibles, in various languages had arrived for Wolff in the British Embassy at Teheran, from Bombay, sent to him by Bishop Carr, at that time Archdeacon Carr. Before Wolff started he made acquaintance with an Affghan, who had been several times in Bokhara, and had managed matters so well that he always came safely back; and as Soonnee, there was no danger of his being made a slave. This man promised to bring Wolff safely to Bokhara; so he paid him a visit in the British Embassy. On his arrival there Wolff embraced him in the Eastern manner, and gave him a cup of tea to drink, and sat down near him, and looked at him; when, on looking at his neck, below his ear, he saw something white on his skin — white as snow; but not knowing then, thoroughly, what leprosy was, he put his hand to it, and asked him "What have you got here?" To which he coolly replied, "This is what we call in Persian, *pis;*" *i. e.* leprosy. Wolff ran away at once, and out into the garden; where meeting with a Parsee who was preparing everything for his journey, he bade him go and tell the man he could have nothing to do with him; and, of course, he never saw him again.

Wolff then went to the market-place in Teheran, where he met a Muhammadan, dressed in a large yellow gown, with a shawl tied around him like a sash; a white turban upon his head, and a staff in his hand. Wolff was at that time dressed in Persian costume; he had also a Bible under his arm, and a Persian cap on his head; and as it is not the custom as it is in England, that one must be first introduced before speaking, he walked up to him, and said, "I perceive that you are a Hadshee." He at once told Wolff his whole history, and said, "Yes, God be praised, I am a Hadshee, a Sheeah, and a Mujteheed (*i. e.* a Sheeah priest). I set out three years ago from Herat, and came through Khorassan, escaping the attention of that Pedr Sukhte (which is in English, 'one whose father ought to be burned'), Muhammad Iszhak Khan, of Torbad-Hydareea; and I arrived safely in Teheran, and from Teheran I went to Bushire; from thence I embarked for Juddah, and from Juddah I went to Mecca, and from Mecca to Medina; and after three years I returned yesterday, back

to this place, Teheran; and to-morrow I shall set out for Herat, by the way of Meshed."

Wolff was highly pleased to hear this account, for he, himself, had to go more than halfway on the same road. So he said to the Hadshee:—"You are a Hadshee; I am also a Hadshee; but I am more, I am a Dervish. I am a believer in three books, which are: first, the books of Moses and the Prophets: secondly, the Psalms of David; and thirdly, the Gospel of Christ, together with the Epistles of his Apostles." Wolff used wittingly these expressions, because the Muhammadans divide the revealed Book into four books; firstly, the Tawrat, *i. e.* the first five books of Moses; secondly, Zaboor, that is the Psalms of David; thirdly, Anjeel, which is the Gospel; and fourthly, the Koran, *i. e.* the book of Muhammad. By telling the Hadshee this, Wolff gave him to understand that he did not believe the same as the Hadshee, but yet, that he was not an infidel. Wolff then continued, "I go about in the world to proclaim that Jesus Christ came the first time to suffer for our sins; and that He will come the second time to reign on earth in majesty and glory; and I am now going to Bokhara in order to find out the ten tribes of Israel."

The Hadshee, whose name was Sayd Muhammad, observed, "I should like to travel with you." And Wolff repeated, "I should like to travel with you." On which the Hadshee said, "Then you must be ready to-morrow."

Wolff hired four camels, upon which he loaded those Bibles which had been sent to him from Bombay for distribution on the journey; and he hired two Persian servants, both of them tremendous rogues; for Wolff never had the good fortune to meet with a good servant, except on his second journey to Bokhara, in the year 1843, when he took a Russian with him from Constantinople to Tabreez, who actually behaved very well the whole journey. But when they arrived at Tabreez, he became so drunk that he thrashed his master, and would have most seriously injured him, if Mr. Bonham had not knocked him down. Wolff, however, would still have taken him on to Bokhara after he became sober, if he would have promised not to get drunk again. But he said he never would promise such a thing, as he was determined to get drunk whenever the feast of the Holy Virgin Mary was celebrated. So Wolff dismissed him.

But to return to the journey to Khorassan. Wolff set out the next day with the Hadshee, who had his hareem and servants; and with his own servants besides; and about fifty

Persians who had joined the caravan for Khorassan. Everything went on smoothly for three days; but on the fourth, they arrived in the province of Khorassan; and, almost immediately, the whole caravan uttered shrieks, and the Hadshee said, weeping, "God have mercy upon us! Now we are lost; we are slaves for life!" Wolff asked, "What is the matter?" They all exclaimed, "Are you blind? look there!" and here they pointed in one direction. "There are the Al-Ammaan coming on horseback; and the Al-Ammaan have a proverb, '*Al-Ammaan Atlanda Attasee Danamas*,'" *i. e.* "An Al-Ammaan on horseback does not know his own father."

Now observe, the Turcomauns are also called "Al-Ammaan;" and there cannot be the least doubt that they are the ancient Scythians, the ancestors of the Germans, or the Allemanni, or Allemands. There are among them two tribes; the one called *Sakas*, the Saxons; and the other the *Garaman*, that is the Germans. They are also called the *Tooraanee*, and are noted so much for their ferocity, that the Greeks have taken from the name τυραννοι, *i. e.* "tyrants." The first thing they do whenever they attack a caravan, is to fire, and kill some, in order to strike terror among the rest. Then those who have escaped fall on their knees, and exclaim, *Ammaan! i. e.* "Give us our safety!" Upon this, the Al-Ammaans, that is, *the people to whom the prisoner entrusts his safety*, strip their victims of everything they possess, leaving them naked; and tie them to their horses' tails with a long rope, so that the horse is not able to kick them; but they are dragged on until the troop arrive with them at the spot in Turkistan called Sarakhs, which is the chief emporium or market-place for slaves.

Now eight or nine hundred of such Al-Ammaan came down upon Wolff and his caravan; but, to the surprise of all, they did not fire, nor make any attack; although they came up to within a couple of yards of the travellers. Every one was dumb and motionless, the attackers as well as the attacked. At last, the Turcomauns commenced, "*Nörödön Gölyoorsesz?*" *i. e.* "Where do you come from?" Wolff replied, "*Ajameestaundan*," which means, "From the land of Ajam," *i. e.* Persia. The Al-Ammaans shook their heads, and said to each other, "*Koorkar, Ajameestaunda Boowakt Wabba Warr awrdah*;" "There is danger; the plague exists in Persia at this time." When Wolff observed from these words that they were afraid of the plague, he began to walk up to them; upon which, they turned round at once, and rode off as fast as they could.

And thus, as it was observed, in the account of Wolff's de-

parture from Constantinople, the plague was once, during this journey, the means of saving him from either death or slavery.

All now exclaimed, "*Alhamdoo lillah!*" "Praise be to God!" and after this, they marched on, and came to Semnaun. This was the place where, six years before Wolff's journey, Captain Brown was killed; and here, at the time when Wolff was entering it, two Khorassan chiefs were fighting with each other. One of them was son to the King of Persia; the other was a native of Khorassan, both of them Sheeah.

Wolff pitched his tent outside the city of Semnaun, with the rest of the caravan; and the inhabitants came thither out of the town; some of them to honour Wolff, because they had heard that he was a great dervish; others with a wish to kill him, because they had heard that he was an infidel. The Hadshee made them believe that he was a dervish, who believed in three books, and that he was an extraordinary man, who went about to speak with the nations about Jesus. So these men talked to Wolff for some time; but the evil-disposed ones refused to give him water to drink, and the others did not dare to do it. Wolff, however, made his way to a well himself. At last, they all retired back into the town, and the caravan slept in peace.

From thence they came to Damghan, one of the three cities which are considered the most ancient in the world. The other two are Balkh, in Bactriana, and Nishapoor, in Khorassan. In Damghan, Wolff was received civilly by the Governor in his own house, though he told him freely his history, viz.:—that he had been a Jew, and had become a Christian and a dervish. In the night there was fighting going on in the town, so that Wolff was disturbed the whole time; and his host had to fly the place; and Wolff hastened away in the morning to the camp outside the town, where he had left the Hadshee.

And then Wolff proceeded on his way, with the caravan, to Sharoot and Deh-Moollah, and arrived at the beautiful town called Boostan, which means "Garden." This is one of the few towns in Khorassan, whose rule is in the hands of one of the King's sons. The name of that prince was Ismael Mirza,* and he was the son of a Jewess. On Wolff's arrival in Boostan, the whole town was in alarm and in arms; and shouts were heard from all sides, *Al-Ammaan beeroon*, "The Al-Ammaans are outside!" And this was so; they filled the whole road called "The King's Highway," which leads from

* The word *Mirza*, when placed *before* a proper name, means *a secretary*; when placed *after* it, it means a prince royal,—the son or descendant of a king.

Boostan to Meshed, and so forward to Bokhara; the King's Highway being a scriptural expression, to be found in the prophet Isaiah, signifying the chief road.

Wolff said to the inhabitants of Boostan, "There is no cause of fear for us, for they might have taken us a week ago on the frontier." They answered, "Oh, we see that you are a foreigner, and do not know the policy of these Al-Ammaans. They did not take you on the frontier, because they were not quite sure whether the plague was among you or not. But, as they have spies everywhere, they are now convinced that you are healthy and sound; and do you only go out for half an hour towards Meshed, and see whether they will not take you."

Wolff now asked the Hadshee, "What do you intend to do?" He replied, "Let us hire a house here, and stay till the times are more quiet." Wolff replied, "I shall do no such thing, I must go on." And as he had had a letter from the King of Persia for Ismael Mirza, he waited on him. The Prince read the letter in due form, first pressing it against his forehead, then kisssing it, then putting it to his heart, and then, after reading it, he said to Wolff, "I am your humble servant. Ask of me whatever you wish me to do for you and I will do it."

Wolff said that he only desired his Royal Highness to send him to Bokhara in safety, either as a freeman or as a slave. He told the Prince that his object in getting safely to Bokhara was, that he might be able to converse with the Jews about Jesus, and inquire into the truth of their idea, that they were descendants of the lost ten tribes. He added, that after accomplishing his mission in Bokhara, he would, in case he went there as a slave, write to the Governor of Orenbourg, in Siberia, and enclose a letter to Lord Heytesbury, sending him bills to obtain money to pay for his ransom in Bokhara.

The Prince said, "There is no necessity for sending you on as a slave, I can send you on as a freeman. And you may take as much gold on your head as you please. Nobody will touch you, and you need not go with a caravan; one single man is enough to bring you safely to Bokhara. I only require from you one condition—I don't want money from you, but my father writes to me that you are a very great man in England. Therefore give me a writing, in which you promise, in the name of the King of England, that after you are arrived safely in Bokhara, he will give me a life-pension yearly, of 6,000 tomauns" (equal to £3,000 sterling).

Wolff smiled, and said, "I can give you a paper, that his Majesty should give you 40,000 tomauns, but I doubt whether he will honour the bill!"

Thereupon he replied, "Then I fear your paper will be good for nothing."

Wolff answered, "So I am afraid myself."

"Then," exclaimed he, "you may go to the devil!"

So Wolff left the palace of the Prince, and returned to the Hadshee in the market-place, where many of the inhabitants were assembled. They asked Wolff what the result of his application had been? And he informed them of all the circumstances, at which they all laughed, and made the following remarkable observation;—

"Oh, you don't know our princes; they are not like yours. Your princes will do some kindness to a foreigner, but the occupation of our princes is to dye their beards black with henna, smoke the galyoon, and get drunk against the law of the Koran. They spend the greater part of their days in the hareem, and squeeze their subjects for money, and foreigners too, if they can; and they are in understanding with the Al-Ammaan in the desert, bargaining for part of their spoils."

It is surprising to observe, how, in countries where tyranny prevails, liberty of speech is allowed to exist. It is to be explained in this way:—The being a tyrant is no discredit there, but a crédit. Count Titow observed to Wolff, that this seems to have been the case in the time of our blessed Saviour. And the Apostle seems to insinuate this by the words, "He beareth not the sword in vain." And if we ask at the present day in savage, despotic countries, "Why has the king killed such and such a man? What crime has he committed?" the answer is, "None; he was a good man, but using the sword is the business of a king."

This seems to have been the case in the times of Louis Quinze in France, when both tyranny existed and liberty of speech was allowed. For a tyrant will allow liberty of speech so long as he does not perceive the danger of it, but the moment he perceives the danger he puts a stop to it. And so, we may ask, would Louis Napoleon now allow any one to write a book like "Télémaque?" Certainly not! Napoleon perceives this danger, and gives warning to newspapers, and stops all liberty of speech; because the fate of Louis XVI. has shown to him what is the consequence of tyrannical acts when they are permitted to be canvassed by the people.

Wolff asked the inhabitants whether there was not another road to Bokhara? They replied, "Yes, there is one where the Turcomauns don't go, on account of the scarcity of water; and this is through the province of Cayon to Burchund, and from thence to Herat, and from Herat to Samarcand and Bokhara.

In case you take that road, you must provide yourself with water for seven days in skins, and also with pomegranates, from which you may squeeze out a tumbler full of juice, and that juice, mixed with water and sugar, you will find a delicious draught to take when you are thirsty; and you must provide yourself with enough roasted chickens to last you seven days, and so you will be able to arrive on the seventh day at Burchund. But on arriving there, try to escape the attention of Ameer Assaad-Oollah-Beyk, the Governor of that place, for he has been a rebel against Abbas Mirza and the King of Persia for the last thirty years, and as you are the friend of Abbas Mirza, you may easily be suspected of being one of his spies, and be put to death."

Wolff prepared, according to the advice he had received, to proceed to Burchund and Herat, and when the inhabitants saw that he was determined to go, one old man eighty years of age, said, "I will go with this European as far as Burchund, for I have never seen my great-grandchildren who live there." Another said, "I want to go and see my nurse, whom I have not seen for these twenty years."

And thus a caravan was again formed, of between forty and fifty people, and Wolff set out for the desert of Cayen with his fellow-travellers and servants.

The first night they slept among the ruins of a huge castle. It was utterly inconceivable to discover, how, in those ancient times, men could have placed such mighty stones one upon the other. No wonder that the natives say, these structures have not been built by human hands, but by Deeves, or genii; and that Rostum himself, the Hercules of the Persians, has not been able to destroy them entirely.

The next morning Wolff started again on his journey, and went twenty-five miles; and they were about to lie down to sleep in the desert, after they had had some food, when the old man, before mentioned, began to make a most tremendous noise, exclaiming, "O God! what has happened to me in my old age?" They asked him what was the matter? and he replied, "I must return to that accursed castle." Wolff asked, why? He said, "I have lost a half-rupee in the castle, which I must try to find again." Wolff would have willingly offered him two or three rupees, in order that he might not take the trouble of going back again; but on such journeys everything is to be considered; for, if he had shown himself liberal to the old man, he might have excited the suspicion that he had a great deal of money, and so have put into the minds of the rest, and even of the old man himself, the idea of killing him for

his money. For they say of a man who has got a great deal of money, *bad nam darad*, which means "he has a bad name," because he is in danger of being put to death. And so Wolff suffered the old man to return the next day to the castle.

All said that the man would not try again to join the caravan, but would go back to Boostan; and so they proceeded without him, and went on that day about thirty miles, and were about to go to rest, when, to their great surprise, they heard the voice of the old man, exclaiming, "Praise be to God, the Creator of the world, praise be to God, the mighty and the glorious! I have found my half-rupee." The whole caravan laughed most heartily on hearing the joy of this man, who kept them awake half the night, telling them how he had swept the room in the castle, until "Hazr" (*i.e.* Elijah) appeared to him, and showed him the spot where the half-rupee lay. This illustrates the passage in Luke xv. 8, 9, "Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it? And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbours together, saying, 'Rejoice, with me, for I have found the piece which I had lost.'"

Wolff had often witnessed similar conduct in women who had lost some piece of money of the most insignificant value, and this shows the dreadful covetousness of the Eastern people. However, covetousness is not confined to Easterns, it prevails also in Europe, especially among those literary men who carry on literary pursuits as a trade.

The next morning the caravan proceeded on through the desert, and slept in a camp, as usual; when a quarrel arose between two of the travellers, one saying to the other, "Thou stupid fellow, thou art ignorant of thy religion." The other replied, "Ask me a question, and see if I cannot answer it." The other said, "Then tell me what was the name of the prophet's daughter who married Ali?" The other did not know. And here Wolff, who had overheard the discussion, called out, "Fatimah Khatoon was her name." (*Khatoon* means a lady, so that she was called "Fatimah the lady.")

The man who had challenged the other, now exclaimed, "See, this Christian dervish knows it, but thou dost not know!"

Wolff again interposed, "Now, I will ask you who boast so much, some questions. Answer me! With whom did Muhammad travel, and to what place did he travel, when he was thirteen years of age? And who invited him to a sumptuous dinner."

The man knew not one single word of this. Then Wolff said, "He travelled with Aboo-Taleb, his uncle; and came

near Bussorah in Syria, on his way to Jerusalem; and it was by Baheerah, the monk, that he was invited with his party to a sumptuous dinner."

As Wolff concluded, a dervish rose from amidst the caravan, and approaching him said, "Verily, Youssuff Wolff, thou art a dervish indeed. Untruth is not in thee!" Wolff at once presented this dervish with a Bible, and commenced speaking about religion.

CHAPTER XVII.

Burchund: Taken Prisoner: Dervishes: Caravan: Toorshesh: Made Slave: Torbad-Hydareea: The "Head-tearer:" Released from Slavery.

AT last, the caravan arrived in Burchund, where Wolff went to a caravanserai to sleep; for Ameer Assaad-Oollah-Beyk, Governor of the place, a Sheeah by persuasion, and vassal to the King of Persia (but who had already been for thirty years a rebel against his liege lord, and the Prince Regent Abbas Mirza), was very suspicious of every traveller who came to the place; being afraid that he might be a spy upon him, sent from Abbas Mirza. Wolff, knowing this, did not delay at Burchund; but set out the next morning for Herat, accompanied only by his own two servants, and a camel-driver conducting the camel which carried the Bibles.

He walked the whole distance—being forty miles; and just as night had set in, two horsemen came up behind him. They were of that mighty and brave race, the Pooluj, the bravest people of central Asia; who were afterwards entirely defeated and subdued by General Sir Charles Napier. When these two Pooluj came behind Wolff, they said, "We are sent by Ameer Assaad-Oollah-Beyk to bring you back, because you are a spy from Abbas Mirza."

The history of the matter was this. Before Wolff arrived at Burchund, a report had reached the place that Abbas Mirza had already marched into Khorassan, for the purpose of putting an end to slave-making, and of exterminating the Khans, among whom Ameer Assaad-Oollah-Beyk, as one of the chief rebels, was included. And Wolff was suspected of being a spy from Abbas Mirza, on his road to Herat, to make alliance with Shah Kamran, its king.

Wolff had no resource, but was forced to walk back to Burchund, a journey which he accomplished in three days, and

then he was brought to the old castle, which was the residence of the Ameer. Those castles are called in the Persian, *ark*, from which our English and German word "ark" is derived, and it means "a fortress."

Here Wolff was dragged into a large dark room by the Ameer's soldiers, in a rude, disrespectful way. Each of the soldiers had a matchlock gun in his hand; with a burning, smoking torch upon it, which spread a sulphurous odour through the room. On one side of the room sat the Ameer, with the chiefs of the desert around him. The Ameer himself had a most beautiful eye, and pleasant countenance; and both he and all the other chiefs had a galyoon in their mouths, and were smoking. On the other side were the Moollahs *sitting*; and in the midst of them was a dervish of high repute, whose name was Hadshee Muhammad Jawad.

Wolff was at this time in his Persian dress, and carried a Bible under his arm, as was his universal custom in travelling. The Ameer first opened his mouth, and asked Wolff,

"Where do you come from?"

Wolff said, "I come from England, and am going to Bokhara."

"What do you intend to do in Bokhara?" asked the Ameer.

Wolff replied, "I, having been a Jew, visit that nation all over the world, and wish to go to Bokhara, in order to see whether the Jews there are of the ten tribes of Israel, and to speak to them about Jesus."

All in the room exclaimed, "This man must be devil-possessed!"

But the dervish, on the other side, called out, "Silence! This man is not devil-possessed. I shall examine him." And then he proceeded to examine Wolff, in the most extraordinary manner, by asking him, "Do you know Sir John Malcolm?"

Wolff answered "Yes."

Then, again, asked the dervish, "Do you know Sir Gore Ouseley?"

Wolff said "Yes," once more.

Dervish.—"Do you know Lord Hastings, Governor-General of India?"

Wolff.—"Yes."

Dervish (in a louder tone).—"Do you know the Padri (*i. e.* missionaries) of Calcutta, Serampore, Madras, and Bombay?"

Wolff.—"Yes."

Then said the dervish, "Thou art a Padre" (a missionary), and added, with exultation at his own shrewdness, "Have I found you out?" Wolff answered "Yes." Upon which the

dervish turned to the Ameer, and said, "Now go on asking him questions, and I will help you out."

The Ameer then continued the examination as follows:—

Ameer.—"How far is England from Bokhara?"

Wolff.—"Seven thousand miles straightforward, going by sea to Constantinople, and from Constantinople by land to Bokhara; but, as I have come, it is above 15,000."

Ameer.—"Why do you take such trouble? why do you mind what they believe in Bokhara? why not remain at home, eat and drink, and live comfortably in the circle of your family?"

Wolff.—"Sadi says," (and, as he spoke, he balanced himself from side to side, as is the custom with dervishes, using also their singing tone), "'The world, O brother, remaineth not to any one. Fix, therefore, your heart on the Creator of the world, and it is enough.' I have found out, by the reading of this book" (here he held out the Bible) "that one can only bind one's heart to God by believing in Jesus; and believing this, I am like one who walks in a beautiful garden, and smells the odour of the roses, and hears the warbling of the nightingale; and I do not like to be the only one so happy; and therefore I go about in the world for the purpose of inviting others to walk with me, arm-in-arm, in the same beautiful garden."

They all at once rose, and exclaimed, "A man of God!—drunk with the love of God! A dervish indeed! Sit down!"

A pipe was now brought to Wolff, and tea; and then the Ameer desired him to read some portions from his book.

Wolff turned to the Sermon on the Mount, and read the first twelve verses; then to Isaiah, and read parts of the 34th chapter, "Come near, ye nations, to hear; and hearken, ye people: Let the earth hear, and all that is therein; the world, and all things that come forth of it. For the indignation of the Lord is upon all nations, and His fury upon all their armies: He has utterly destroyed them, He has delivered them to the slaughter," &c. Upon this Wolff enlarged, and spoke of the final judgments of God upon the nations. A general cry now arose, "O God, why do we not repent? O God, why do we not repent?"

And then the Ameer asked whether Wolff had such books in their language, to which Wolff replied, "Yes," and sending for his servant, he caused Persian and Arabic Bibles to be brought into the room, and distributed above forty copies. He afterwards saw people reading, in the open market-places, these very books; and was called upon, more than once, to explain different passages in them. Wolff remained fourteen days in Burchund, sleeping in the house of Hadshee Muhammad Jawad.

This dervish is known, not only in the whole of Khorassan, but also throughout Turkistan, including Bokhara, Balkh, and Cabul, Khotan, Kokan, Tashkand, Hasrat, Sultan, and Yarkand in Chinese Tartary, the whole of Hindoostan, Thibet, and China!

It is worth while to give to the world a more just view of the dervishes than has hitherto been done, because, both by missionaries and other travellers, they have been represented as useless beggars. Such an account of them as this is at once refuted, by simply stating, that all the great men in the East, who have been celebrated either as poets, or historians, or lawyers, have been dervishes. For example, Hafiz, Saadi, Ferdoosi, Moollah, Roomee, Jaami, Malek Nizam—and the last was the exterminator of the Assassins, who are otherwise called "The people of the Man of the Mountain." These people, before they attacked an enemy, would intoxicate themselves with a powder made of hemp-leaves, out of which they prepared an inebriating electuary, called "Hashish;" and so they were called "Hashshasheen," whence the English word "assassin" is derived. They were under the command of an old man, who resided formerly upon Mount Lebanon, and was, therefore, called "The Old Man of the Mountain." Many heroes, who went from Europe to fight against Islam, in the time of the Crusades, fell victims to the invisible hands of "The Old Man of the Mountain."

To return to the dervishes. If they did not exist, no man would be safe in the deserts among the savages. They are the chief people in the East who keep in the recollection of those savages that there are ties between heaven and earth. They restrain the tyrant in his oppression of his subjects; and are, in fact, the great benefactors of the human race in the East. They are called dervishes from the word *Daar*, which is, in English, "door," and *Weesh*, which means "hanging," the purport of the whole word being to *hang at the gate of God*, to be inspired by Him, and to trust in His bounty. They are consulted by courts, and by the counsellors of state in times of emergency. All the prophets of old were dervishes, beyond all doubt, in their actions, in their style of speaking, and in their dress. For instance, we find that 'Elijah sat, "with his face wrapped in his mantle;" and when he was asked, "What art thou doing?" he replied, "I am jealous for the Lord." Exactly so does a dervish sit now, wrapped up in his mantle, in deep meditation. And if one asks him, "What art thou doing, O dervish?" he will reply, "I am filled with zeal for God;" or, "I think of the time when Mehdee (*i. e.* the Restorer of all

things) will come, and when the wolf and the lamb shall lie down together." And when he comes near a river, he strikes the river with his mantle. At other times, he strips himself of his clothes, as Isaiah did, to indicate the total overthrow of an empire. And dervishes sit outside the gate, as Isaiah did, and receive the counsellors of the kings, as he did. And, just as Isaiah prophesied the defeat of the Assyrian king, in the following short sentence, when Hezekiah sent to consult him, "The virgin, the daughter of Zion, laughs at thee, the daughter of Jerusalem shakes her head at thee," thus the dervish, Nakshpandee, replied to the King of Khiva, when he was consulted on the approach of Russia to Khiva, "Tell Moscow, Organtsh laughs at thee, and Khiva shakes her head at thee."

The prophets had spiritual disciples, whose business it was to pour water over the head of their master; and, before he died, he bequeathed his mantle to his spiritual disciple, and the spirit came over the disciple henceforth; and he trod in the footsteps of his master, as Joshua followed Moses, and Elisha his master, Elijah. And thus every dervish is a *Moorsheed, i. e.* a "spiritual guide," who has under him a *Mooreed*, which means "an obsequious disciple." Melchizedec of old, also a dervish, had a royal title; he was "King of Righteousness,"—in Hebrew, Melchizedec—and he was also "King of Peace," Melek Salem. And when Abraham came to his tent, he came forth with bread and wine, and was called "The Priest of the Highest;" and Abraham gave him a portion of his spoil. And just so, Wolff's friend in the desert of Merw, in the kingdom of Khiva, whose autograph Wolff considers an ornament to his Bible, whose name is Abd-Arrahman, which means, *slave of the merciful God*, because his mother said, on the day of his birth, "Thou shalt be a slave of the most merciful God all the days of thy life," has also a royal title. He is called, Shahe-Addaalat, "King of Righteousness," the same as Melchizedec in Hebrew. And when he makes peace between kings, he bears the title Shahe-Soolkh, *i. e.* "King of Peace," —in Hebrew Melek Salem. Melchizedec produced bread and wine; and thou, dear dervish in the desert of Merw, camest forth from thy tent, and refreshedst the weary wanderer, Joseph Wolff, with bread and sherbet. And when he asked thee, who was thy father and thy mother? thou repliedst humbly, "I am without father, and without mother, for I have forsaken all for God's sake." And does not Paul say of Melchizedec, that he was without father and without mother?

To go back to Wolff's journey. At last he took *Rookhsad, i.e.* "leave of departure," from Ameer Assaad-Oollah-Beyk.

He said, "My dear friend, thou may'st go whenever thou pleasest; but I cannot understand one thing. You intend to go to Bokhara. Why not go the straightforward way, from here to Toorshesh? I will give you two men to escort you there. And my friend, Muhammad Takee Khan, will give you an escort to Nishapoor. There your friend, Abbas Mirza, has arrived with an army of 20,000 Persians; and English and Russian officers are among them. He is come to exterminate us all; but God is great. I shall have to fight him, for he will pull down my palace if he can. In the meanwhile, we are politic in our behaviour towards him, and pay him every honour and respect. And you will be respected on his account. The Turcomauns have already begun to send their deputies to him, and have promised to make no more slaves." Wolff at once acted according to the Ameer's advice, and accepted the escort to Toorshesh.

But before continuing the history of his travels, it must be recorded that this Ameer Assaad-Oollah-Beyk was a man of excellent and amiable character, and very remarkable as a brave warrior. Abbas Mirza succeeded in subduing all the rest of Khorassan, during the three years of his expedition against that country; but Burchund was never molested by him. Yet a very sad fate awaited the poor Ameer; for, in the year 1844, when Wolff returned from his second journey to Bokhara, fourteen years afterwards, he found that the Ameer had just been taken by Mahmood Shah, Abbas Mirza's son, and that his kingdom had been wrested from him, and his eyes put out.

Wolff departed from Burchund, escorted by two men, as well as his servants, who were sent with him by Assaad-Oollah-Beyk; and, after two days' journey, they passed by a village, near Toorshesh, which was in flames; and the inhabitants were running about in the high road, exclaiming, "O God, Thou hast broken our bones!" For the Turcomauns had been there the day before, and had set the village on fire, and taken many of the inhabitants as slaves, because they knew that they would soon have to give up slave-making, on account of Abbas Mirza's army, which had entered the country for the purpose of putting an end to the inroads of these Turcomauns.

Wolff then, after two hours' journey, entered the fortress of Toorshesh, with only one of his servants, for the other had left him at Burchund, saying these words, "I leave you, because if you are not made a slave in a few days, you may cut off my beard the first moment you see me."

A Dervish was sitting at the gate of Toorshesh. The moment he saw Wolff, he took hold of his arms, stopped him, and said to him, "You are a Frankee: I won't leave you until I have given you a present."

Wolff replied, "I do not want a present."

The Dervish answered, "You shall not stir till I have given you a present."

Wolff then said, "Well, then, give me a present."

Thereupon the Dervish spat in his face. Wolff wiped it off, and went his way.

Wolff, on entering Toorshesh, delivered the letters of recommendation, given to him by the above-mentioned Mahmood Shah, into the hands of Muhammad Takee Khan, the Governor of Toorshesh, to whom they were addressed. After he had perused the letters, he said to Wolff, "I must be candid and upright towards you; and therefore I must frankly declare to you that I cannot give you any escort to go with you to Nishapoor, where Abbas Mirza is now encamped with his army, because I have declared myself rebel against him. He has sent me an order to deliver up my palace and my town to him, and this I have refused to do. And, besides this, there is, only fifty miles from here, my deadly enemy, Muhammad Iszhak Khan, of the tribe Kerahe, Governor of Torbad-Hydareea. He has the surname, Kaleekaan, which means the 'Head-tearer,' because he has such immense bodily strength, that he frequently tears in two the skull of his enemy; and though, from fear of Abbas Mirza, he has given orders that his people should cease from making slaves, nevertheless, his subjects wander about on horseback, and make slaves, and sell them to the Turcomauns." Wolff then said, "As there is no other remedy, can you give me a horse which is quiet, and I will go on alone with my servant?" But the servant said, "I don't go with you, unless you promise me that you will ransom me, as well as yourself, in case we are made slaves by the Kerahe people." Wolff promised to do this, and Muhammad Takee Khan gave him a horse gratis; and so he set out with his servant for Nishapoor.

Fifteen muleteers, whose mules were laden with dates, pomegranates, &c., which were presents for Abbas Mirza, sent to him by the chiefs of Toon, Tabas, and Khaf, joined Wolff on the road; and thus they arrived, after about five hours' journey, at a village called Rooshne-Abaad. Here the people looked out from the tower, and observed that, in the highways, horsemen, belonging to Muhammad the "head-tearer," were wandering about, trying to make slaves. Wolff said, "Bring me some of my Arabic and Persian Bibles, and I will

write something in each of them." The Bibles were brought to him, and he wrote in Persian the following words:—

To His Royal Highness Abbas Mirza.

"ROYAL HIGHNESS—In case these Bibles reach you without me, you may be convinced that I have been made slave, with my servant, and fifteen muleteers, not by Turcomauns, but by your Highness's subjects, the Kerahe, people of Muhammad Khan, of Torbad-Hydareea, who wander about to make foray, against the order of their chief, who is now 120 miles distant, in his country house, Sangoon. He is very desirous of submitting himself to your Royal Highness; and therefore, in case that I am made slave, an order from you to their great chief, will effect not only my liberation, but also that of all those who have been made slaves with me.

"JOSEPH WOLFF."

Wolff wrote the same in English, for the perusal of the British officers who accompanied Abbas Mirza's army; and then he gave these Bibles into the hands of the chief of the inhabitants of Rooshne-Abaad, and told them, "Now, I shall set out on my journey for Nishapoor, accompanied by those who came with me here."

And thus they set out towards a village called Sangerd, about three hours' distant from Rooshne-Abaad. When Wolff had ridden on before the rest, and was only a quarter of a mile distant from Sangerd, he suddenly heard a firing from all sides, and saw the flashes of the guns as they were fired off; and this was accompanied by dreadful yellings and screams from the barbarians. *Ammaan!* was the cry, which means "Safety," and Wolff might have saved himself, but he was determined to share common fate with the rest, and so he returned to his companions, when he saw an awful sight. His servant and all the rest were already tied to the horses' tails of a banditti who surrounded them. All these prisoners had been stripped entirely naked; and, at last, one of the robbers rode up to Wolff, with a countenance of hell, and a gun in his hand, with a smoking torch upon it, and he continually exclaimed, "Pool, pool!" which means "Money, money!" Wolff gave his purse to him, and he said, "Have you more money?" Wolff answered, "Yes, in my trunk." Then he said, "When my companions come, don't tell them that I have taken your money, for those horrid fiends, the Kerahe, rob among themselves again." At last, the whole troop rode up to Wolff, yelling, "Pool! pool! pool!" Wolff said, "I have given my money into the hands of this fellow." They

then gave their companion a tremendous beating, and took the money from him. Then they said to Wolff, "Now, you dismount." He obeyed; when they stripped him naked, like Adam and Eve when they were created, and tied him with a long rope to a horse's tail; and one with a whip came behind and flogged him.

Wolff prayed!—in such hours one learns to pray.

The chief of the gang, a horrid-looking fellow, of black complexion, with a blue diseased tongue, came up to him, and asked him, "Who art thou?" and Wolff replied, breathing hard, and scarcely able to speak, "I am a follower of Jesus;" and the chief, horror-struck, replied, "A follower of Jesus?" "Yes," Wolff said, "a follower of Jesus! and I go about for his sake."

Wolff found out during his travels among savages, that it is exactly with them as it is with the devil himself; for they believe in Jesus, but it is a belief which makes them tremble; it is a torment to them.

The chief immediately gave orders that Wolff should be untied and allowed to ride upon one of the horses; and they put a few rags around him to make him more comfortable. The road was covered with snow and ice, and they diverged out of the road, and at last encamped in a forest, where they made an immensely large fire; they then made free with Wolff's tea, sugar, and things, which he had brought; and they also broke open the cases of dates and pomegranates. Then they set a value upon the slaves they had taken, and Wolff's servant was valued at ten tomauns, equal to £5, but when they came up to Wolff and looked at him, they said, "We don't like this fellow at all; he stares at us so." Then one of them said, "He is worth five tomauns," equal to £2 10*s.*; whilst another one said, "I would not give half that price for him." And whilst thus valuing and examining the prisoners and their effects, they found the letters of recommendation which Joseph Wolff had; as, for instance, letters from, and for, Abbas Mirza; letters from Sir Robert Gordon; from the Governor-General of India, &c. Then they asked Wolff the purport of these letters; and, on his explaining this to them, they were horror-struck, and said, "Now, this is a dangerous man; we see from his looks, and from these letters, that he is not a common man. Abbas Mirza is now come into this country to exterminate slavery, and our chief is now trying to come to an understanding with him; and Abbas Mirza will hear of our having made a slave of this Englishman, and will immediately send an order to our chief, that we should not only

dismiss the Englishman, but all the rest of the slaves who are deposited in Torbad-Hydareea, and who are not yet sold to the Turcomauns. The best, therefore, which we can do, will be to kill him; and say, when he is asked for, that the Turcomauns have taken him."

All this was said in Wolff's presence, and, of course, he did not like it. He therefore went up to them, stared in their faces, and said, "I have understood all you have said, and the resolution to which you are come. Your reasoning is very good, but it has only one fault, and that is, that you are too late; I also knew how to calculate, and have laid my plans accordingly." They asked, "What plans have you made?" Wolff replied, "Ask each of my travelling companions, separately, and they will tell you what I have done in Rooshne-Abaad." And so they did as Wolff told them; and then they heard how he had written in all the Bibles, and had left them to be sent to Abbas Mirza. On discovering this, they became as pale as death; but Wolff, knowing that people may do in despair what they intended to do after mature deliberation, held out to them new hopes of escaping from their difficulties; and at the same time, hopes of gaining money (which is the idol of the Eastern nations), by desisting from their intention of killing him. So he said to them, "Mind, I am a Christian dervish; and, as such, I don't mind money, therefore hear what I intend to do for you. You have already taken eighty tomauns from me; the books which you have also taken from me, are worth 200 tomauns, if you sell them to Jews; for they are Hebrew Bibles, which the Jews hold in high veneration. The learned Moollahs of Meshed will purchase from you the other books for 100 tomauns; and the clothing and victuals you have also taken from me are worth ten tomauns; you say, too, that I am worth five tomauns. Now, if you do exactly what I tell you, you shall have from me 100 tomauns more; therefore, what more do you want?" They asked Wolff, "How will you procure these 100 tomauns more?" Wolff replied, "You are from Torbad-Hydareea; in that place are eighty Jewish families, the chiefs of them are Moollah Daood, and Moollah Israel. These families all arrived in Torbad-Hydareea 100 years ago, and enjoy now many privileges." When Wolff said this they asked, with astonishment, "How do you know all these things, as you are from foreign lands, and have never been in our town?" Wolff said, "Never mind; you see by this that I know more than you think, and that I speak the truth, and lies are not in me."

The fact was this (which however he did not tell them),

that in the years 1824 and 1825, Wolff was in Persia, and took a census of all the Jews throughout that country, and their history and condition, and so he had obtained his information. The Kerahe then said among themselves, "We are all Mussulmans, and we lie; but this is a Christian, and he speaks the truth; therefore let us hear what he will do, and how he will procure us the 100 tomauns at Torbad-Hydareea."

Wolff then said, pointing to the Hebrew Bibles, "Give me two of these books, and I will write something in the Hebrew language to the Jews of Torbad-Hydareea; and then do you send two of you on with those books to that town, and let them give them to Moollah Daood and Moollah Israel, and you will see what a sensation this will excite there. They will all assemble, adjourn to the synagogue, and consult with each other; and then they will pledge themselves to pay the 100 tomauns, as soon as you will bring me safely to that place."

They said, "This is a capital proposal. Our chief, Muhammad Iszhak Khan, is now at Sangoon, which is thirty farsakh (one farsakh is four miles) distant from Torbad-Hydareea, and he is there with his whole hareem; so that before he can return, it will be ten days, during which time the money will be given to us, and then this fellow may go in all haste wherever he pleases." After saying this, they brought the two Bibles to Wolff, who wrote in them the following words, in the Hebrew language:—

"Peace and prosperity to the children of Israel in Torbad-Hydareea! Oh that the city of Jerusalem may soon be built up again! in haste, even in our days. Amen.

"Know ye, that I, Joseph Wolff, the son of David, of the tribe of Levi, coming from the land of England, am going about in the world to proclaim to the Jews, that Jesus of Nazareth is He, who, according to the prophecy of Isaiah (peace upon him!), was despised and rejected, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and that He has given his soul as an offering for sin, and that Jesus is that Messiah who was cut off, but not for Himself, according to the prophecy of Daniel (the comfort of God, and peace be upon him!), and that Jesus is He who shall come again in the clouds of heaven, and shall bring back the Jews from all the corners of the earth, and bring them to their own land, which their forefathers possessed, and the prophecy shall be fulfilled; 'that they shall look upon Him whom they have pierced, and mourn.' And then there shall be heard again the voice of mirth, the voice of joy, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride.

"Know ye that I have been made slave by your townsmen, the Kerahe. I beg you to tell the bearers, that on my arrival in Torbad-Hydareea, you will pay for me a ransom of 100 tomauns, and I shall remain with you, as a pawn, until the Ambassador of the great King of England will have paid for me, into your hands, 200 tomauns. These are the words of

"Your brother in bonds, JOSEPH WOLFF,
"son of David, who sends to you his blessing, and prays that the Lord may rejoice over you, as He did over Ephraim and Manasseh. Amen, and amen."

Two of the Kerahe immediately set out for Torbad-Hydareea, and Wolff followed with the rest slowly after them.

In the meanwhile, Wolff had succeeded in making six of these robbers his firm friends, by promising to recommend them (if they remained faithful to him) to Abbas Mirza, whose soldiers they wished to become. However, the chief, Hassan Khan Coord, became very uneasy, because they had heard tidings that Abbas Mirza had actually sent a messenger to the great Khan on Joseph Wolff's account; and again he voted that Wolff should be put to death; but the six friends stood firmly by him, and swore they would betray their companions if they hurt him. And as Hassan Khan and his son were afraid to have Wolff killed openly, they contrived a horrid method of torturing him. They observed that he was not a good horseman, and as the road was dreadfully hilly, they put him upon a very wild horse, without either saddle or bridle, and with only a halter to hold on by; and that horrid scoundrel, Hassan Khan's son, rode behind Wolff and whipped the horse, and did all in his power to make it restive. Nevertheless Wolff sat on his horse like the colonel of a regiment, and as he had learned a little of the theory of riding on horseback, when at the University of Tübingen in 1815, he now brought those rules into practice: and most providentially, at the moment when he was in the greatest danger, one of his friends came, and gave to the rascally boy a tremendous flogging.

And thus they arrived safely at the gates of Torbad-Hydareea. When they got there, Jews came out to meet them, some of whom Wolff recognized at once as such, and he made use of the exclamation by which Jews are immediately known to each other throughout all the world, and this is, "SHMAA YISRAAEL ADONAY ELOHENOO ADONAY EKHAD," which is in English, "HEAR, ISRAEL, THE LORD OUR GOD IS ONE LORD." Then they all came up and embraced Wolff, and told him, "By thy life, don't promise any money. They

must let you go free, without paying one farthing." They said this to Wolff in Hebrew, and he answered them in the same language, "For God's sake, send this very night a special messenger, at my expense, to Abbas Mirza, at Nishapoor." Moollah Daood then said to Hassan Khan Coord, and the rest of the Kerahe (all of whom owed money to the Jews, and, therefore, dared not disoblige them), "All you are our souls, and our darlings, so allow Joseph Wolff to go with us to our house to-night, and everything shall be settled to-morrow." They said, "Yes, he may go with you now; but to-morrow he must come back till all things are settled." And thus Wolff went with the Jews to their houses.

It was about the month of November when he arrived at Torbad-Hydareea. The snow lay knee-deep in the streets. Wolff had only some rags around him—not even a shirt to put on; neither shoes nor stockings; and his teeth chattered dreadfully from the cold. He asked the Jews to give him a cup of coffee to warm himself; but they had none, because the only coffee they can get comes from Meshed, and the road there was stopped, because of the inroads of the Turcomauns; but they had "rakee," which they offered him. Rakee is a kind of whiskey, and Wolff drank a whole cup of it most heartily,—and even Father Mathew would not, in the same situation, have declined drinking it. The crowd of Jews became so great, that all of them adjourned to the synagogue,—men, women, and children,—and the women were lamenting, saying,—

"On account of the abundance of our sins, how is Israel driven about—from city to city, from land to land! Here, one of our brothers comes from foreign lands, of which we have scarcely heard the names!"

They all wept, and exclaimed again and again, bending their heads as if in the greatest distress,—"On account of the abundance of our sins! On account of the abundance of our sins!"

At last, Moollah Israel opened his mouth, and said,—"You have sent us a Hebrew book, of which we became possessed only a few centuries back; for, as we are not the descendants of those Jews who returned from Babylon to Jerusalem in the time of Ezra, we had not all the books until we got them (as I before said) a few centuries back, from Orenbourg, and Makariev, in Russia. We were all settled, at first, in Bokhara, Samarcand, and Balkh, and then we came on here. We are now (God be praised!) in possession of all the books, Malachi included. But you have sent us another book, which is affixed to those we know; it is called 'The New Testament.' Who

was Jesus—who was Mary, of whom this book treats? Who were those Apostles of Jesus? for I read it with avidity before you arrived here. Tell us all about it." And so Wolff preached to them the whole mystery of the Gospel, during the whole night. They listened to it with breathless attention, until the sun rose, and daybreak came. And, directly it was light, the Kerahe came, and Hassan Khan Coord brought Wolff to his own house; and, arriving there, he put him in a miserable dungeon, where not only his servant and the rest of his companions were tied in chains together, entirely naked, but fifty other people besides. Then Wolff was ordered to sit down near them, and they chained him together with the rest, in the most painful manner; and then Hassan Khan Coord said to him, in a fiend-like, diabolical voice, "Now, you are comfortable!"

Thus Wolff was in a most awful condition; for Hassan Khan Coord evidently intended no good towards him. Indeed, he passed him over when he portioned out the bread among the chained prisoners; for, being in expectation that the great man Muhammad Iszhak Khan would arrive after a few days, he wished, in the meanwhile, to starve Wolff;—and dead dogs tell no tales. But, after Wolff had been chained for about two hours, with those fifty other poor people, who were pouring out 2500 curses upon the head of Aboubeker; and, whilst Joseph Wolff was praying for them, suddenly the thunder of cannon was heard from the tower, and a voice exclaimed, "Muhammad Iszhak Khan has arrived!"

At once the scene was changed; for a person approached who made Wolff's chains more easy, and then a man came to the door of the dungeon, who opened it, and exclaimed, "Is there not an Englishman here?" Wolff answered, "Yes! yes! yes!"

It was a Persian officer of the great Khan, who had arrived and spoken thus; and then he said, in great anger to the robbers, "Pedr-Sookhtè," which means, "Oh that your father may be burned;" adding, "Away with the chains from the Englishman and all the rest, for slavery is at an end throughout Torbad-Hydareea!" The chains were immediately taken off, and Joseph Wolff was made free; and not only he and his fifty companions in the dungeon, but also above two hundred others, were set at liberty. Attributing their release to Wolff, the people all exclaimed, when he appeared in the street, "Oh, thou hast been an angel sent from the Lord! Oh, thou hast been an angel sent from the Lord!"

Wolff was now brought with his fifty companions, to the

palace of the great Khan, where he saw hundreds of miserable wretches with their eyes put out, and their ears and noses cut off. And he was introduced into the presence of Muhammad Iszhak Khan, of whom it is related that he had killed, with his own hand, his father, mother, brother, sister, and son-in-law; and so awful was his bodily strength, that he would sometimes take hold of a prisoner, and tear his skull in two. This tyrant had sold 60,000 Persians, people of his own religion, and subjects of his own king, to the kings of Bokhara and Khiva, who were enemies to both his religion and country. Muhammad Iszhak Khan was eating his dinner when Wolff approached him, and he said, "Abbas Mirza has written to me, that thou goest about to show to the nations the way of truth. For my part, I have no religion. I have already passed this world, and the other world. I have got, however, one good quality, and that is, I am a man of justice: I love strict justice; and, therefore, tell me the truth, and you shall see my justice. How much money have these rascals taken from you?"

Wolff said, "They have taken from me eigthty tomauns."

He repeated, "Eighty tomauns?"

Wolff replied, "Yes."

He then said, "Now thou shalt see my justice." So he instantly ordered Hassan Khan Coord, and all his followers, to be dreadfully flogged. He extorted from them every farthing; and, after he had got back Wolff's money, he counted it, and said, "Now thou shalt see my justice;" and, putting the money into his own pocket, without giving Wolff a single penny, he added, "Now you may go in peace."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Meshed the Holy: Borowsky again: Abbas Mirza: Timoor: Turcomauns: Sarakhs: Desert of Merw: Guzl-baash Slaves: Gate of Bokhara.

WOLFF remained a few days longer with the Jews, and then he set out with a large caravan, including several Jews, for Meshed, the capital of Khorassan. Wolff had still no clothing upon him, except a few rags; but he promised to pay the muleteer for taking him, when they reached "Meshed

the Holy," as it is called. After three days' travelling, and when they were only five miles' distant from Meshed, near a place called Shereef-Abaad, shrieks were heard from all the caravan. Their cry was, "The Hazaarah are coming, and will make slaves!" The Hazaarah are descendants of the Moguls, and a most dreadful-looking set of people; and are even more cruel than the Turcomauns. But Wolff no sooner heard that cry, than he slipped into the town of Shereef-Abaad as quickly as a mouse, and all the rest followed him, except one man, a Sayd, who was left outside. He was a lineal descendant of Muhammad, but a Sheeah in religion; and he defended himself with such courage, that he slew six of these banditti, who did not dare to persevere in the fight, as the inhabitants of Shereef-Abaad fired down upon them. So they contented themselves with taking some sheep, and killing eighty others; and then retired. The Sayd saved his life, but was dreadfully wounded.

At last, the caravan set forth again towards Meshed; and when they were one mile distant from that city, one of his fellow-travellers took hold of Wolff's foot, and beat it with his stick, saying, "Infidel, say God is God, and Muhammad is the prophet of God." Wolff replied, "I will not tell a lie!" By this answer he merely meant to say that he would not say what he did not believe. The man, however, who struck him, and his companions, thought that Wolff meant to say, that he would not subscribe to a religion which he believed to be a lie: and thunderstruck by this supposed declaration, he put his arms akimbo, and said, "Imagine the boldness of this Infidel, who, in the midst of Muhammadans, and before the city of Meshed the Holy, declares our religion to be a lie! What a fool he is!" A respectable Muhammadan, who heard this, said, "Well, let the fool alone!" This quieted the man, and they proceeded without molesting Wolff any further.

Only a few minutes after this adventure, the cupola of the great Mosque of Meshed, which is called "The Mosque of Imam Resa," who was the eighth Khaleef after the prophet, and to whom the mosque is dedicated, rose majestically before their eyes. The whole caravan stood still, and said, "O Imam Resa, have pity upon thy dogs; for we are all coming here to prove that we are thy slaves!"

Wolff thought at that moment, Is not this idolatry? Are the Munammadans free from idolatry, as is said of them in Europe? Do they not now directly address a prayer to that man, whom they believe to be a saint? And reflecting thus, that the Muhammadans do not only worship in this way

Imam Resa, and other saints, but also the black stone at Mecca, and even the dirty rags in the high road, Wolff is astonished that, not only Unitarians, but also some orthodox Christians should assert that Muhammadanism is free from idolatry.

But to proceed. There were Jews in the caravan, and one of them, Israel by name, turned to Wolff, and said in Hebrew, "O Joseph Wolff! O Joseph Wolff! when will the time come when we shall go up to the mountain of the Lord; even to the house of the God of Jacob? Oh, when will the time come when the tribes shall go up, the tribes of the Lord? for from Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." Wolff replied, When the Lord shall pour forth the Spirit upon the house of David, and upon the house of Jerusalem, the Spirit of grace and supplication, and they shall look upon Him, whom they have pierced, and mourn."

And so they came to Meshed; Wolff having brought with him a letter from the Agent of the British Ambassador at Teheran, for a Jew called Moollah Mehdee, Prince of the Jews in Meshed; who, on receiving it, took Wolff into his house. Then Wolff sent a Muhammadan Moollah to Nishapoor, with a letter addressed to Abbas Mirza, who was encamped there; and also one to Captain Shee, who commanded Abbas Mirza's army. During the absence of this messenger, Wolff heard wonderful stories of the valour of a Polish General, whose name they pronounced "Brooskee;" and how this famous commander had taken the great fortress of Cochan. Wolff had no idea who this Brooskee could be; but, one day, somebody knocked at the door of the house of Moollah Mehdee, and there entered an officer, wearing the uniform of an English General, who exclaimed, "Mr. Wolff, how do you do?" Wolff asked him, "What is your name?" and he replied, "My name is Borowsky, son of Prince Radzivil!" Borowsky continued, "I know all about your warning Colonel Campbell and McNeil against me; but, you see, they had better information than you gave them, and Colonel Campbell recommended me to Abbas Mirza, as one who was fit to command his army. You will now hear through the whole country of Khorassan, that I am the terror of all the Khans in this country; and that it was I who took the fortress of Cochan, and it was I who forced Resa Koolee Khan to surrender to Abbas Mirza. And, moreover, I have told Abbas Mirza of the high esteem in which you are held in England, and you will meet from him with the highest distinction and respect. Here, then, are 200 tomauns, which Captain Shee has sent by

me on your bills to England; and I have clothing besides for you." Saying this, Borowsky gave Wolff the 200 tomauns, and some clothing, which latter consisted of an officer's uniform, as he had none other, and a dozen shirts, which had had been collected from the five English sergeants who were in Abbas Mirza's army.

Wolff replied to all this, "Then, of course, I must retract all I have said against you; but I should be obliged if you would give me the whole history of how you came into favour with Colonel Campbell and Mr. McNeil."

He then gave to Wolff the following account:—

"You have heard that I arrived in Bushire, accompanied by Colonel Chesney, renowned for his Euphrates expedition. The Resident in Bushire had some mistrust of me, and I had to take up my quarters in a private house there, at which Colonel Chesney was very much vexed. During my voyage with him from Bombay to Bushire, he, as a military man, was best able to judge, and became acquainted with my military knowledge, which he approved. However, I had no reason to complain of the treatment I met with from the Resident of Bushire, because he invited me daily to dinner, and to other entertainments. After we had stopped in Bushire for some weeks, we arrived in Tabreez, just a few days after you had left; and now, here I am, as you see, a general in the Persian army, and under English protection."

Borowsky, after this, took up his abode in the same house where Wolff was living; and, a few hours afterwards, Abbas Mirza arrived, with his whole army, in Meshed. His Royal Highness alighted at the palace, but without Captain Shee, who had remained at Nishapoor, with a detachment of soldiers. That same evening, whilst Wolff was drinking tea with Borowsky, Monsieur Semino, a general in Abbas Mirza's army, but under Russian protection, entered the room; leaving outside the door of this apartment eight of his servants whom he had brought with him. Semino began, in an unceremonious way, to quarrel with Borowsky, because he had, on some occasion, struck one of his servants. Wolff at once tried to make peace between them, and induce both to embrace each other. But when Borowsky looked towards the door, and saw so many servants standing outside, he said "These servants must depart;" and then he turned to Semino and added, "Is this the way in which you come to a nobleman?" Semino exclaimed, "You are a liar!" Upon which Borowksy rose from his chair and spat in Semino's face. Semino then drew his sword, and said, "Come forth!" to which Borowsky

replied, "I will give you satisfaction in a moment," and began to feel for his pistols. Seeing this, Semino gave orders to his servants, who immediately rushed in and dragged Borowsky out of the house; while Wolff ran off to Abbas Mirza, and told him the whole affair. He at once gave orders that Borowsky should be set at liberty; and, on the next day, ordered a court-martial of Persians to be assembled, that the matter might be investigated. And as Abbas Mirza was afraid to offend either Russia or England, he commanded that Wolff should be made president of the court-martial, which office Wolff accepted, and pronounced the following sentence:—

"Whereas, Semino entered the room in an unwarrantable manner, and dragged out Borowsky; Semino shall be arrested and confined to his house for twenty-four hours, and make an apology to Borowsky. And whereas the servants attacked Borowsky from behind, they shall each receive six lashes from a whip."

This sentence was approved, and executed at once.

Captain Shee soon arrived, and the five English sergeants who had contributed the shirts; and Wolff performed divine service in Meshed, in his friend the Jew's house. But, in order not to be involved in another quarrel, he took up his abode with Mirza Baba, who spoke English perfectly well, and had pursued his medical studies in England, and was chief physician to Abbas Mirza, and lived with him in the palace.

Abbas Mirza showed the greatest attention to Wolff, during his stay in Meshed; and, at his request, Wolff wrote a letter to Lord Palmerston, in which he stated the desire of Abbas Mirza, that there should be sent to Persia, not merely a *chargé d'affaires* from England, but a full ambassador or envoy. An envoy was, soon after this, sent to Persia, but whether it was in consequence of his letter, Wolff does not know.

Before Wolff proceeds to give an account of his interviews with Jews and Muhammadans, he must offer some outline of the history and condition of Meshed.

Meshed contains about 100,000 inhabitants, chiefly Sheeah, and about 2,000 Jews; the latter being the cleanest and most scientific, and interesting Jews, beyond all doubt, of those who are to be found in Persia. They are well acquainted with the Bible, and moderately so with the Talmud; but with Persian literature generally, they are perfectly familiar. They translated the whole Pentateuch from the English into Persian, by order of the great King, Nadir Shah, who lived about 100 years ago, and had extended his conquests to India.

Nadir Shah was the son of a furrier; but being a man of

energy, he collected the robbers and malcontents of Khorassan around his standard, and then fought his way, in the eastern fashion, to the throne of Persia. Having succeeded in this object, he resolved to institute a new religion for his subjects, and therefore he ordered the Jews to translate their books into Persian, and the Christians also to translate the Gospel and Testament into the same language; and from these materials he intended to form his new religion, but was stopped in his career by a violent death. When this occurred, the Jews had not only translated their Bible into Persian, but also the Koran and the Poems of Hafiz, Saadi, and Moollah Roomee, into Hebrew; so that the greater number of these Jews were a kind of Hebrew "sooffees," or Muhammadan purists.

As to the city of Meshed itself, the following short remarks must be made. The original name of Meshed was Toos; but when Imam Resa was killed by Mamoon ("the curse of God upon him," as the Sheeah devoutly say), who administered a poisoned grape to him, a splendid memorial mosque and tomb were built there; and on this account the city received the name of Meshed Almookaddas—Meshed meaning "the place of the martyr," and Almookaddas "the holy." When Timoor (called erroneously by Europeans, Tamerlane instead of Timoor Lank, which means "Timoor the lame one") arrived in Meshed, with his army, he sternly asked,

"Who is buried here?" they replied, "Ferdoosi,* the writer of Shah-Namah, the poem."

Timoor said, "I have nothing to do with poets." Then he asked again, "Who is buried here?" They answered, "Imam Resa, by whose prayers women become pregnant, and sick men and sick camels are cured."

Timoor replied, "I have nothing to do with saints." He

* A Persian boy, named Abool-Kâasim, having been flogged at school ran away, and coming to the mountain of Elburz, sat down at the foot of it, and began to write. A stranger who was passing by observed him, and said, "Boy, what are you writing?" He replied, "I am writing Shah-Namah," *i.e.* "The Story of a King." Another day, another stranger came that way and asked, "What art thou writing?" and he answered, "I am writing Shah-Namah." And thus the poor boy became a dervish, and whenever one came, who asked him what he was doing, he always made answer, "I am writing Shah-Namah," "The Story of a King." And so the poem was completed, which was so beautiful, that the writer of it received the name of *Ferdoosi, i.e.* "*The Poet who came from Paradise.*" He lived a long time after, at the court of the Kings of Hindostan, acknowledged by all who frequented it, to be Ferdoosi indeed; "The Poet who came from Paradise."

further asked, "Who is buried here?" They replied, "Malek Nizam, the lawyer."

Timoor replied, "I have nothing to do with lawyers." He again asked, "Who is buried here?"

"Aboo Musleem, who killed in battle 1,000,000 persons."

He said, "This is my man." He then went to the tomb of Aboo Musleem, and offered up the following prayer:—

"Thou Lord of the worlds, thou Creator of heaven and earth, thou Ruler of all the stars and the sun; there ought also to be one ruler upon the earth: for the earth is too small for many rulers."

Then a dervish came and knocked Timoor on the shoulder, and said, "Timoor, thy name is Timoor, which means 'Iron;' and thou shalt rule the earth with a rod of iron. But thy name shall henceforth also be Koorikan, 'Lord of the Worlds,' and Zahel Keran, 'Lord of the Age!'" And Timoor became both *Koorikan* and *Zahel Keran*; and thus he fulfilled the dervish's prophecy.

Wolff conversed till the month of February, 1832, with both Jews and Muhammadans, preaching to them Christ Jesus crucified, and Christ Jesus glorified; and dwelt much on his second coming, when He shall reign personally upon earth.

Before departing from Meshed, Wolff must say a little more about the Muhammadans there. The Muhammadans in Meshed divide themselves into two parties, Sooffees and Moollahs, as is the case almost everywhere in Persia. But on Wolff's return to the place in 1844, he found that there had arisen there another party, who may be called the Muhammadan Tractarians: for they insist upon the introduction of an increase of forms and emblems; and maintain that religion without outward forms, cannot long subsist. For they say that man is composed of body and soul; and the body must have bodily expression, &c., with which the soul will sympathize; and Wolff is perfectly convinced of the truth of this opinion; for, as fluid can be only held together by a bottle, so, religion can only be preserved by outward form. And it is to this fact that St. Paul refers, when he says that by visible things, the invisible are clearly seen, even the eternal power of God. (Rom. i. 20.) David also unites, in his 51st Psalm, a broken and contrite heart, with the outward form of sacrifices upon God's altar. In short, the whole universe is the outward form, the palpable workmanship of God, by which his invisible creative power is made known.

Dr. Wolff exclaimed, when dictating this, "I wish to see the time when, instead of blaming the Quaker, who rejects

form; instead of blaming the Wesleyan, who insists chiefly upon internal piety; instead of blaming the Christian socialism of Kingsley; instead of blaming the purgatory of the Roman Catholic Church; we shall be able to purify all these various sentiments, and unite them under an outward form taught by the Catholic church in all ages. But this time will only come," as he believes and perpetually says, "When that invisible One shall be made visible, and will purify his Church."

To return to Meshed. The most distinguished Moollah, or Muhammadan priest at Meshed, is Mirza Hadayat Ullah, whose title is Mujteheed, which means, "one who fights for the faith." This man related to Wolff a most curious story. He said that one day Mirza Kullee Khan, Governor of Cochan, having called on him, he reproved him for the ignorance of the inhabitants of Cochan in matters of religion; and said to him, "I am sure that the people of Cochan do not know how many Articles there are in our religion." Now there are only two Articles in our religion; the first is,—There is God and nothing but God; and the second is,—Muhammad is the Prophet of God.

Upon this, the Khan of Cochan, full of indignation, replied, "You are right, and the moment I return to Cochan I shall bring about a reformation." Then Mirza Kullee Khan returned to Cochan, and assembled the people near the gate, and addressed them in the following manner:—

"The Mujteheed of Meshed has scolded me most deservedly, on account of your ignorance of religion." And here he turned to one of the people in particular and said, "I am sure, you rascal, that you don't know how many Articles there are in our religion. Now tell me how many are there?" The man who was pointed out said, "Fifty." Mirza Kullee Khan immediately ordered him to be flogged, when another of the people, who pitied the poor fellow, quietly said to him, "Say two." The man who was to be flogged, replied, "Oh that thy Father may be burned! Do you not see that the Khan is not satisfied with fifty? How will he be satisfied with two?" So, in spite of the suggestion of this wiser friend, the fellow underwent a sound flogging.

Wolff was now about to depart from Meshed for Bokhara; and it so happened that the time was most opportune and favourable for his journey. The Turcomauns in the deserts of Sarakhs, Merw, and Khiva, were all afraid of Abbas Mirza, and consequently sixteen Agha Sakal, which means "Lords with the Beard," had arrived as deputies from the rest of the Turcomauns at the palace of Abbas Mirza in Meshed, in order

to make a treaty with his Royal Highness. At their interview, every one of the deputies was in the first place presented by the Prince with a red garment, called "Khelat." Arrayed in this, they stood outside his window, whilst he sat on a throne in his room, near the window, when he thus addressed them:—"I am glad that you are come here, because I am determined to put a stop to slave-making; I have therefore written down the conditions of the treaty I will make with you, and which are as follows:—First, You must sign a pledge that you will not any more make slaves. Secondly, That you will receive from me an agent, who shall reside at Sarakhs, the chief emporium of slavery; and he must watch your movements. He is himself a Turcomaun from Astarabad, and his name is Goolij Muhammad Khan. Thirdly, I shall keep two of you as hostages, who must remain with me until Joseph Wolff shall have been safely conducted to Bokhara; and after he has arrived there, and you have produced from him a certificate that he has been well treated by you, and is safely in Bokhara, then the two hostages will be allowed to return to their own country. You must now come in and put your hands into Wolff's hand, as a mark of friendship, and stroke your beards." Then the deputies entered the room, and every one of them approached Wolff, who was seated near Abbas Mirza, with his legs stretched out (for Wolff was never able to learn to sit like an Eastern); which posture, as will be observed in the sequel of this story, was of beneficial consequence to him. All the Turcomauns in succession, then put their hands into Wolff's, and then slowly drew them out, and stroked their beards, in token of agreement to these terms.

The day following, Wolff set out for Bokhara. Borowsky, Captain Shee, the five English sergeants, Mirza Baba, and the Grand Vizier, accompanied him beyond the gate of the city; when, with his Persian servant, and in company with Goolij Muhammad Khan, the above-mentioned agent for Sarakhs, and another Turcomaun, he continued his journey through the desert, and arrived after two days in the desert of Turkistan, among the wild Al-Ammaans. He passed forward through the desert of Turkistan, the ground of which is not sandy, but stony, and here he was among a people who called themselves the descendants of Japhet, Noah's son. They are styled the "children of Togarmah," and they also call themselves "Toghramah," also "Garaman," and "Al-Ammaan," as already stated. They also give themselves names "by their castles," and call their castles "Teera," which is very remarkable: for in Genesis xxv. 16, we find the following observation respect-

ing the sons of Ishmael:—"And these are their names by their towns and by their *castles:*" and the word for castles in Hebrew, is "Teera."

The question then is, how came the Turcomauns, who are the descendants of Japhet, to adopt the customs of the descendants of Ishmael, namely, the Arabs, who are the descendants of Shem? The only answer is to be found in Gen. ix. 27, where we see that it is a fulfilment of the prophecy, that "God shall enlarge Japhet, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem." Moreover, in the Eastern language, by the word, "dwelling" is also expressed the adoption of customs, and manners, and faith, as well as habitation. Most wonderfully, therefore, was the prophecy fulfilled, before Wolff's own eyes, when he saw the manners and customs of the Arabs in Yemen, identical with the manners and customs of the Turcomauns, the descendants of Japhet; among whom he was then travelling.

From this we perceive that the Turcomauns have assumed the original customs of the children of Ishmael, and the Turcomauns always live in huts surrounding some castle; into which castle they retire when they have to defend themselves against an enemy. Wolff next proceeded to Sarakhs, which is inhabited by 2500 Turcomauns, who live in tents at the foot of a castle, which is called Teera Sarakhs, "The Castle of Sarakhs;" on which account, the tribes of Turcomauns there call themselves "Teera Sarakhs." On reaching Sarakhs, he was met by the Turcomauns, who came out to welcome him as their guest, and the guest also of the Nayeb Szalszala, and the King of Bokhara. Amongst them, there were not only Turcomauns of the Teera Sarakhs, but also of the Teera Saalar, and of the Teera of Organtsh; and they put their hands into Wolff's, and then slowly drew them out, and stroked their beards, and asked for the blessing of the "Oolee of England;" *Oolee* meaning "Holy man."

These different Teeras had sticks in their hands, and upon each stick was written the name of the particular Teera to which the owner of it belonged. When these tribes are at variance with each other, they march out with their sticks, and as soon as they make peace, they join one stick to the other, and then exclaim, "We have become one!" This illustrates, in a remakable manner, Ezek. xxxvii. 16—23, where it is stated, "Moreover, thou Son of man, take thee one stick and write upon it, for Judah, and for the children of Israel his companions: then take another stick and write upon it, for Joseph, the stick of Ephraim, and for all the house of Israel his companions: and join them one to another, into one stick; and they shall become one in thine hand," &c.

These sons of the desert asked Wolff, "With whom do you wish to stay—with the Al-Ammaan or with the Moosaaee?" *Moosaaee* means "the followers of Moses," *i.e.* the children of Israel. Wolff replied, "With the Moosaaee;" of whom there are about 200 in that place, chiefly from Meshed, as they found more protection among the wild Turcomauns, than with the more viciously civilized, but heartless and cruel Persians. There were residing in Sarakhs, Jews from Herat, Maymona, and Ankhoy, and even from the city of Bokhara. The tents, or huts, in which these people live, are made of cane.

Wolff took up his abode in the tent of one of the most respectable of these Jews. All of them were dressed like the Turcomauns, by whom they were highly respected. In fact, no Turcomaun undertakes any affair of importance without first consulting a Moosaae, and asking his blessing. They chiefly demand from them charms, in order that they may be kept safe in battle. They also ask the blessing of a Jew, that they may have children; and whenever the Sabbath approaches, and a Turcomaun happens to come near a Jew's tent, the Jew looks out, glances seriously at the Turcomaun, and says to him in a loud voice, *Amrooz Shabot*, which means, "To-day is the Sabbath." The Turcomaun then devoutly strokes his beard, and retires, without giving the slightest sign of having taken offence. For the Turcomauns, as well as Muhammadans in general, say (as has been already stated), that there are four books, namely, the five books of Moses, the Psalms of David, the Gospel of Christ, and the Koran; moreover, that the Jews are in possession of, and believe in, the five Books of Moses, and the Psalms of David, with the other prophets; whilst the Christians are in possession of, and believe in, the Gospel. And whosoever possesses and believes in any one of these four books, is called *Saaheb-K'taab* or Possessor of the Book; and whosoever is Saaheb-K'taab, must not only be himself respected, but also the ordinances which he practices must be treated by the Muhammadan with reverence. Hence, a Saaheb-K'taab cannot be made a slave; so both the Jew and the Christian are exempted from slavery; and the Sabbath of the Jew is treated with the highest respect, because it is one of the ordinances contained in the five Books of Moses; and the same rule obtains with regard to Chistian ordinances. But notwithstanding these privileges, which are alike extended to Jews and Christians, a Turcomaun will make a slave of a Sheeah, though he is a Muhammadan, because, it is said, the Sheeah has corrupted the Koran. And the Turcomauns will make a slave of a Russian and a heathen: for they ignorantly

say that the Russian is not possessed of the Gospel: and the pagan is enslaved because he has no book at all. It was for the reasons now given that the Turcomaun, in the desert of Sarakhs, retired with reverence, when the Jew told him, "To-day is the Sabbath."

The first day Wolff came to Sarakhs, the Jew with whom he lived, and all his companions, said to him,—

"We have heard how kind you have been to the Jews at Meshed, and how strongly you have spoken in their favour to Abbas Mirza. God bless you for it! We consider you to be the forerunner of the Messiah. We will sing, therefore, to you our hymn to the Messiah."

They then began to sing—

"The King, the King, the Messiah shall come;
The Mighty of the mighty is He:
The King, the King, the Messiah shall come;
The Blessed One of the blessed is He.

"The King, the King, the Messiah shall come;
The great one of the great is He:
The King, the King, the Messiah shall come;
The ornamented with banners is He.

"The King, the King, the Messiah shall come;
The glorious of the glorious is He:
The King, the King, the Messiah shall come;
The Holy One of the holy is He."

Wolff then chanted that song with them, and added,—

"Our Father, our King, we have sinned before Thee. Our Father, our King, there is no king unto us, but Thou. Our Father, our King, accomplish it for thy Name's sake. Our Father, our King, send to us the Son of David, who shall reedeem us."

And Wolff continued to sing,—

"The mighty shall build the city of Zion, and give it to us," &c.

Whilst Wolff was thus chanting with the Moosaae, crowds of Turcomauns were standing outside, with their hands folded, as is their custom when they pray; and, at the end of the chant, they stroked their beards, and the following conversation passed between these Muhammadans, which was overheard both by the Jews and Wolff. One of them said, "Joseph Wolff is a *Chaparee Eesa*," which means, "the swift messenger of Jesus." Another, who had seen Wolff at Meshed sitting down in the presence of Abbas Mirza, said,

"You are all fools; I know who Joseph Wolff is—Joseph Wolff is the *Prince Royal of England.*" The other replied; "How can you prove that?" He answered, "I will give you an indisputable proof. Abbas Mirza was sitting upon his divan, and Wolff sat near him, with his legs stretched out; whilst all the grand ministers of the state, and General Borowsky, and the other English officers, were standing. Who then could sit down before Abbas Mirza, the Nayeb Szalszala, with legs stretched out?" Wolff had laid down a rule never to contradict whatever people might say, and so he said nothing on this occasion.

Wolff suddenly heard a dreadful roaring through the whole of Sarakhs. The different tribes, with their respective sticks in their hands, had marched out, and were fighting each other. The reason of this commotion was, that one boy of the tribe of *Sarog* had struck another boy of the tribe of *Salor:* upon which the two mothers of the boys had given the alarm, and a regular battle ensued, with blood flowing on both sides. For whenever boys of different tribes quarrel, the tribes immediately take a part, and march out to support their own lads. Moollah Taatsh, with the rest of the Aghar Sakal, came forth, and advised them to lay down their arms, and consult. After a consultation of two hours, the boys were reconciled: and the different tribes joined their sticks one to the other, and thus became one again.

The Turcomauns were at this time busily employed in hiding their reservoir of water, being always in dread of Prince Abbas Mirza's invasion into the Desert: and this invasion did actually take place three months after Wolff's departure.

Wolff spent several weeks in Sarakhs, preaching to the Jews, and also to the Turcomauns. The chief priest of the Turcomauns, Moollah Taatsh by name, had taken a great liking to Wolff; so, one morning, Wolff called upon him; and whilst they were talking together, Moollah Taatsh's wife died in child-birth. The news was brought to him by the servant, and, on hearing it, he said a short prayer, and then, with undisturbed countenance, continued his conversation about religion. An Arabic Bible was lying before him, which he had got from Torbad-Hydareea, where Wolff had distributed Bibles. And what most surprisingly struck Wolff was, that most of the Turcomauns at Sarakhs called Jesus the Son of God because He had been without human father, and had been born by the power of the Holy Spirit. *Query.*—May it not be that these men had received this doctrine from the Nestorian missionaries, who had been there, and all over Turk-

istan, even before any Roman Catholic missionary ever set a foot on that ground? These men were enchanted with the doctrine Wolff preached to them, on the renovation of the earth; but let no friend in England suspect that he ever disunited that doctrine from the preaching of Christ dying upon Calvary, where our Lord's glory was seen in his humiliation.

That same Moollah Taatsh called on Wolff the very same evening of the day his wife died, and addressed him in the following manner:—"Brother Wolff, you are a Moollah, and I am a Moollah; and Moollahs ought to help each other. You know that my wife died this morning, and we Turcomauns have only one wife at a time. I am therefore now without a wife: could you not do something by which a woman may be induced to fall in love with me?" Now Wolff had observed here that the Turcomauns did not keep their wives separated from the men, and that they allowed the women to choose their own husbands. So he said to him, "I will tell you what to do. There is a Turcomaun here who confessed to me that he had committed a breach of promise of marriage to a lady; go therefore and offer yourself to her, and I dare say she will accept your offer." Moollah Taatsh did so, and was married to that lady the next day. At last, Wolff was determined to leave Sarakhs. He therefore sent for the most respectable of the Turcomauns, an *Agha Sakal, i.e.* "A Lord of the Beard," whose name was Saher Beyk, of the Teera Salor, and he said to him, "Now you must send me on to Bokhara." Saher Beyk answered, "It shall be done; but let me ask you one question—have you not given a present to Goolij Muhammad Khan for bringing you hither from Meshed?" Wolff said, "Yes!" Saher Beyk then asked, "How much?" Wolff replied, "Six tomauns." Saher Beyk exclaimed, "Six tomauns to such a scoundrel, whose family is only of yesterday! My heart bleeds that such a fellow could have taken in a stranger in this way." Then Wolff said, "Now, Saher Beyk, I perceive that *you* are an honest man. How much, therefore, shall I have to give you for bringing me to Bokhara, which is double the distance?" Saher Beyk replied, "Oh, Wolff, I am not such a scoundrel as Gooletsh Muhammad Khan. I have horses and sheep in abundance; and my ancestors were known in the time of Tshinghis Khan. If you have given six tomauns to such a scoundrel as Goolij, you ought to give me at least 600 tomauns!" Wolff replid, "Saher Beyk, this is all humbug. You know that you have to bring me to Bokhara, for Abbas Mirza has so ordered; and to Bokhara I will go to-morrow:

and the two hostages will not be released until I have arrived safely in Bokhara. I will give you for conveying me from here to Bokhara, twelve tomauns, and not one farthing more!" A council of all the Turcomauns of Sarakhs was instantly held; and on the day following, Wolff set out, not with Saher Beyk, but with another Turcomaun, Awaz by name, of the Teera Yatshee, and a fine fellow. He was also accompanied by Bokhara merchants, who had bought at Sarakhs two Persian boys as slaves, whom they were going to bring to Bokhara to sell. The one was eleven years of age, and the other nine. It must be again remarked, for the better understanding of the story, that the Persians are universally called by the Turcomauns *Guzl-baash*, *i. e.* "Red Head." Wolff took two servants with him; his Persian servant from Meshed, and a clever Jew of Sarakhs, Abraham by name.

Wolff must here define the power of the *Aghar Sakal*, *i. e.* "the lords with the beards." The Turcomauns do not strictly acknowledge any magistrate whatever over them; and all an Agha Sakal can do, whenever they assemble together, is, not to give a *Hookkum*, *i. e.* "an order," but only an *Iltimaas*, *i. e.* "an advice or entreaty;" so that even the grand dervish of Merw cannot give an order, and he is not allowed to inflict punishment upon a murderer. After Wolff returned from his second journey to Bokhara, and came to Merw, some of the Turcomauns had killed the servant of the Viceroy of Khorassan—an act which was disapproved by all the tribes, and by the grand dervish of Merw himself. When Wolff asked them what the grand dervish did in the matter? they replied, "He gave the perpetrator of the murder very hard words, and said to him, 'You have made the name of an Al-Ammaan to stink from Merw to Bokhara,' so that the murderer became red in the face."

Here one may see Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality in perfection. Oh, what a horrid system this Republicanism is! Oh, my German and English friends, you are the descendants of the Al-Ammaan, and if that revolutionary spirit now prevailing, should go on, you will fall back into the barbarism of the Al-Ammaan of these countries, where the cradle of your ancestors has been. Wolff was also forcibly struck by observing that even as the students, the so-called *Burschen* of the German Universities, wear the same form of boots, *i. e.* *Kanonenstiefel*, so do all the Turcomauns in the Desert of Sarakhs wear boots of one pattern.

Wandering through the Desert the two poor Guzl-baash

slaves were singing in the morning, and during the day, and in the evening, in plaintive strains, the following words :—

"The Al-ammaan have taken us,
Poor, poor Guzl-baash :
And carry us, and carry us,
In iron and chains, in iron and chains,
To Organtsh and Bokhara."

Thus they proceeded through the Desert, continually hearing that plaintive strain. The Desert was covered with snow, and Wolff's servants made the tea and cooked the victuals with melted snow. And, before they laid down to rest, they had to sweep the ground clear from the snow; and, whilst they were lying down, the poor Guzl-baash began again to sing their plaintive melody :—

"The Al-ammaan have taken us,
Poor, poor Guzl-baash :
And carry us, and carry us,
In iron and chains, in iron and chains,
To Organtsh and Bokhara."

One morning, a host of Turcomauns came riding towards Wolff and his companions. Awaz said to Wolff, "Stop here a little, for we Turcomauns are man-eaters, and I must speak to these men." So he went up to them, and spoke to them ; and they replied, "We know all about Joseph Wolff: we only want to see him, and ask his blessing! and then we will go our way." They then came up to Wolff, who blessed them; and they stroked their beards, and continued their journey.

Thus Wolff arrived, after seven days' journey, at Merw, also called Mowr, which is the ancient Antiochia-Marochiana, in the kingdom of Khiva; and near it are the ruins of a town called Sultan Sanjaar, where Sultan Sanjaar, the last of the Seljukjan dynasty, was made prisoner. He had 500 crowns of gold, and 1,000 thrones of silver in his possession : and it was in the camp of Merw that Hulaku Khan, and Timoor Kurikan, and Tshinghis Khan fought nightly battles. There it was that Skandar Sulkarnein, as Alexander the Great is called, encamped with his armies. For the confirmation of the truth of this last tradition, Wolff can say that he bought many coins there with Greek inscriptions, which he gave to Lord William Bentinck on his arrival in India.

Wolff took up his abode in Merw in the tent of a Jew, who was a sceptic about all religions; and whom he had first to make a Jew before he could preach the Gospel to him. There

Wolff also witnessed a most interesting sight. He saw that dervish, Abd-Arrahman, who had the title, "King of Righteousness;" in the same tent was a holy man, a Jewish dervish, Yussuf Talkhtoon by name (an Oolee), which means "holy," from which our word *holy* is evidently taken, who was sitting on the ground, with his head on the earth. Surrounded by Jewish disciples, the whole party were continually singing, Yussuf Talkhtoon first alone,—

"For Zion's sake I will not rest,
I will not hold my peace."

To which his disciples responded,

"For Zion's sake we will not rest,
We will not hold our peace;"

Wolff suddenly interrupted them, by singing,

"The mighty shall build the City of Zion,
And give her to thee.
Then shall he raise from the dust the needy,
And from the dunghill the poor."

On hearing which they all rose and said,

"Blessed art thou,
Who comest in the name of the Lord!"

which illustrates the expression of our blessed Lord to the Jews, "Henceforth ye shall not see me, until you shall say, 'Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord,'" which means, "You shall not see me until you are disposed to welcome me heartily." Wolff conversed till late in the night with both Jews and Muhammadans, on the Gospel of Christ.

Here too, he had the unbounded gratification of ransoming several Persian slaves, whom he sent back to Persia at his own expense. The poor people actually came and fell down at his feet, which they kissed from their excessive gratitude. Yet he could not but feel astonished at observing that many of these Persian slaves became so accustomed to, and satisfied with their condition, that they are intrusted by their masters with merchandize and money, and are sent back to Persia to transact business for them; to the very country where, on their arrival, they might safely declare themselves free, and remain with the whole property. But so far from doing this, they faithfully come back to their masters, and deliver to them the profits they have made by the sale of their goods. Wolff asked several of the slaves about their becoming so well accustomed

to their slavery, and they assigned the following reasons:—Firstly,—That they might be made slaves again. Secondly,—That they are well treated by their masters. Thirdly,—That they love the fresh air of the Desert. Fourthly,—That they might eventually ransom themselves; and then live securely as free men. Fifthly,—That the Persians are treated by their Kings and Satraps worse than slaves.

These reasons speak well for the Turcomauns, who treat their slaves so kindly, and they speak volumes against the Government of Persia. And Wolff has actually seen in his two journeys to Bokhara, beautiful country houses and palaces belonging to Persians who were once slaves: and many of those who are still slaves occupy the highest situations in the State of Bokhara and Khiva. Moreover, as there are above 300,000 slaves in the kingdom of Bokhara alone, and as the greatest intellect is to be found amongst them, Wolff would not be surprised to hear one day that the slaves had risen, and made themselves masters of the country.

Wolff also found in the desert of Merw many Jews who have embraced the Muhammadan religion, and become Turcomauns, and intermarried with them. An extraordinary event occurred whilst Wolff was there:—A man, in the garb of a dervish appeared in the camp, with all the dignity of a prince. Wolff asked who he was? They told him it was Omar, the rightful King of Bokhara, the son of Hydar, who was brother to the present King. For, after Hydar Shah's death, five sons remained, and Nasar Ullah Behadur, the youngest son, succeeded in killing three of his brothers; but his mother saved Omar, the eldest son, and made him escape by the way of Kokan, whence he journeyed as far as Stambool, *i. e.* Constantinople, disguised as a dervish. At last he came back to Merw, where he was concealed by his friends; but Wolff heard, years afterwards, that he had actually marched to Bokhara, where he was made prisoner, and put to death by his beastly brother.

Wolff seems, by his own experience, to have found out the secret how it was possible for Jonah the Prophet to go alone to Nineveh, and preach repentance to the Ninevites; and how it was possible for Elijah the Prophet to appear so often before Ahab the King, without being killed by him; also how John the Baptist preached to an infuriated mob in the desert, and called them "a generation of vipers," without being touched, at least for a long time. For though, as he says, we must admit in all those things the invisible hand of God, yet his own safety, and that of the Prophets of old, in so many dan-

gerous situations, is to be explained in some measure by the genius of the Eastern nation. The Orientals consider dervishes to be madmen, and they think that madmen are endowed with a higher spirit, and therefore have the privilege of insulting Kings. And the Prophets (as Wolff has proved before) were dervishes, and were all considered mad, as we read (2 Kings ix. 11) :—"Then Jehu came forth to the servants of his lord, and one said unto him, 'Is all well? Wherefore came this *madman* to thee?'" Hosea says, "The spiritual man is mad." (Hosea ix. 7.) And Festus said to Paul, "Too much learning doth make thee mad." And this was the reason, also, why David feigned himself mad. And Wolff even heard the Akalee, who are the military Fakirs in the Punjaub, call Rundjud Singh, who was the Napoleon of the East, "a blind rascal" to his face, which plainly shows how the dervishes are allowed to say whatever they like. In short, the very word which the Arabs have for "fool," proves that mad people are considered to be possessed by an occult spirit, for they are called *Majnoon, i. e.* Genius-ified; possessed by a genius. Moreover, the dervishes are also particularly fond of music, by which they say they become inspired by God. Nevertheless, there were sometimes both kings and people who forgot themselves, and murdered the Prophets. Thus Isaiah was sawn asunder, and Zacharias' blood shed in the Temple; but then the subsequent disasters which befell their nation, were ascribed to those awful deeds, even by our Lord himself. And so the murder of a dervish is still always considered to be the forerunner of calamities, which shall come over a country; on which account Wolff does not wonder that the destruction of monasteries, and the robbery of holy things belonging to holy men, is considered as a crime which has been visited upon some noble families, by the great Spellman.

He left Merw with his companions, and the holy dervish of Merw was added to his company as far as Chahaar-choo, which is the first frontier town of the kingdom of Bokhara. Here one crosses the Oxus, called by the natives Ammoo; but as the Oxus was frozen when Wolff reached it, they were obliged to go over on the ice. Wolff slept in Chahaar-choo, which is a town containing about 4,000 inhabitants. There was a Lieutenant-Governor of the place, a Kalmuk by birth, who sent word to Wolff to give him his name, as he must report his arrival upon the territory of the King of Bokhara to the Governor of Karakool, whose name was Husseyn Khan. Wolff met here with respectable Jews, inhabitants of the great city Bokhara, one of whom besought him to pray over his son,

in order that the hatred with which he had been bewitched against his wife, by some wizard, might depart. Wolff did pray over him, but whether his prayer was effectual or not, he does not know.

These Jews accompanied him forward on his road to Bokhara. The road was so completely covered with snow, as it was the depth of winter, that Wolff was not then able to see the beauty of the country, which he discovered on his second journey, in 1844.

Wolff arrived the following day in Karrakool, and waited on the Governor, who was a most intelligent, venerable-looking man, with a fine white beard. He had been brought as a slave from Persia to Bokhara, and became the favourite of Hydar Shah, and was at last exalted to the situation of Governor. He treated Wolff with tea, made with milk, salt, and grease; with roasted horse-flesh, also, and veal. And when Wolff told him the object of his travels, he said to him,—

"Friend, allow me to give you some advice. Bokhara is called *Koobbat Islaame Deen*, which means, 'the stronghold of the Muhammadan religion.' Be cautious, therefore, in Bokhara, because one word against our religion will make the people forget that you are a guest, and they will put you to death; therefore, be cautious in Bokhara."

Wolff thanked him for his kind advice, left his house the next day, and proceeded on his journey.

It was a cold, freezing day; he travelled during the whole of it. He had again to cross a frozen branch of the Oxus; and, in one place where the ice was broken, he went in a boat, which made him feel very nervous, so that he screamed out. Upon this, the Tatshicks—a tribe of half Moguls, half Persians—put their hands over Wolff's eyes, in order that he might not see the river; and then they got out on shore, and rode on again till ten at night, when the sky was covered with stars. The poor Guzl-baash slaves, above mentioned, began to chant again,—

"The Al-ammaan have taken us,
Poor, poor Guzl-baash;
And carry us, and carry us,
In iron and chains, in iron and chains,
To Organtsh and Bokhara."

Then the Jews who had accompanied the caravan broke out with their voice of evening adoration, as it is heard all over the world whither they are scattered, *Shmaa Yisraeel Adonay Elohenoo Adonay Ekhad:* "Hear, Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord."

And then was overheard from a distance a loud, rapping noise, as of strokes upon wood, which came from within the walls of the now neighbouring city; and this was the sound of the *Umeer-Shab*, literally "The Prince of the Night;" for the watchmen in the cities of the kingdom of Bokhara are thus called. And then followed Arabic words, which we give in English, and which were, "In the name of the most merciful and pitiful God, the most merciful and pitiful, the King on the day of judgment, praise be to the Lord, the Creator of two worlds! We serve Thee, we lift up our eyes to Thee. Guide us in the right way—the way of those to whom Thou art merciful, not the way of those with whom Thou art angry, and not the way of those who are in error. Amen."

And another voice was heard from a distance,—

"Agar een Toorkee Sheeraaze bedast arad delle mara,
"Bekhaale hendish bakhsham Samarçand oo Bokhaarara."

Translation,—

"If this beautiful girl of Sheeraz would give me her heart,
"I would give her for one mole of her cheek all the treasures of Samarcand and Bokhara."

Then, suddenly, Awaz, the Turcomaun from Sarakhs, exclaimed, "Yussuf Wolff, raseedem dar bab Bokhara!"

Translation,—

"Joseph Wolff, we are arrived at the gate of Bokhara!"

Dr. Wolff says, "Blessed be Thou, Jesus Christ, my God and my Lord, who hast redeemed me from all evil?"

CHAPTER XIX.

Bokhara: suspected of being a Russian Spy: Inhabitants of Bokhara; Identity of Jewish Customs: Description of Bokhara: Morecroft: Czoma de Körös.

FROM the remarks which Dr. Wolff has read in the reviews of his work, he observes that some of his readers have forgotten that he was twice in Bokhara; and that his first journey there was not undertaken for the purpose of liberating Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, for this latter journey was undertaken twelve years afterwards; but for the purpose of proclaiming the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ to the Jews in Bokhara, and all over Affghanistan and Hindoostan; as also to find traces of the ten tribes of Israel, and to make him-

self acquainted with the history of the Jews of Bokhara, Samarcand, and Balkh; with their expectations in regard to their future destiny; with their learning, also, and traditions, as well as with the history of Tshingis-Khan and Timoor. Likewise, he wished to inquire about the descendants of the army of Alexander the Great, who were reported to be wandering about upon the heights of the Himalaya, and were called by the Muhammadans *Kafir-Seah-Poosh*, which means, the "infidels in black clothing."

The reader left Wolff at the gate of Bokhara, on entering which, Awaz, his Turcomaun guide, said to him, "Now, Joseph Wolff, here in the suburb we must sleep in the house of a *Mehmoon-Doost*" (*i.e.* "friend of guests"), who was an Osbeck—the Osbecks being the original inhabitants of Bokhara.

There was, in the interior of this man's house, an amount of comfort which Wolff did not expect. The host prepared a frugal supper for him, consisting of horse-flesh, and tea with milk, salt, and grease in it. But Wolff's guide, Awaz, who was already well acquainted with his tastes, said, "Tea, made in the Mogul manner, is not accepted by Joseph Wolff; but tea, made in the English fashion, with sugar and milk." And so Wolff got tea in his own way; and veal as well as horse-flesh, of both of which he ate.

As soon as the morning dawned, Awaz said, "Now, you must remain here, and I will ride on to the *Goosh-Bekee* (*i.e.* the 'ear of the lord'), for the king holds intercourse with his subjects only through him."

The different offices among the Eastern churches, and to a certain degree also in the Roman Catholic Church, and also in the Church of England, have names from different members of the body, which is alluded to in the 1st Corinthians, chapter xii. verses 15, 16, and 17; and from this practice of the Christian churches the Muhammadans have taken their idea. But in no church has discipline, with regard to these different offices, been so beautifully and so consistently carried out, and with such dignity, as in the body called the "Irvingites." With them there is such a symmetry in the whole, that one really seems to see the movements of the different members of the body in the performance of their services.

However, to return to the *Gosh-Bekee*—the "ear of the king," who kneels, and receives, and issues all the royal orders. Awaz rode on to his house, and told his Excellency that an Englishman had arrived, Joseph Wolff by name, who was telling all nations that Jesus was the *Mehdee*, the "Re-

storer of all things;" and that he wished to see the Jews of Bokhara, in order to discover whether they belonged to the descendants of those ten princes of ten castles, who sprang from Israel, Isaac's son.

The Goosh-Bekee, whose name was Hakim Beyk, having made this report to his Majesty, immediately sent a horse, and also one of his servants on horseback, to bring Wolff through the town. Wolff was at that time dressed like a Turcomaun from Organtsh, or Khiva; and, when he arrived in the palace of the king, he was taken to the room of Goosh-Bekee, and there that personage (whom we may also call the Prime Minister of the Prince of Believers) was sitting. He was a man of the Tatshick tribe, people who are decidedly the best-looking of the Tatars. He had, indeed, an amiable countenance, and was evidently concerned for the welfare of the State. He asked Wolff to sit down, during which time he read the letters of Abbas Mirza, the Prince Regent of Persia, and the letters also of the Grand Moofti of Meshed; all of which recommended Joseph Wolff to the attention of the king.

His Excellency then asked Joseph Wolff "of what nation he was?" Wolff replied that he was of the Jewish nation; but had embraced the religion of Jesus Christ, and was now a naturalized subject of the King of England; also that he was travelling in order to preach Jesus to the Jewish nation, and to find out the ten tribes of Israel, from which tribes it was believed that the Jews of Bokhara, and around Bokhara, and of Samarcand, and Balkh, were sprung; and also the Affghans. Consequently, Wolff intended to go from thence to Cabul and the Punjaub, to Rundjud Singh, whose name was a terror at that time in Bokhara itself.

Goosh-Bekee immediately left the room, saying he would report this to the king, and, on his doing so, the king requested that all Wolff's firmans from the Sultan should be shown to him, which was at once done. After which, Goosh-Bekee returned; and seated himself on a raised ottoman, in front of the large open window, all the courtiers being collected around him—the other ministers sitting, the inferior officers and servants kept standing. Of ministers there was the *Nazir* (*i.e.* the "king's eye"), who looked over all things, and was superintendent; the *Dastar Khan jee*, or the "king's hand," who had a hand over the kitchen. Also the *Paadeshah*, or "foot of the king," who was the general of the army—and this title the English write incorrectly *Pacha*. These were seated on opposite sides; while, outside the window,

were collected Jews, and Moslems, and Osbecks, and Tatars, and people from Yarkand and Chinese Tartary, who were listening and looking in. But the Jews got especially near to the window, eagerly attending to what was going on in the room; all which, there being no glass in the opening, it was easy to hear and observe.

Wolff himself was placed opposite the Goosh-Bekee, in the middle of the room; and, as he faced the windows, he was visible to the Jews outside.

The Goosh-Bekee now ordered him to repeat again what he had stated about his object in searching for the ten tribes in Bokhara, and Affghanistan, &c.; and Wolff repeated it all. Then Goosh-Bekee said, "First of all, the Affghans are not of the ten tribes of Israel, for they are Copts;" and he showed to Wolff a manuscript, in which that account was given. But, at the same time, he stated that there were different opinions on the subject; that some of the Affghan writers said they were the descendants of Judah and Benjamin; but they themselves chiefly traced their genealogy from *Talut* (*i. e.* King Saul). And then he went on to say, "I suspect you to be a relation of Mr. Morecroft, who was killed, not in Bokhara, as people say, but at Ankhoy; whereas his two companions, Guthrie and Trebeck, were killed at Mozaur, which is the town you must pass through on your way to Hindoostan. The resemblance between you and Morecroft is very striking; and I am sure I am not mistaken." And it is very remarkable that, after Wolff's arrival in Hindoostan, all the friends of Mr. Morecroft confirmed the assertion of the Goosh-Bekee to this resemblance. But Wolff, of course, denied all connection with Morecroft; and repeated to the Goosh-Bekee that his story was true.

Then the Goosh-Bekee commenced,—"Whose descendant are you?"

Wolff said, "I am a descendant of a Jew."

"Are you an Englishman?"

"A naturalized one."

Again he said, "Whose descendant are you?"

"A descendant of a Jew."

Then suddenly a voice proceeded from the crowd of the Jews outside, which shouted,—

"He is a liar! he is a Russian spy!"

"Wolff replied, "You lie, like a dog! and I will prove this to the whole assembly."

But shouts were heard from all sides, from Jews, Mongols, Osbecks, &c., and Affghans,—

"*Jasoos! Jasoos! Jasoos!*" ("a spy, a spy, a spy!")

Wolff rose and said, "Remember, I am your guest! and a guest ought to be heard."

They all exclaimed, "Give ear, give ear, give ear! He wants to speak for himself;" and one among them here shouted, "This man is no spy, for the colour of his face becomes not pale; and there he stands firm, like a wall."

A deep silence then prevailed; and Wolff said, "Now, I will examine this Jew." And then he asked the Jew, "What is thy name?"

He replied, "My name is *Eliyahu Sopher*;" which means, "Elijah, the writer of the law," for he was employed in copying the manuscripts of the Pentateuch.

Then Wolff asked, "Where have you seen me before?"

He answered, "I saw you in Bagdad, twelve years ago, when you lived in the house of Aga Sarkis, the Armenian, and distributed Hebrew books, called 'The New Testatment,' which were printed in Russia." (And he proceeded to describe the colours of the binding of the books.) "Beside this, we have proofs that you are no Jew."

Wolff then ordered his servant to bring a New Testament. The New Testament was brought. Then Wolff asked, "Who is Aga Sarkis?"

Eliyahu said, "The English agent."

Wolff replied, "If he was the English agent, why had I not gone to the Russian agent?"

To this the Jew could give no answer.

Then said Wolff, holding up a Bible, "Where do you say this book was printed?"

He said, "In Russia."

Wolff replied, "In what place in Russia? Russia is large."

The man answered that "he did not know;" and then Wolff opened the book, and asked one of the bystanders, "What was the name of the place printed in it?" who answered "London."

On which the Goosh-Bekee exclaimed, in a fury, as he turned to the Jew, "Oh! thou cursed man! I know thy object. For thou hatest him for his having become a Christian!" And then some of the other Jews, who were present, began to bastinado him, but Wolff tried to beg him off. Nevertheless, as his own veracity had been impeached, and it was a matter of life and death that he should establish himself to be what he had asserted he was, he accepted the only available alternative; and, for a week afterwards, he was the laughing-stock of the whole town of Bokhara. But Wolff has never minded being

laughed at! Both the Goosh-Bekee and every one exclaimed, "Such a man never came to Bokhara before!"

There are two tales in history of which it is said, that they are known even within the walls of China. First, the history of the Seven Sleepers; and second, the history of the Sorrows of Werther. But one thing is certain, that the way in which Joseph Wolff settled the Jew, Eliyahu Sopher, in Bokhara, is known by the inhabitants of Yarkand, in the wilds of Tobolsk, and at Pekin in China, at Sochow in China, and at Lassa in Thibet.

The Goosh-Bekee afterwards said, "The king's command is, that you may go wherever you like among the Jews; but you must not talk about religion with the Mussulmans; for we wish that you should go away in peace and undisturbed, and proceed to Hindoostan in safety. We have already got a bad name in Bokhara, as if we were murderers of guests. For they say everywhere, that we killed Morecroft, Guthrie, and Trebeck. We therefore wish that you should pass through comfortably."

Wolff replied, "As a believer in Christ, I am, according to the words of Paulus (the comfort of God and peace upon him!), a disciple of Christ, and he said that we must obey the powers that be."

Goosh-Bekee asked, "In what book do we find this?"

Whereupon Wolff pointed out to him the 13th of the Romans, and translated it to him. And thus Wolff made him and the rest acquainted with some of the tenets of the Christian religion, at the very moment when he had been forbidden to speak about it to the Muhammadans.

Wolff now retired, and took up his abode with the Jew, Reuben, from Meshed, where the Jews called on him. One of the Jewish teachers told the ladies and the rest of the Jews who were assembled in Reuben's house, the following story:—

When Joseph had withstood the temptation of Solykha, Potiphar's wife, and when he had reached the highest office in the State, his brethren came to him; and afterwards, when the cup had been found with Benjamin, he wished to keep Benjamin a prisoner. Then Judah, his brother, who had such strength in every bit of his hair, that he could slay with it the whole country of Egypt; and the cry of him was so powerful that it made all the pregnant women miscarry, said to Naphthali (who was a hind let loose, for he knew how to run 200 miles in a minute), "Go and number the inhabitants of Egypt." Upon this, Joseph could no longer abstain, and exclaimed, "I am Joseph, your brother!" He then sent them with presents to the

father, who had been all the time in mourning; but the brethren said among themselves, "We do not dare to bring him the tidings for fear he may die of joy: so we will send Zarah, the daughter of Ashur, who sings and plays wonderfully upon the harp: and she will go before us, singing and playing upon the harp, and will tell him, Joseph, thy son liveth." And thus she did: and sang—

"Joseph, Joseph, Joseph, thy son liveth."

Here Wolff has to observe, that there is not in any religion upon earth, not even in the Roman Catholic churches, nor in the Eastern churches, nor in the Church of England, such uniformity of ceremonies, and uniformity of thought, and uniformity of legends, and uniformity of actions in the forms of prayer, so strong and exact as in the Jewish religion. As, for instance, this history of the belief about the strength of Judah, and the agility of Naphthali, and the sweet singing of Zarah, the daughter of Ashur, may be heard among the Jews in Houndsditch as well as in the city of Bokhara. The Jewish mode of bowing in prayer is the same in Bokhara, as it is in Duke Street, London, amongst the Portuguese Jews. The very same formularies of prayers—the very same feelings and expressions obtain in Bokhara as in St. Mary Axe; and amongst the Jews also of Hungary. When Wolff reached Bokhara, they were just commemorating the feast of Purim; and, when they read the Book of Esther, every time the name of Haman was mentioned, even the Jewish children and boys of Bokhara struck with a hammer upon the benches in the synagogue, just as they are struck both in London and Amsterdam. The principal Jews of Bokhara get drunk at that feast: a practice which is religiously observed at Jerusalem, and in the "holy congregation" there, as well as at Dusseldorf, in Germany. They fast, on the day of Atonement, for four-and-twenty hours in Bokhara; just as they fast, for four-and-twenty hours in London and all over Europe. The Jews blow the trumpet at the beginning of the new year in Bokhara, as they do at the beginning of the Jewish new year everywhere in Europe. They wait and pray there for the redemption of Israel, through the Messiah the son of David, just as they do all over the world. They weep at the same sentence in their prayers, on the day of Atonement; and in proof of this general uniformity of religious observance amongst the Jews, it must be told that Wolff had the misfortune to be on the night of Purim in the dwelling of a Jew, who was so prominently drunk, that it forced him to leave the house during the night;

and he went and took a room in the caravanserai of the Affghans, called the "caravanserai of Moollah Bedr-deen."

The next morning, all the Jews called on Wolff, and apologized that their merriness had driven him out of their house; "for," as they said, "you know that on the day of Purim we, *Yehoodem* (*i. e.* 'Jews') get drunk, which has been a holy custom among the children of Israel, from the time of the six days of the creation of the world." Wolff replied, with great simplicity, "Not quite so ancient, I think." The domestic habits of the Jews, wherever they may be in the world, are also national. Wolff remembers how the common Jews of Germany in his boyhood celebrated their Sabbath, which they called "the comfort of the Sabbath," and he has no doubt that the customs in St. Mary Axe are very similar at this day. First, the husband and wife would go to the synagogue early in the morning, and then return home to dinner on soup and kugel, and eat plentifully of garlick and onions. And they said that sleep is commanded to the Jews on the Sabbath day in the word *Shabbath*, as written in Hebrew characters. Thus:—שׁ (Sheen) שׁנה (Sheénah) Sleep; ב (Beth) בשבת (Beshabath) on the Sabbath Day; ת (Tau) תענוג (Taanog) Comfort—Sweetness.

So after eating, the Jew and his wife, without undressing, would lie down on their bed, and snore. Then they would get up, wash themselves in a basin; and the man, sitting down in his shirt sleeves, would read aloud to his wife a legendary book, called the *Zeennos urennos*, lounging and puffing after his garlic feast, whilst she was putting his hair nicely in order with her fingers.

The higher classes of Jews may be divided into three. First, there are the rich Jews who have generally acquired their wealth by their industry. These are generous and benevolent in their disposition, and strictly adhere to the Law of Moses and the Talmud.

Secondly, there are rich Jews, who have, besides their riches, acquired education in Christian schools. These are rather lax in their observance of the Law; but generosity and benevolence seem to be born with all of them.

Thirdly, there are Jews who maintain themselves by instructing the youth in science, mathematics, history, natural history, &c.; and these are generally highly educated. They are moral, amiable, and eclectical philosophers: taking from Christianity what pleases them. Of such are Joelsohn, Herz, Zirnderfer, Mayer, Obernick, and many others. Most of the Jews of these classes are very clean in their habits, and extend their benevolence not only to their own people but to Christians also.

Among the Jews of both Germany and England there is a low class, notorious pickpockets—known as *Akh-Beroshim, i. e.* "pickpockets." Wolff first met one of these at Halle, in the house of the *Shames, i. e.* "the Deacon;" where they had their rendezvous. They have terminologies of their own: for instance, *Latkhener* is "a pickpocket," and Verschüt is "a pickpocket caught."

Wolff witnessed the ceremony of the marriage of a Jew and Jewess at Bokhara as he had formerly done in Cairo. The gentlemen assembled in a large apartment, or kind of parlour: the ladies being in an upper gallery, which was used as a chamber. The six Rabbis rose suddenly from their seats, and announced the performance of the usual evening prayer, called *Minha*, by exclaiming, "Blessed are those that dwell in Thy house, they shall praise thee;" on which the people exclaimed, "Blessed is the people whose God is the Lord." Then they turned their faces towards Jerusalem, and recited the prayer in which the name of Jehovah occurs eighteen times; and at each mention of the name they bowed down. It was an imposing sight to see the six Rabbis standing in a row, and bowing themselves before the Holy One—blessed be He!

After the evening prayer was ended, the nuptial torch was lighted. This was a large candelabra, with nine branches, and in each of them was a wax candle burning. It was carried up to the gallery where the ladies were placed, and among them was the bride: the bridegroom being all the time with the gentlemen below. Shouts and screams of the old women, usual on such occasions, were heard; and then the bride was conducted down stairs, completely veiled, and led by two or three women. The bridegroom at once took his place by her side, when the Rabbis exclaimed first, and all the people after them, "My heart is inditing of a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made, touching the king. My tongue is the pen of a ready writer. Thou art fairer than the children of men: grace is poured into thy lips, therefore God hath blessed thee for ever." Psalm xlv.

The head Rabbi then exclaimed, "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the world..." the people interrupted him, and said, "Blessed be He, and blessed is His name." *Head Rabbi.*—Who has created the fruit of the vine.—*People.*—Amen!

Head Rabbi.—Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the World.—*People.*—Blessed be He, and blessed is His name.

Head Rabbi.—Who hast sanctified us by Thy command-

ments which Thou hast commanded, respecting modesty; and bound us by firm engagements; and exalted our dignity by wedding and by marriage.

Then one of the Rabbis took a ring, and put it on the finger of the gentleman, and then on the finger of the lady; and then gave it to the gentleman, and he put it on the finger of his bride, where it remained, and the bridegroom said, "Verily, thou art espoused to me by this ring, according to the law of Moses and of Israel." A large camel's hair shawl, called *Talis* was then thrown over the heads of the couple, and the Rabbi twice gave them wine to drink, and said, "Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the world."—*People.*—Blessed be He, and blessed is His name.

Rabbi.—Creator of men.—*People.*—Amen.

Rabbi.—Who hast created man in Thy likeness, and hast prepared for him a house for ever and ever.—*People.*—Amen.

All the Rabbis together.—Rejoice, shout, and be merry, thou barren: thou wilt soon gather thy children about thee with joy.—*People.*—Amen.

Rabbis.—That thou mayest make joyful the children of Zion.—*People.*—Amen.

Head Rabbi.—Thou makest joyful with joy a lovely pair.—*People.*—Amen.

Rabbi.—Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God.—*People.*—Blessed be He, and blessed His name.

Rabbi.—Who rejoicest bridegroom and bride.—*People.*—Amen.

Rabbi.—Who hast created rejoicing and joy, and also bridegroom and bride.—*People.*—Amen.

Rabbi.—The voice of love, attachment, cordiality, peace, and friendship shall speedily be heard in the cities of Judah, and in the streets of Jerusalem.—*People.*—Amen.

The Rabbis and people together then clapping their hands, exclaimed, "The voice of rejoicing and the voice of joy; the voice of the bridegroom, the voice of the bride, the voice of shouting, and of wedding days, and of marriage, and of solemn days, and the voice of music, and the voice of young men."

The head Rabbi.—Blessed art thou, O Lord.—*People.*—Blessed be He, and blessed His name!

Rabbi.—Who makest joyful the bridegroom with the bride, and makest them prosper.—*People.*—Amen.

After this song was over, both the bridegroom and the bride tasted the cup of wine, and the Rabbi said, "Praise the Lord, for His mercy endureth for ever. Joy shall increase in Israel, and sorrow shall flee away; and it shall be for a good sign."

Then all exclaimed, shaking hands with the bridegroom, "Good sign, good sign;" and then the nuptial torch was extinguished, but immediately lighted again by the ladies, who exclaimed, with a voice like the crowing of a cock, "The bridegroom cometh;" and the bride was re-conducted to her chamber with the sound of cymbals and other instruments of music. And so it ended.

The Jews have the greatest reverence for the name "Jehovah," which they never pronounce, but say, instead of it, "Adonai;" and it is most solemn and awful to see them, on every Day of Atonement, assembled in their synagogue, dressed in the same white garment in which they will be dressed on their death bed, with a white linen cap over their heads, without shoes, but with white stockings on their feet; and at the moment when the Rabbi says, "We will kneel down and bow before the King of the king of kings—the Holy One—blessed be He," they all fall down at once upon their knees with such power that the ground under them resounds with it.

One day, an atheistical and scoffing Jew was in the synagogue, resolved on deriding this awful ceremony: and when in the act of laughing he fell down, like the rest, on his knees; but he never rose again, for he was struck dead by an apoplectic fit. May one not exclaim with Schiller, "There is a God, and a Holy Will is living immoveable, however much human will may vacillate?" And the public will ask, "Wolff, do you believe that story?" To which he not only replies "Yes," but must add also that he was often surprized that similar judgment and visitation did not fall more frequently upon those French and Italian infidels, and preachers of liberty, whom he met in Arabia and Egypt. Oh, when will the time come, of which the prophet says, "The vile shall no longer be called liberal?"

The Jews in Bokhara gave to Wolff the following account of themselves:—

"When the God of Israel stirred up the spirit of Pul, king of Assyria, and the spirit of Tiglath-Pilneser, king of Assyria, they were carried away even the Reubenites, and the Gadites, and the half tribe of Manasseh, and were brought into Halah (which is now called Balkh), and Habor (which is Samarcand), and Hara (which is Bokhara), and to the river Gozan (which is the Ammoo, also called Jehoon, and by the Europeans called Oxus). They lived in this empire for centuries, until they were expelled by the Tshagatay, the people of Tshinghis Khan; and then they settled in Sabz Awar, and Nishapoor in Khorassan, and Shahr-Sabz; and, centuries afterwards, the greater part re-

turned from Shahr-Sabz to Bokhara, Samarcand, and Balkh. And Timoor Koorikan (called falsely by the Europeans, Tamerlane) gave them a great many privileges; and, at Balkh, the mother of cities, he gave them a whole beautiful quarter of their own, with a gate to enclose it; and so they lived in peace and prosperity. One of the prime ministers, who was called 'the second after the king' (in Hebrew, *Shenee-lamelek*), and was the chief secretary to royalty, was a Jew from Germany."

Here Joseph Wolff cannot abstain from observing, that one cannot but adore the wonderful dealings of God with that once-favoured nation; for his Providence has always directed matters in such a way that, in the most despotic countries there has always been a Jew prime minister, or chief, who has protected his own people during the greatest dangers. Thus, Joseph in Egypt; Daniel in Babylon; Mordecai in Persia; Judah under Timoor; Suleyman under Tshinghis Khan; and there was Suleyman, a Jew prime minister under Hydar Shah, who was father of the present king of Bokhara; and the Emperor of Morocco has frequently had a Jewish prime minister; and Abarbanel, the most unfair controversialist against Christianity, was chancellor of the exchequer to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain; and the whole family of Hänigstein were made noblemen by Emperor Leopold and Maria Theresa; and the son of the great Rabbi, Jonathan Eubeschütz (Joseph Wolff's ancestor), was made a baron by one of the Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire, and bore the title, Baron von Adlerfeld. And Wolff considers that it may be the design of God, in inducing the British Government to admit Jews into Parliament, that they shall learn, in that assembly, how the government should be carried on, with righteousness and equity, when they shall return to their own land, at the time when the Redeemer shall come to Zion. It is, therefore, to be regretted, that Mr. Newdigate does not see that the finger of God is in all this; but Wolff thinks that, in English, proper names are sometimes either prophetic or historical; and *Newdigate* is synonymous with "proselyte of the gate,"—such proselytes being a sect of Gentiles, who were only half Jews, at the time of the Jewish theocracy, when the Temple stood; and they were always at daggers drawn with the Jews. And so it seems that Mr. Newdigate has inherited that combative quality of his ancestor who was a "proselyte of the gate." The reader must pardon this digression.

The Jews in Bokhara continued to relate their history to Wolff, told him how, in course of time, the Jews of Bokhara, Samarcand, and Balkh, forgot ("on account of the abundance

of our sins," as they expressed themselves) the law of Moses. They altogether gave up the reading of it, until Joseph Maarabee, a light of Israel and an African, arrived from Tetuan, and taught them again to read the law of Moses; and also made them acquainted with European customs and manners; and his daily prayer was, "Oh! that soon the Christians may conquer the world, and that the Muhammadan power may fall." Moreover, he taught them great wisdom, for instance, that the drinking of chocolate was good, and useful for increasing the number of the children of Israel. He also spoke with them about the mysteries of freemasonry; and he said that freemasonry fraternizes all the nations of the earth together: and he himself was a freemason.

This Joseph Maarabee actually reformed the Jewish nation of Bokhara, Samarcand, and Balkh; for they all came to see the great *Joseph Mooghrebee*, *i.e.* "Joseph Maarabee, the African;" and ever since his time, they have got their bibles and talmudical writings from the Jews of Orenburg, in Siberia; and from the great market-place in Russia, called Makariev. They also told Wolff that, in the time of Tshinghis Khan, a great number of the Jewish nation of Khorassan, Balkh, and Cabul, went to China. And it is a striking fact, that the Jesuits show in their "Lettres édifiantes," that when speaking to the Jews of China, they were informed by them that they had originally come from Persia to China. And Bokhara, at divers times, belonged to Persia.

The Jews in Bokhara gave to Wolff an account, by which they at least showed their strong belief in the divine interposition of God in the preservation of their nation. They related to him the following history; that, in the time of Timoor, a mighty and wealthy Jew was allured by a Tatar chief to come into his house with an immense sum of money, under a pretext of business; when the Jew suddenly disappeared, and his whole family were plunged into mourning, and distress, and poverty; and with them the greatest part of the Jewish congregation at Bokhara were also overwhelmed by misery and ruin. The mighty Tatar chief was a favourite of Timoor; but, trusting in the justice of Timoor, the Jews brought the case before him. Timoor replied, "I shall instantly make search in the house of the Tatar chief, and if the Jew is found there, not only the property of the Jew, but the whole property of the Tatar also, shall be given over to the family of the Jew: but should the Jew not be found, I will order that his whole family shall be buried alive." Thereupon, an old Jew, one hundred years of age, who stood in the fame of holiness, and bore a most vene-

rable appearance with a silver-white beard, accompanied by the elders of his nation, all dressed in white garments, (in which they are clothed when they are buried,) with the phylacteries upon their heads, and the veil around their faces—the roll of the law in their hands—entered the house of the Tatar, when the centenarian commenced in the following manner—addressing the Holy One, blessed be He—"Lord of the world, Father of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, hear us"—and the elders replied, "Hear us"—and the centenarian continued, "Thy congregation has sinned, and therefore we are in captivity; and the tribes of the Lord remaining in Bokhara are in danger of being buried alive. O Lord hear, and manifest thy power, and make known the evil doer." When suddenly, in the presence of Timoor himself, the earth below began to crack and and open, and the lost Jew appeared with his head cut off, and the whole treasure of money deposited near him. The Tatar with his whole family were buried alive, by the order of Timoor, and the money was returned, and the old Jew with his elders repaired to their homes, amidst the sound of the timbrel and drum.

Through the Jews, in Bokhara, Wolff was made acquainted with the fact that, upon the heights of the Oural mountains, many of the tribe of Naphthali still inhabit the clefts of the rocks.—Poor nation, how you have been driven about! when shall you be assembled, and march, under the banners of Messiah, to the mountain of the Lord's house? when will the time come, when the outcasts of Israel shall be gathered together, and the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth? You, descendants of the children of Hayk, called the Armenians; and you, descendants of Javan, *i. e.* Greeks. Wolff has great hopes, that you will be those Gentiles who shall be instrumental in the conversion of the Jewish nation; for according to the second chapter of the Prophet Isaiah, not Jews shall say to the Gentiles, but Gentiles to the Jews, "Come, and, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord's house."—And Wolff is surprised that the Christian Church has overlooked the fact,—even those who understand the prophecies literally, —that it is not said in the Prophet Isaiah, that Gentiles shall come to the children of Israel; but that the Gentiles shall come to Him, who is the Light of Jerusalem; concerning whom the Prophet so sublimely bursts forth, "Unto us a child is born, and unto us a son is given." And though the fulness of the Jewish nation, according to Romans, chapter xi. verse 12, shall be the riches of the Gentiles, more than their decay has been; yet we nowhere find that the Jew shall have

a pre-eminence over the inhabitants of that Jerusalem, which comes down from heaven. Wolff makes these remarks, in order to crush the cant of the Judaizing Christians, who always preach the pre-eminence of the Jewish over the Christian Church. And if the Gentiles have been debtors to the Jews, Jews are now debtors to the Gentiles in many respects. Wolff had several visits from Muhammadans of high respectability, who informed him that Tshinghis Khan had a mother, but no father, and that he was the son of a flash of lightning. But scarcely had those Muhammadans left Wolff's room, when the Jews told him, "We can tell you better who Tshinghis Khan was: he was a son of one of the tribes of Israel, and both his father and mother were children of Israel, and it was for this reason that he compiled a code of laws which were chiefly taken from the five books of Moses, and to this code he gave the name *Tawrat*, the very name which the law of Moses bears." And Wolff is convinced that these Jews were right in their account, and that Disraeli is perfectly right in saying that there is scarcely a great man existing in the world, in whom there is not Jewish blood to be traced.

Wolff has not the slightest doubt that the report which he heard in the United States about the great Nestor of Great Britain, the wise and enlightened Lord Lyndhurst, is true; namely, that a Jewish family came from Franconia to America of the name of *Copele*, which was afterwards changed into *Copley*. And Wolff has a sister, who is married to a Jew at Kissengen of the name of Copele. Nor has he any doubt that the Earl of Shaftesbury is also of Jewish descent; for his family name is *Ashley*, which was formerly *Asshur*, of which the Jews in Germany make *Ascherle*, but pronounce it *Ashle*.

The Jews frequently came to Wolff in the caravanserai of Moollah Bedr-deen, and said, "Joseph Wolff, probably you will be placed before the 'majesty' (HASRAT), and, if so, you must stand before him with fear and great trembling; you must kiss the ground with humility; knock your head on the floor; tremble in all your members; exclaim with devotion, 'Oh asylum of the world, and peace to his majesty;' kiss his slippers; assure him, over and over again, that you are the most unworthy of his slaves, and that the majesty of England is nothing in comparison with him."

Wolff heard all this, laughed, and said in reply, "I shall do no such things, I shall neither stand with fear nor trembling." They replied, "Our suspicion seems to be confirmed more and more by thy answer; and the Turcomauns, who saw thee in Meshed, seem perfectly right in thinking that

thou art the king's son." Wolff said, "I am neither a king nor the king's son: but the son of a Jewish Rabbi. But no Jew in England would ever demean himself by thus standing before the king of Bokhara."

Among Wolff's acquaintance was a dervish of high respectability, named Gehaan Deed Shah, of the family of Muhammad Balool Shah. He was married to a virtuous lady of great mind, whose name was Subeyda, by whom he had one son and one daughter. The mother doated upon her son, who afterwards married a lady, by name Sheramat; and this son became collector of the revenues of the Custom House, by which he acquired much wealth. But he lost the fear of God, and love for his parents; and on the day of his child's circumcision, he invited the Goosh-Bekee, and the Sheik Islaam, and their families to the least of them. But he passed over with neglect his affectionate father and mother; and poor Gehaan Deed Shah told Wolff that the whole town resounded with curses over the conduct of his son; and he wept, and wept, and wept, the whole time he was with Wolff.

It is worth while now to give some description of Bokhara. Bokhara is surrounded by deserts, and watered by the little river Wafkan; but it forms a most fertile oasis in the midst of the desert. It has all the fruits of Asia and Europe in perfection. It has eleven gates, and a circumference of fifteen English miles; and it has 360 mosques, and twenty-two caravanserais. The old palace, in which the king resides, is called *ark*, which means "castle" (from which our word "ark" is taken). The houses have neither roofs nor windows. The population amounts to 180,000, composed of Tatshicks; Nogays, who are believed by the Jews to be the descendants of Cain, and they say it is the same word as is used in Genesis respecting Cain, viz., *Nagh*, which means "fugitive and vagabond;" and Tatars, which the Jews derive from the Hebrew word, *Totar*, and means "remnant," *i.e.* a remnant of those Israelites who have turned to Paganism; many of whom worshipped wood and stone, and do still so worship in the Oural mountains. And in them the prophecy is fulfilled containing in the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, "And then ye shall worship other gods, even wood and stone!" There are also Affghans, Marwee, the worst of people, of whom the proverb runs, "If there is here a Marwee, and on the other hand a *Mar* (*i. e.* 'a serpent'); kill first the *Marwee*, and then the *Mar*." And there are Osbecks; and amidst them all are 15,000 Jews, who are distinguished from the rest by their clothing, their physiognomy, their trade, and all their pursuits.

They are like an island in the midst of the surrounding ocean. They wear a small cap, and a girdle around the waist. They are dyers and silk traders; formerly spies to the Russians, and now to the English, and to the emperors of Kokan and Khotan; and they are the councillors of their kings, and charm-writers for the Turcomauns, when they go into battle. They furnish with medicine the wives of the king and other noblemen, in order that they may have children. It is an error and a lible to say that Jews are all over the world, sellers of old clothes. In the kingdom of Bokhara, and also in Yemen, they are masons, bankers, and goldsmiths, as well as being employed as already stated. There are above one hundred Muhammadan colleges in Bokhara, all of the Sunnee. They study rhetoric, poesy, and logic. All their disputations are carried on in a scholastic manner. The Koran is, however, their chief study. They have taken the learned of Arabia Felix as their guide; and the very mode of opening their lectures is taken from the learned in *Yemen: i. e.* Arabia Felix.

The teacher, as well as disciple, first lift up their eyes to heaven: the palms of their hands are then turned to their faces. They then recite the opening of the Koran, as a prayer. They have a convent at Bokhara, dedicated to the famous dervish Mowlana Jelaal Uddeen, who, centuries ago, went from Bokhara to Iconium. The dervishes are fed at the expense of the king.

The country houses around Bokhara, with their gardens, are chiefly inhabited by slaves, who have bought their liberty; and by the so-called Serkerdehaa, who are the aristocracy of the empire, and the privy councillors of the king. The king is accustomed to visit the Jews at the Feast of Tabernacles, and he dines with them.

The learned men of the Jewish nation continued to call on Wolff, and he proclaimed to them the gospel of Christ; and above twenty of them confessed their belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. These had remained faithful, when, fourteen years after his first arrival in Bokhara, Wolff again visited it. on behalf of Stoddart and Conolly.

Wolff was once sent for, during his stay, by the excellent Goosh-Bekee, and found him surrounded by the chief merchants of Affghanistan, and by the *Sekerdehaa, i. e.* "the aristocracy of the empire;" when the Goosh-Bekee said, "As you have, Joseph Wolff, so well obeyed the commands of the king, which were given to you, through me; and as you have not meddled with Mussulmans in the cities of *Bokhara-Shereef.* (*i. e.* 'Bokhara the noble'), you may now enter into conversation.

in my presence, with these learned people here; and we shall ask you questions, and you will answer them; and you may ask questions, and we shall answer you. Tell us, then, how can you believe that Jesus is God, whilst he is man?" Wolff replied, "God is in everything; in one He is present with His power; in another, with His wisdom; in others, with His goodness—but in Jesus the fulness of the Godhead was bodily manifested; and He had no human father, as the Koran itself testifies; but he was in God, even the Son of God, from eternity."

The Goosh-Bekee said, "How can this be?"

Wolff said, "The sun has its rays, and heat, and light; and they are all one with the sun, and cannot be divided."

Goosh-Bekee said, "We call him, therefore, the *Word* of God in the Koran!"

Wolff said, "This very expression is also taken from the *Anjeel* (*i. e.* 'the Gospel'). And it explains the divinity of Jesus even still more strongly than the term *Son*. For as the word of man is one with man, and cannot be divided, or separated from him, so the word of God cannot be separated from God, and is one with God."

Then Goosh-Bekee said, "Now do you ask some questions."

Wolff asked, "What do you understand by the word 'Sooffee?'"

A Moollah said, "A man who is pure."

Wolff asked, "In what does the purity of a person consist?"

The answer was awful: "A man who makes holy war against infidels, and does not commit—" * * * * * * * * * * * *

Wolff asked, "What shall become of the world at last?"

Goosh-Bekee said, "It shall be purified by fire, and then the wolf and the lamb shall lie down together."

Another Muhammadan told Wolff that he had been in India, had dined with Englishmen, and knew how to take out a lady to dinner, quite like an Englishman. He then rose and made a bow to one of his fellows, exactly as if he had been a lady, and offered his arm, and they walked up and down together, to the amusement of all present.

Another Muhammadan came forward, who had been in Russia. He took out a musical box, which he had got at St. Petersburg, and which played, *Freut euch des Lebens, Weil noch das Lämpchen glüht Pflücket die Rose, Eh sie verblüht*, &c., &c.

It is also worthy of notice, that they have in Bokhara introduced the hours of the day, as in Russia, from 1 to 12.

The Goosh-Bekee then asked Wolff whether he had heard in Europe of Tshinghis-Khan and Timoor? Wolff gave him proofs that he was well acquainted with those heroes. He then asked Wolff what was the name of the favourite son of Timoor? He said, *Shah-rook*, which means "King in the castle." Timoor was a great friend of chess-playing.

Then Goosh-Bekee told him at once, "We wish you to know that we are great friends now with Russia, and they give us, in all respects, every assistance in their power. But we wish to make, also, friendship with England, and therefore you may tell the Governor-General of India, when you arrive there, that we wish, first of all, to receive from him instructors who will teach our troops the European discipline; secondly, we wish to obtain from him an ambassador; thirdly, physicians; and fourthly, watchmakers."

Wolff then returned to the caravanserai. When there, he found a Jew in great distress, who wished Joseph Wolff to write a prayer for him, in order that his son might cease from hating his wife, against whom he had conceived a bitter enmity; so that he never would go near her. He wanted to put the paper, with the prayer on it, under the bolster where his son slept. Wolff said he could not do this; but he would come and pray over him—which he did, and heard, years after, that the man had been reconciled to his wife.

Whilst staying at the caravanserai, Wolff was invited to dine with a party of most respectable Affghans and Tatshicks, who behaved with the greatest propriety; but he had rather to make an effort when he found that he had to eat the soup with his hands, and to eat horse-flesh out of the same dish with the rest of the company. The bread in Bokhara is the best in the world, especially fine bread like that of Saxony, and it is baked in the form of a bracelet. When requested by them to tell some stories, he recited the histories of Hamlet and Macbeth; and particularly amused them with the story of the Jew Shylock, which they afterwards publicly retold in the market-place of Bokhara.

Wolff spent the rest of his time—amounting in all to three months—in conversing with Jews, and Affghans, and other Muhammadans. He dined chiefly with Affghans, and the first people of the land called on him. They were well acquainted with Russia. Their merchants go chiefly to Makariev, Astrakhan, and Saratoff, in Russia.

The Jews of Bokhara made Wolff acquainted with the re-

markable fact, that there is a colony of Polish Jews at a place called Shamay, in Chinese Tartary, one of whom he saw on his second journey to Bokhara. There are also in Bokhara, people, native Osbecks, who are Christians, but all they have retained of Christianity is the making of the sign of the cross, which they have learned, not from Roman Catholic missionaries, but from Nestorians, centuries and centuries back. There are also in Bokhara, Banyan merchants, *i. e.* Hindoos from Chicarpoor, and Dejeekakootee, and Kurrachee, and Nadir-Kelaat.

Previously to Wolff's departure from Bokhara, Elyahu Sopher, from Bagdad, who tried to bring Wolff into scrapes, as already detailed, called on him, and with tears in his eyes begged his pardon, which was willingly granted.

Wolff must confess that the visits he almost daily received in the caravanserai of Moollah Bedr-deen were most romantic and sublime. Not only did the children of Israel, both rich and poor, come to him, but Kassaks (Cossacks) from the Oural mountains, the *Tshagatay*, *i. e.* "descendants of Tshingis Khan," the inhabitants of Samarcand, and merchants from Yarkand, Kashgar and Cashmere. All these came to Wolff's room, and mixed together; and one of the Jews observed, "We never saw, before you came, such a mixture of people of many nations, all rallying round a stranger to hear from him of the wisdom and knowledge of the land of Edom."

Now it is to be remarked that the Jews call Christendom Edom; the reason of which Wolff could never discover; for though the descendants of Edom had certainly embraced Christianity, yet why should Europe be called Edom by them, for they specially allude to the Christians in Europe, and they call the Roman empire Edom? The conversations of these people were also about the munificence, and riches, and splendour, of the Court of Timoor—how he showered turquoises and pearls on the head of his daughter when she was married—and Wolff surprised them not a little when he told them that he had made the whole journey of Alexander the Great, except going from Bokhara to Attock, which he was on the point of completing; and that he had been on the battle-fields of Timoor Hulaku Khan, and Attila; and when one of them exclaimed, "Have you ever met with a man who knows the history of Timoor, and of his deeds and battles?" Wolff gave them the whole account.

At last, Wolff called again on the Goosh-Bekee, who consigned to him a passport, written in Persian, and sealed with the king's seal. It was not larger than two inches square, and upon it was written, "Joseph Wolff, the Englishman, may

leave Bokhara, and go to Cabul." Goosh-Bekee also gave him private letters of recommendation to the governor of Balkh, but, at the same time, he told him, "I am very much concerned about you, for we have got a bad name in Bokhara, and it is said that we are the murderers of guests, because Mr. Morecroft was killed at Ankhoy, but that place is only nominally subject to his Majesty; and the governor of it cares but little for Bokhara, because he is surrounded by the Hazara (called in Gibbon 'Khorazen'), a mighty nation, the great soldiers of Tshinghis Khan, who make *Tshapow* (*i. e.* 'forays'), and are friends of the governor of Ankhoy. He first received presents from Morecroft, and then poisoned him. But his two companions, Guthrie and Trebeck, two half Indians, were murdered in another town through which you must pass; and there the governor, who is a cruel man, is protected by the surrounding tribes, the Balkhwee, so that the king cannot get at him; and he has vowed a vow to kill not only every Englishman, but every European who passes through the place, which is called Muzaur, or the holy place. To it Ali came from Arabia, and he is called there *Shahee-Mardaan*, 'King of men.' Ali came to Mazaur, riding upon a camel; and thence, together with the camel, he rose upwards to the clouds, and disappeared. Now there is a great place of pilgrimage, on this account in the city of Muzaur; and I advise you therefore to travel as a Muhammadan, until you have passed it. But do not betray me, nor tell that I have given you this advice."

Wolff answered, "Goosh-Bekee, Jesus says, 'He that denies me before men, him will I deny before my heavenly Father.' I shall, therefore, never say that I am a Muhammadan; but I guarantee your Excellency that I shall pass safely through Muzaur without being found out who I am, and without telling a single lie." Goosh-Bekee said, "Well, God be your preserver!"

Before proceeding with this history, Wolff must take some further notice of Morecroft, Guthrie, and Trebeck. Morecroft was evidently a fine fellow. He was sent by the British Government to Ladack, and from thence to Cabul and Bokhara, in order to purchase horses. He travelled with all the pomp of a British ambassador. He was accompanied by Guthrie and Trebeck, Anglo-Indian gentlemen, and by thirty sepoys, and a band of musicians; and he had also a cannon. There was not the slightest disguise in the man. He spent thousands of rupees in presents; and thus he arrived safely at Bokhara, at the time when Hyder Shah, father to the present king, ruled there. Hyder Shah received him with great honours; and,

after some hesitation, allowed him to go to Samarcand; and Morecroft made a present of the cannon to his Majesty. He then went to Ankhoy, where, it is said, he was killed; and, in short, not one of them ever returned to Hindoostan; for Guthrie and Trebeck were killed at Muzaur.

Wolff cannot understand how Monsieur Huc could have heard at Lassa, the capital of Talli Lama, that Morecroft had died at Ladack.

A Jew of Bokhara, Rabbi Simkha, by name, one day entered Wolff's room, and said to him, "Do you believe that there is an ox which feeds daily on the grass of 1,000 mountains, and that we shall eat of that ox on the arrival of the Messiah?" Wolff asked him, where he found that? He said, "It is so written in the 50th Psalm, 10th verse; for the Talmud says that Behemoth shall eat the grass upon 1,000 mountains, and Behemoth means the 'ox.'" Joseph Wolff himself believes that Behemoth means the rhinoceros; others think it means the crocodile.

Before describing his departure, Wolff would state another fact, which is that Czoma de Körös, the Hungarian traveller, who went from Hungary to Paris, and thence to Constantinople and Persia, in order to find out in Thibet the origin of the Hungarian nation, was recognized by, and well-known to, the Jews of Bokhara. From Bokhara, Czoma de Körös went to Lahore, where Monsieur Allard, the amiable and clever French general of Rundjud Singh, formerly *aide-de-camp* to Marshal de Brun, gave him one thousand rupees for his journey, of which he returned eight hundred, saying "it was too much,"—all that he wanted of the general was that he would not laugh at him, as of ridicule he was always afraid. Then he went on to Simla, where all discovered at once that he was a wonderful polyglot; so Lord Amherst invited him to dinner; but he declined, and all he asked of his lordship was, not to laugh at him. He then visited the learned societies at Calcutta, and showed his wonderful genius, but refused every letter of recommendation; and all he asked the gentlemen to do, was not to laugh at him. When they asked him to write them letters from Thibet, whither he was going, he told them they should hear of him when he came back; and then he would publish the result of his investigations; and all he wanted them to do now was, not to laugh at him. They asked him to send them MSS. from Thibet, but he told them, "If you will give me money, I will buy them; but you will not get the MSS., for all shall go to my own country—to my little place called Körös." So he went to La-

dack, became a monk—a lama in one of the monasteries—and, afterwards, proceeded to a place called *Hundes* (meaning, in the Thibetan language, "the land of Huns,") and there he found that his object was gained; for there was no one there to laugh at him.

When Wolff arrived in India, at Simla he wrote to Czoma de Körös, desiring him to give him the following information: —First. Whether there were Jews at Ladack? Secondly. Whether he had found any resemblance between the customs of the Buddhists and those of the Jews? Thirdly. Whether there was any similarity between the Christian monasteries and those of the lamas? Fourthly. Whether the religion of the Jews and that of the Buddhists were at all alike?

Körös answered Wolff, "Dear sir, to your first question I answer, I did not find Jews. To the second question, I can only answer, I shall not tell you. To the third question I reply, you must excuse me, for I shall not tell you; and to the fourth also, I must say that I shall not tell you." And really Wolff thinks that he was right; because people are so apt to ask questions and use the information improperly.

Körös resided some years afterwards at Calcutta, and published the best dictionary of the Thibetan language now in existence; and he was preparing to return to his little village in Hungary, when he died at Calcutta, bequeathing all his MSS. to his beloved village Körös. Who would dare to laugh at such an extraordinary man!

Wolff's residence, at this time, in Bokhara was religiously marked by the baptism of twenty Jews, who confessed their faith in Christ as the Messiah. The people on the spot say, that Bokhara was originally built by Afrasiab, in the time of Abraham, and then rebuilt by Alexander the Great; and when destroyed by Tshinghis Khan, was built again by Timoor. Also, that it has always been the great rival of Samarcand. The respectable inhabitants of Bokhara dress themselves in a gown of calico, made exactly after the fashion of an English dressing-gown. The turban and the Persian cap are very common among them. Their knowledge consists in a knowledge of Arabic and Persian; and Wolff was astonished to observe the great influence possessed at that time by the Goosh-Bekee, who was a man of great powers and mild disposition.

CHAPTER XX.

Dangers of the way; the Kafir Seeahpoosh; is spoiled and stripped naked; Sir Alexander Burnes; Cabul; is reclothed and recompensed; Peshawur; Abdul Samut Khan; Route through Affghanistan; Crosses the Sutledge and is safe.

WOLFF left Bokhara in the month of April, in 1832; having resided there for nearly three months. He was accompanied by two Jewish servants—the one from Sarakhs, in Turkistaun, and the other from Bokhara. A third servant, who was an amiable rogue, and who accompanied Wolff also on his second journey to Bokhara, a native of Meshed, the capital of Khorossan, and so, of course, a Sheah, was likewise of the party. But, during his journey to Bokhara, this man had everywhere announced himself as a good staunch Sunnee; and had told the Sunnee that they ought to go on making slaves of the Sheah, and should sell them like donkeys and horses. Moreover, in performing his prayers, instead of hanging down his arms like a good Sheah, and instead of cursing Aboo-Bekr, Omar, and Osman, he always prayed with folded hands over his breast, and on behalf of the saints; and acknowledged himself the friend of Aboo-Bekr, Omar, Osman, and Ali. Also, he expressed his devotion for Ayesha, the wife of the prophet Muhammad, "the comfort of God and peace upon him." Besides all which, he related stories how he himself had killed many a Sheah!

When Wolff remonstrated with him on account of all this dissimulation, he replied, "That the prophet of God had given his dispensation, and allowed the Sheah to dissemble before the Sunnee." And when Wolff told him that, in the time of the prophet, there were neither Sunnee nor Sheah, he replied, "that Muhammad had done this by the spirit of prophecy." And when Wolff further objected that he had not seen it in the Koran, the man replied "that he had heard it from tradition."

When Wolff was one day in Ireland, after his first journey to Bokhara, and was just beginning to describe his departure from the place, a clergyman, one of the leading members of the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews, and of the Church Missionary Society, walked up to him in the Rotunda, and said, "There are many Papists here, who have come on purpose to hear you. Many, therefore, of the

friends of the cause are sorry that you have never spoken one single word, in your account of Bokhara of Popery; nor whether Popery existed in Greece and in Bokhara; nor whether it was very rampant there; nor anything about the working of the Jesuits there."

So that Wolff, recollecting the observations of the gentleman just recorded, would now be tempted to call him also "a jackass," as he has already called some others, but that he has been warned from doing so by the remarks of some of his reviewers, who have chastised him for using such phrases.

Wolff simply answered to the person, who made these remarks at Dublin, "I have a very good reason for not mentioning Popery, nor any other Christians in Bokhara, for there are no Christians in the whole of Turkistan." The gentleman then showed his ignorance still further by saying, "Why, I have heard it said that there *are* Christians in the interior of Africa!" Wolff answered, "Bokhara is not in Africa, but in Central Asia." And yet that man was sitting on the Committee, and sometimes, with great gravity, would address missionaries, and tell them how they ought to behave in foreign countries!

Wolff's other companion, at his departure from Bokhara, was a Jew from Balkh, Yehooda by name, a man of great intellect, who was well acquainted with the Talmudic writings; in which writings he confessed that there was sometimes no common sense. Wolff came, after two days, into those desert places, where Tshinghis Khan fought his battles; and where he was bitten by an ant, which took away his life, in a place called Ghoree; and there Wolff was himself in a dangerous situation, for a party of wandering savages, called Kataghan, were roaming about, making slaves of whom they could; being united with the Balkhwee and the Kafir Seeapoosh.

Wolff and his whole party, amongst whom there were also thirty Affghans, hid themselves in the caves of the rocks, and in houses of a small village for two or three days, and then they marched on in safety, and came at last to Balkh, "the mother of cities," which was first built by Cain of old, and is called in Scripture "Enoch." It was destroyed in the deluge, and built up again by a son of Noah, and was called Halakh, and then Balakh, and after this Balkh. It must have been a mighty and most extensive town (Wolff thinks), like Rome itself, for one goes, often for a whole day, through a desert filled with ruinous houses, and then one comes again to one of the gates of Balkh; by which one sees what the dimensions of the city were.

The quarter of the Jews is now the best quarter in the town. It may be called a city of its own. They are most amiable people in Balkh, kind-hearted and hospitable to strangers. The Jews took Wolff to call on Aishaan Klioja, Governor of the place, a learned man, but totally destitute of a nose. Wolff had several letters for him, one from the Goosh-Bekee of Bokhara, the other from the Dervish Hadshee Muhammad Jawaad, whom Wolff had met at Burchund. He read the letters with attention, and then said to Wolff, "Hadshee Yussuf Wolff" (for Wolff having been at Jerusalem was universally acknowledged as a *Hadshee* by Jews and Muhammadans all over Asia), "I am in great perplexity about you. You come here as a guest, and you now are to go through Mozaur. You are an Englishman, and that *Padr-Sookhta* (which means 'he whose father ought to be burned'), the Governor of Mozaur, has vowed to kill every European who shall pass through his territory. For in his hands is the whole property of Morecroft, Guthrie, and Trebeck, and he is always afraid that some one will come and claim it. I advise you, therefore, to say that you are a Muhammadan from Arabia, and a Hadshee from Mecca, and so you will go safe through."

Wolff replied, "I shall do no such thing. All I demand of you and my companions is, not to betray me, and I shall pass through untouched, even if I was to meet this Governor."

And it must be said, to the praise of the Eastern people, that they are able to keep secrets in a most wonderful manner. This the late conspiracy of the sepoys in India has sufficiently proved.

Wolff therefore proceeded towards Mozaur, which is about eight miles' distance from Balkh, and as he crossed over a bridge he met a fine-looking, tall Osbeck, on horseback, who was a Hadshee and a Moollah, and was well acquainted with Arabic. Wolff conversed with him in Arabic, and he invited Wolff to be his guest for the night, with his whole party, which offer they accepted; and in token of friendship, Wolff and the Osbeck placed the palms of both their hands together, and stroked their respective beards. "There," said Wolff, "are we brothers now?" The Osbeck replied, "Yes; praise be to God!" Then Wolff said, "I will not deceive a brother. I tell you, therefore, who I am. I am an Englishman. Will you protect me?" The Osbeck clasped his hands above his head in despair, and exclaimed, "As long as you are in my house none can touch you; but the moment you leave it, the Governor, who is my cousin, will send after you, and put you

to death. Therefore, you must promise to do what I tell you. You speak Arabic, so I will introduce you as an inhabitant of Mecca, and tell my cousin, when he comes (for he comes every evening to drink tea with me), that you were once my host in Mecca, and then he will ask your blessing, and depart."

Wolff answered, "I shall do no such thing. All I order you" (and he added, turning round to his followers) "and you also, is, not to say one single word about me when he comes. But refer him to me, and I shall answer all his questions to his entire satisfaction; not hiding anything from him."

With this understanding the Osbeck took Wolff to his home. In the evening came the Governor, as the Osbeck had said; and seeing Wolff, he came straight up to him, and asked him—

"Where do you come from?"

Wolff.—"From Malta."

Governor.—"What town is Malta?"

Wolff.—"Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Ham had again a son, whose name was Canaan. Malta was peopled by the descendants of Canaan" (because they are descendants of the Phœnicians).

Governor.—"Whereabouts is Malta?"

Wolff.—"The contrivances of man, and their inventions for their conveniences, are wonderful; but every nation has its own ways. Here you have boats made of skins. At Malta are boats called *steamboats*" (Wolff gave him the English name, for, of course, the Governor could not tell whether it was English or Chinese), "and these are dragged on by smoke, which makes a whirring sound" (here Wolff imitated the noise), "and entering such a boat, one reaches Stamboul from Malta in four days."

Governor.—"Who rules in Malta?"

Wolff.—"The name of the Governor is Ponsonby Khan, son of Besborough Khan; and his wife's name is *Amalee Khatoon*" (*i. e.* Emily the lady), "daughter of Bathurst Khan." (It is to be remarked that Wolff pronounced these names in a broad Eastern way, and with a powerful voice.)

Governor.—"Where were you born?"

Wolff.—"Here we must go to the Holy Book, the History of the World."

But here the Governor became almost impatient, and exclaimed, "This man is too learned for me!" and he seemed inclined to depart. But he came back, and Wolff began to read from the 10th chapter of Genesis, 2nd verse. "The sons of Japhet, Gomer, and Magog" (these are the Mangag, a

tribe of Moguls). "And Javan and Tubal" (to which the caravans go from Bokhara, called Tobolsk), "and Meshech" (Moscow), "and Tiras." Then Wolff passed over to the third verse. "And the sons of Gomer; Ashkenaz" (Wolff here said,) "I was born in the land called *Ashkenaz*," which is the Hebrew name for "Germany," which, however, Wolff did not explain to the Governor. The Governor was perfectly satisfied with the whole of this information, and said, "Verily, thou art full of truth, and lies are not in thee." And how could the Governor have said otherwise, for Wolff told him the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, though the Governor did not understand a single word of it. But he walked away quite satisfied, and rejoiced that he had met a man who was born in a country, the name of which he had never heard before.

The next day, Wolff arrived at another place, which has three names, the first is Khollom, the second Tashgorah, the third Tatshgorkhan, a most dangerous spot, belonging to a powerful and cruel chief, whose name was Muhammad Moorad Beyk; and who resided only six hours' distant from the place with the three names that has just been mentioned. This residence was at a spot called Kondoz, whence he had formerly sent to Khollom a band of soldiers, to make a prisoner of Morecroft; and he kept him in prison for sixteen months, and made him pay 10,000 rupees to purchase his freedom; nor would he have been set free after all, if a dervish had not interceded for him.

Wolff kept himself quietly in the caravanserai, when he arrived at Khollom, and he remained unobserved until the next morning, when, at break of day, he set out on his journey towards the Hindoo-Koosh, also called "the Indian Caucasus." The natives relate that it took the name *Hindoo-Koosh*, which means "the Hindoos killed," from 300 Hindoos having perished in the snow there in one day.

He then proceeded forward, and next day arrived in the most beautiful valley he had ever seen. It was situated between two mountains of immense height, which rose, like sloping walls, on either side; and the valley itself was covered over with the most exquisite verdure and flowers. Springs were there, with water clear as crystal, and it reminded the beholder of Paradisaical beauty. Wolff walked on for a considerable distance through this lovely vale, and at last arrived amongst hills which were cut with ravines; and there, it is said, that the Balkhwee savages go roaming about, and are making and are made slaves. These people are completely

naked, and of copper colour; and upon the heights of those mountains the Kafir Seeahpoosh are wandering. They call themselves "Seema," and are believed by some to be descendants of the army of Alexander the Great; but Wolff cannot help thinking that they are remnants of the tribes of Israel; for the Jews in Bokhara themselves, who do not call themselves Jews, but children of Israel, and who assert that they belong to the ten tribes, say that these Kafir Seeahpoosh are their brethren whose ancestors had entirely forgotten their law, and had fallen into idolatry—but into the ancient idolatry of the Philistines. They call God "Imrah," and they worship the figure of a fish, called "Dagon." They have in their mountains the ten commandments written upon stone; and their women observe the law of purification. They hate the Muhammadans with a perfect hatred; but they love the Jews, and as often as they kill a Muhammadan, they put a feather in their head-dress. Hence the proverb, "He has got a feather in his cap." Their colour is perfectly white, like that of Europeans.

Here Wolff at last arrived, in rather a decent house, belonging to a chief, whose stores were furnished with wine and brandy; and he desired Wolff's Jewish servant to drink with him for several hours, amidst the sound of the timbrel. It is awful to see a Muhammadan drunk. He sits cross-legged whilst the sound of the timbrel goes on. He holds his head down, and it rolls from side to side on his breast; and the abominations mentioned in Ezekiel are practised. The moment Wolff discovered this, he ordered his servant to come to him, and off he set; and thus they arrived in a stretch of country called Dooab, where he came among Muhammadans called *Kharijee*, which means "seceders from all the rest." Their ancestors had killed Ali, Muhammad's son-in-law, because he was not a strict Muhammadan enough for them. They were of the tribe of Mangag, or "Magog" of Scripture—a Mogul tribe belonging to the Hazara, who are cruel and inexorable.

Wolff was called by his people "Hadshee Joseph Wolff." The Hazara of Dooab took offence at this, and said, "Why do you dare to take the name of *Hadshee*, as you are not a Muhammadan?" Wolff said, "Even the Muhammadans in Bokhara, and in Arabia, recognize, as *Hadshee*, all Jews and Christians, who have been in Jerusalem."

They replied, "This is not the custom here among us, we are here *Kharijee*," *i. e.* "seceders from all the rest." "With us many things are not allowed which are allowed by other Muhammadans."

Wolff replied, "I could not know your usage, for I have but just arrived here among you; so all you can do is not to call me *Hadshee*, and I shall tell my people not to call me *Hadshee*."

But, said they, "The mischief is done, and therefore you must either say, 'There is God, and nothing but God, and Muhammad the prophet of God;' or we will sow you up in a dead donkey, burn you alive, and make sausages of you."

Wolff said, "There is God, and nothing but God, and Jesus the Son of God."

On hearing this, they at once gave a sign, and all their Moollahs assembled in a large cave, hewn out of the rock. The Affghans who accompanied Wolff, as well as his three servants, trembled with anguish, and said to him, "Say the creed, and the moment you are on your journey again, you may just be what you were before." Wolff replied, "Leave me, and let me alone. I will manage them. All you have to do is to disperse, and leave me alone with my three servants. Some of you go towards Kondoz, but don't go far." Wolff then ordered his three servants to bring him his writing-desk. They did so, and he wrote the following words:—

"To Lord and Lady William Bentinck.

"My dear Lord and Lady William Bentinck,—The moment that you read this letter, you must be aware that I am no longer in the land of the living; that I have been put to death. Give to my servants some hundred rupees for their journey, and write the whole account to my wife, Lady Georgiana.

"Your affectionate, Joseph Wolff."

Wolff gave this paper into the hands of his servants, and said, "Now I will make one more attempt to save my life. If I succeed, well! If not, go on as far as Loodhiana, and the first redcoat you see, give it to him, and he will bring you to the Governor-General, and you will be rewarded. Now bring me my firmans from the Sultan of Constantinople." They did so, and Wolff, with the firmans in his hand, entered the cave, where the Moollahs were seated, with the Koran open before them, deciding that he must be put to death.

Wolff said, "What humbug is that! You cannot dare to put me to death! You will be putting a guest to death!"

They replied, "The Koran decides so."

Wolff said, "It is a lie! The Koran says, on the contrary, that a guest should be respected, even if he is an infidel; and here, see the great firman that I have from the khalif of the

whole Muhammadan religion from Stamboul! You have no power to put me to death. You must send me to Muhammad Moorad Beyk, at Kondoz. Have you not seen how little afraid I am of you? I have told the Affghans already that they should disperse, and probably some of them have already gone to Kondoz."

When they heard the name Muhammad Moorad Beyk, they actually began to tremble, and asked Wolff, "Do you know him?" As Wolff could not say that he knew him, he replied, "This you will have to find out." They said, "Then you must purchase your blood with all you have." Wolff answered, "This I will gladly do, for I am a dervish, and do not mind either money, clothing, or anything."

And thus Wolff had to surrender everything. Oh! if his friends in England could have seen him then, they would have stared at him. Naked like Adam and Eve, and without even an apron of leaves to dress himself with, he continued his journey; and as soon as he was out of sight of the Hazara, he witnessed a sight which he never thought to have seen among Muhammadans. All his Affghan companions knelt down, and one of them, holding the palm of his hand upwards to him, offered up the following extempore prayer:—

"O God! O God!
Thanks be to Thy name,
That thou hast saved this stranger
Out of the lion's den.
Thanks, thanks, thanks,
Be to Thy holy name.
Bring him safely back
Unto his country,
Unto his family.
Amen!"

Wolff now arrived at Boot-Bamian, where, several years afterwards, Lady Sale and the English were brought prisoners by Akbar Khan. The whole town was in ruins; but there are mighty pillars, thousands of years old, and there is one, on which is hewn out the figure of *Shemaya*, *i. e.* "Shem," which represents him in adoration before the rainbow. So that Schlegel and Stolberg are right in so describing it.

Here Wolff called on the Governor, and told him his story. The Governor gave him a letter to the Governor of Ghuznee; desiring him to forward Joseph Wolff to Cabul, because he was an English ambassador! Wolff protested against this title, and begged him to describe him as an English dervish; but the Governor was inexorable. Thus, the naked ambassador (for the Governor was too poor to be able to provide Wolff with clothes), delivered the letter to the Governor of Ghuznee; who, on reading it, looked at Wolff, and said, "What! a ragamuffin like you, without clothing! Do you want to make

me believe that you an ambassador!" and without hearing Wolff's explanation, he ordered his people to turn him out, saying, "If he had been an ambassador, he would have had an escort."

Wolff went forward, and arrived upon a height of some mountains, inhabited by Affghans, all of whom claimed to be *Sayeed, i.e.* "of the family of the prophet," and of the tribe called Ghilzyes, a cruel people; for though there was snow on the mountain, they turned Wolff out of their houses. But he spoke to them at last with such persuasion, reminding them of Abraham, who would not have done so, that they permitted him to sleep among them, and brought him milk.

He told them that history informs us that Abraham was once reproved by God for having turned out of his tent a fire-worshipper; God saying to him, "I have had patience seventy years with that fire-worshipper, and thou wouldst not have patience with him one night!" And Wolff added that he was not a fire-worshipper, but a believer in God and in Jesus, the Word of God!

Next morning, he set out early, and hastened down the mountain, for the snow was blowing continually against his face; and he had to run along, with his head turned away as much as he could from the drift. And, more than once, the Affghans had to pull him out from the snow into which he had fallen.

At last he reached the foot of the mountain, where he found an eternal spring. The whole country was covered with mulberry trees, of which Wolff ate in abundance; and he drank from the beautiful spring of water. He next came to Serrejeshmee, a few miles distant from Cabul, where they slept for the night. And next day, he sent, by one of his servants, a letter in Persian to Doost Muhammad Khan. Two hours afterwards, three horses came out from Cabul. Upon one of them Wolff's servant was seated, and upon the other a servant of Nwab Jabr Khan, brother to Doost Muhammad Khan, who brought a letter addressed, in English, to "Reverend Joseph Wolff, Missionary to the Jews, coming from Bokhara." The writer of the letter was Lieutenant Alexander Burnes, who had arrived, the evening before, at Cabul, on his road from India to Bokhara.

He wrote that he had been charged by Lord and Lady William Bentinck, to look out for Wolff, as he was himself on the road to Bokhara, whither he had been charged to go on behalf of the Government. He added that there could have been no necessity for Wolff to have remained outside the

town, on account of being destitute of clothing, for Nwab Jabr Khan would have received him with the greatest hospitality, and provided him with everything. In the mean time, he sent clothes by the servant. These were beautiful Affghan suits, long gowns ornamented with gold fringes; Affghan shirts, which are of a somewhat silky material; a kind of trowsers of red cloth, something like short Turkish trowsers; and a white turban for his head, besides a little cloth cap, which was also embroidered.

And thus Wolff entered Cabul comfortably; and was received with cordiality by Lieutenant Alexander Burnes, Doctor Gerrard, his companion, and Nwab Jabr Khan, who lived in the upper story of the house; Lieutenant Burnes occupying the lower rooms.

Nwab Jabr Khan was just performing his prayer when Wolff arrived. After he had concluded, he said to Wolff, "That he thanked God the Highest, who had brought him safely to his dwelling." He then spoke of his prophet, who ordered that people should be kind to strangers. He mentioned the name of the prophet with great reverence, his eyes being lifted up as he spoke.

Though Wolff is no advocate for Muhammadans, he must admit that they mention the name of their prophet, and the names of other of their worthies, with far greater reverence than was once done by a Greek, whom Wolff met in Latakia; and this, alas! was not the only case of a want of religious respect shown by ignorant men amongst the Greeks. It is worth while, in order that Wolff should make himself intelligible, to tell the whole anecdote, which he will do, by describing the dialogue he had with the Greek alluded to.

Wolff to the Greek.—"Do you pray in the church for the Sultan?"

Greek.—"No; we pray for King Constantine, who ruled in Constantinople."

Wolff.—What then do you say of the words of St. Paul, that one should pray for the powers that be? and at that time the Emperor Nero was upon the throne!"

The Greek replied, *Maladetto sia San Paolo che poteva dire una tale sciocchezza*," which means, "Cursed be St. Paul that he could say such nonsense!"

The day after his arrival at Cabul, the Affghans of the village, Serre-jeshme, came to Wolff to be paid for the food which he had eaten in their house, and he paid them. Whilst he was there seated in the room of Lieutenant Alexander Burnes, aftewards Sir A. Burnes, a young man, tall, and of

delicate countenance, and gentlemanlike appearance, though in rags, entered the room, and announced himself as the SHAH-ZADEH, *i.e*, "the Prince Royal." He was actually the son of Shah-Shoojah, the king of Affghanistan, who had been driven from the throne by Doost Muhammad Khan, the then and now actual ruler of the country of the *Baruck-Zeeye*, viz. "the sons of Baruch," who evidently, by their name, betray their Jewish descent. That fine young man begged both Wolff and Burnes to give him something to eat, as Doost Muhammad Khan allowed him to almost starve; and they relieved his immediate necessities with both food and money.

Doost Muhammad Khan then invited Wolff and Alexander Burnes to come to him; and they found him a man of stout person, intelligent countenance, and with a piercing eye. First of all he addressed himself to Burnes, and talked with him on the state of India, the manner of the English government there, the amount of revenues, their relations with China, the population of England, the English constitution, and so on. Burnes, being a man of much talent, gave him most satisfactory answers. He then turned to Wolff, and asked his object in being there, which was fully explained. Doost Muhammad Khan then desired a Moollah to argue with Wolff, and the argument lasted for two hours. In this contest Wolff thinks that he gained the victory; but Alexander Burnes, as Wolff saw in his letters to India, which were afterwards shown to him at Simlah, was of a different opinion, for he reported that Wolff was beaten. However, as that clever man is now dead, it would be most unfair in a survivor to controvert the point: and especially as Alexander Burnes, in spite of all disputes, was most kind to Wolff at Cabul.

Whilst at Cabul, Wolff explained to Burnes his views on the millennium; and of the conversation which then took place, Wolff cannot refrain from mentioning one little fact, as the statement of it will show his own unguardedness in talking on such a subject to a young man who was totally unprepared for it; no less than the levity of Burnes's remarks in reply. Wolff told him that, at the time of the renovation of the earth, we shall have Paradise restored, and then we shall eat of all manner of fruits, according to Revelation xxii., and according to Ezekiel, chapter xlvii., verse 12. This was his statement; but Alexander Burnes reported in India that at the time of the millennium people would all live on vegetables, and go about naked; just as Wolff had done in his journey from Dooab to Cabul, a distance of 600 miles! Truly, it would not be worth much to have such a millennium as that! And Wolff, to his

greatest surprise, read this account of his conversation with Burnes on the millennium, as it was reported by Burnes himself in all the newspapers of India, when he arrived there.

Burnes, however, stated what was quite true, that Wolff declined going with him to see the tomb of the Emperor Baabur, and preferred visiting the Jews of Cabul, who had come there from Meshed in Khorassan, and also from Teheran; likewise, that he preached the Gospel to them, as also to the Armenians, who were descendants of those Armenians who came there with the army of Nadir Shah; and these begged him to recommend them to their countrymen, the Armenians in Calcutta, as they were in great poverty. This, Wolff promised to do, and afterwards did it, and with success.

The Jews at Cabul read to Wolff the following treatise of Mymonides. "The King Messiah shall rise and make the kingdom of David return to its former condition and power; and he shall build the temple, and gather in the scattered of Israel; and in His days He shall re-establish the code of laws as it was in the days of old. They shall offer up sacrifices, and they shall celebrate the seven years of release, and the years of jubilee, according to all the commandments which are mentioned in the law. And whoever does not believe in Him, and does not hope in His coming, not only denies the word of the prophets, but also the law of Moses; for has not the Lord testified of Him, as it is written (Deut. chapter xxx., verses 3 and 4), 'Then the Lord thy God will turn thy captivity, and have compassion upon thee, and will return and gather thee from all the nations whither the Lord thy God hath scattered thee. If any of thine be driven out unto the outmost parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee, and from thence will he fetch thee.' These are the words contained in the law, and these comprise all that has been said by the prophets. Balaam speaks of Him, and prophesied of two Messiahs. The first Messiah is David, who shall save Israel from the hand of the children of Esau. He says, 'I shall see Him, but not nigh:' this is the King Messiah. 'There shall come a star out of Jacob:' this is David. 'And a sceptre shall rise out of Israel:' this is the King Messiah. 'And shall smite the corners of Moab:' this is David; for it is said of him, 'And he smote Moab, and measured them with a line' (2 Sam. chap. viii. verse 2). 'And destroy all the children of Seth:' this is the King Messiah; for it is written, 'His dominion shall be from sea to sea' (Zach. chap. ix. verse 10). ''And Edom shall be a possession:' this is David; for it is written,

'And Edom became servants to David.' 'Seir also shall become a possession of his enemies:' this is King Messiah; for it is written, 'And saviours shall come upon Mount Zion, to judge the Mount of Esau; and the kingdom shall be the Lord's!' There is no need to cite proofs out of the prophets, for they are full of this subject; and it must not come into thy thoughts that the Messiah must necessarily perform miracles, and do new things in the world, by raising the dead, and other such things. It is true that Rabbi Akiba, the great and wise man, one of the rabbis, carried the clothes of Ben Kosiba, the king, after him; and he proclaimed him as King Messiah; but Kossiba was put to death on account of his sins, and as soon as he was killed it was manifest that he was not the Messiah. The wise men did not demand of him either a sign or a miracle; for the principal credential of true Messiahship is this, that the law and judgments must last for ever and ever; and He must neither add to, nor take from them; and whosoever adds to or takes from them, or exposes the law to alteration, and does not explain it according to the system generally adopted, is surely a liar, a wicked one, and a heretic! But, if there should arise a King of the House of David, who meditates upon the law and observes it, like David, his father, as well the written law as the tradition; and who should compel all Israel to walk in it, and should make them again firm in that they were relaxed; and if he fights the Lord's battles, then he is surely known to be the Messiah. And as soon as he is successful, and conquers all nations around him, and builds the Temple in its place, and gathers together the scattered people of Israel, such an one shall surely be the Messiah. But if, on the contrary, he is not successful, as has happened hitherto, or he should be killed, then it is certain he is not that personage predicted in the law. This would prove that God had only raised up a pretended Messiah, for the purpose of trying many by means of him; for it is written, 'And some of them of understanding shall fall, to try them, and to purge, and to make them white, even to the time of the end, because it is the time appointed' (Dan. chap. xi. verse 35). But He, Jesus of Nazareth, whom they thought was the Messiah, who was put to death by the Tribunal of Justice—of Him, I say, Daniel prophesied long ago; for it is written (Dan. chap. xi. verse 14), 'Also the robbers of thy people shall exalt themselves, to establish thy vision; but they shall fall. And was there ever a greater fall than that of Jesus of Nazareth? All the prophets said that the Messiah should be a Redeemer to Israel, and serve them, and gather those who are scattered and

confirm their commands. *And he was the cause that Israel perished by the sword; and he was the cause that their remnant was scattered; that their law was cast to the ground and changed.*" So far the words of Mymonides. Wolff then discussed the merits of Christianity, with the Jews of Cabul, and at the end of what they quoted to him, he said, "Yes, yes, my nation was scattered, on account of having crucified the Lord of Glory; for they have shed the blood of the Just One. Mymonides was right, that Jesus Christ (God blessed for ever!) was the cause that Israel perished by the sword; and he was the cause that their remnant was scattered, for they crucified the Lord of Glory!"

Wolff received also, while there, the whole genealogy of the people of Cabul from a learned Affghan, who also was well acquainted with Mount-Stuart Elphinstone, who is still remembered with high regard all over Cabul, and Affghanistan; and the people in those provinces pronounce his name "Ilfristin."

By this genealogy it would appear certain that the Affghans are of the tribe of Benjamin, but not of the ten tribes; and it is still more proved that they do not belong to the ten tribes, by their universal denial of it. And even that they are of the tribe of Benjamin is not a general tradition. It seems to Wolff that the account which the Arabs give with regard to the Affghans, is by far the most probable, viz., that at the time that Muhammad attacked the city of Khaiber, in Arabia, which was entirely inhabited by Jews; those who were not killed emigrated to the fastnesses of Affghanistan, and especially to that spot which is called from them the Khaiber Pass. And these have the nearest resemblance to the Jews, and they are the most valiant of all the Affghans. And it is most interesting to hear an Affghan tell a story, for he does it with all the actions and gravity which a Jew exhibits when he tells a story.

Wolff remained nearly thirty days in Cabul, after which he proceeded to Tatang, where he entered a boat composed of skins stretched upon a frame of wood, and sailed down the river, called Yala, and arrived first at Jellalabad, so celebrated afterwards for its defence by General Sale and the artillery officer, Abbot. Thence he went on, and after about twelve days reached Peshawur, now in the hands of the English, but at that time governed by Sultan Muhammad Khan, brother to Doost Muhammad Khan, who was exceedingly kind to Wolff, and who showed him a paper from Morecroft, stating that he had treated Morecroft with the greatest kindness. And he

begged Wolff to tell the Governor-General, that he would be always ready to serve the English nation; and that he wished to be protected by them against Rundjud Singh. He therefore requested Wolff to permit him to send an ambassador with him at once. But Wolff declined to do this, for the simple reason that he did not think it honourable to go, as a guest, through the dominions of Rundjud Singh, in company with a political agent of a prince who was at variance with the chief whose guest he was to be. Moreover, it would certainly have displeased the Governor-General that he, Wolff, a preacher of the Gospel, should have allowed himself to be accompanied by a political agent.

Peshawur is the most learned city of the Muhammadans. There, a Muhammadan made a most remarkable observation; he said, "Christ declared that He came not to abolish the law, but to fulfil it. Then why have the Christians changed the Sabbath day, and celebrated the first day instead of the seventh?" Wolff said, among other arguments, "that the Jews can never prove that their seventh day is the seventh day of creation; and, according to their own tradition, the world began to be created on a Friday, so that according to that Thursday is the real seventh day. However, there are Christian churches who celebrate both Saturday and Sunday; Saturday in commemoration of the seventh day, Sunday in commemoration of our Lord's resurrection."

There he also heard the full history of the Affghans, from a Moollah called Khodadad, who also gave him the meaning of the word Pathan, which is the name the Affghans got when they became Muhammadans, by the exertions of Keis, to whom Muhammad appeared, and told him, "Thou shalt be a stem from whom a great nation shall arise:" and *Pathan* is a "stem." Muhammad at that time spoke in the Affghan language, which is called Pushtoo, and he repeated the following verse:—

Wārkra Aweza Karna
Da
Ygomuz Baboo Rasa.

Translation:—

My shirt, my shirt
Give to Aweza Karna,
And my comb to
Aboo Rasa.

Before Wolff leaves Peshawur, he has to record one remarkable fact. Burnes had already told Wolff at Cabul, "When you come to Peshawur, be on your guard against a horrible

scoundrel;" and, though Wolff has been censured for using the term "scoundrel," every one will think him justified in applying it on this occasion to a man, who was a villain, a murderer, and a blackguard—ABDUL SAMUT KHAN; and Wolff is sure that the British officers in England, and the private soldiers, will drink Wolff's health, with nine times nine, for using those epithets in this case. For this wretch afterwards became the murderer of Stoddart and Conolly. And Burnes further told Wolff, "should Abdul Samut Khan call upon you, take hold of his shoulders, and kick him out of the room." Wolff followed this advice, for when the man called upon him, he took him by the shoulders, and ejected him from his room. Wolff little imagined at that time that he should himself one day fall into the hands of this villain, which he did fourteen years afterwards, when he was the second time in Bokhara, on behalf of Stoddart and Conolly.

Wolff went on through the Khaiber Pass, that awful bulwark of the Affghans, towards Attock, the ancient Taxila. The country around the Khaiber Pass is most romantic. The aspect of the country, with the heights of the mountains all covered over with shrubs and roses, the richness of the pastures, the branching of the fine rivers in various directions, and the exquisite climate, all combine to suggest that here must have been the site of paradise. There is in Friedrich Schlegel's collections a poem, written in the old German, in which Alexander the Great is described as going on conquering, until he came to a dreadful fastness, with rivers flowing below him, and the mighty rocks so threatening, that he said, in his arrogance, "This bulwark is indeed remarkable"—when suddenly an angel appeared, and said, "Stop! no mortal is allowed to enter here; and thou, proud man, must here be stopped." And he was stopped, and retired. The purport of which legend is, that it is believed by Jews and Muhammadans, that Alexander the Great was stopped when he came to the gates of paradise.

Wolff then proceeded on his journey towards Hindoostan, and arrived at last near Attock, where he crossed a suspension bridge on the back of an elephant. According to his custom, whenever he crosses water, Wolff screamed out, which he did on this occasion in crossing the Indus; and thus he reached Attock, the ancient Taxila. Thus far, according to history, did Alexander advance, and then retired. On arriving in Attock, commissioned officers of high rank in the service of the great Rundjud Singh, the mighty conqueror of the Punjaub and Cashmere, and who was called, "The Napoleon of

the East," the terror of the English nation, came out to receive him, and asked his name. And the moment they heard it, a hint was given to the commandant of the fortress, and twenty-one guns were fired in honour of his arrival! Two hundred and fifty rupees were handed to him, and twenty pots of sweetmeats of all kinds, and linen to make twenty shirts—all which were the daily allowance to Joseph Wolff, the great Padre of England! Six letters were also delivered to him, one being from Lord William Bentinck, the Governor-General of India; another, from Lady William Bentinck; a third, from Lady Bryant; a fourth, from Colonel, afterwards General Churchill; a fifth, from Monsieur Allard, Rundjud Singh's general, and formerly aide-de-camp to Marshal le Brun; and a sixth, from his Majesty Rundjud Singh himself who has the title *Maha Rajah*, which means "great king"—*Singh* means "a lion."

The letters of the Governor-General contained congratulations to Wolff on his safe arrival, and praises for his zeal and high endeavours. They informed him that he was recommended to his Majesty of the Punjaub, and all the authorities. Lady William Bentinck went into more particulars, and gave Wolff the following information:—

"There is a law, that all English gentlemen, who pass through the country of his Majesty and of native princes, shall receive presents from them; which, according to law, they they must hand over to the Government; but this is only for those who are in the service of the East India Company. So, as you are not in that service, you may keep whatever you receive," which intelligence Joseph Wolff was very glad to possess. Her ladyship also bade Wolff come on to the Governor-General at Simlah. Colonel Churchill and Lady Bryant wrote to remind him that he had relations at hand—first cousins of Lady Georgiana Wolff at Sobathoo, where Lady Bryant lived, and at Simlah where Colonel Churchill lived. And his Majesty, Rundjud Singh, wrote to Wolff, that he rejoiced that he had overcome all the dangers of his journey, and that he was impatient to see him at his court, in his palace at Umritsur; and that he had ordered all the governors of the towns he passed through, to receive him with the distinction due to such a man. Wolff replied to his Majesty, "that he was most grateful for the kind reception he had met with, and the assurance of his Majesty's favour; and that he would take the liberty of stating to him candidly, that the only object of his journey was to proclaim to the nations that there is only one name, given under heaven, by which man can be

saved, and that is the name of Jesus Christ, who is the Son of God, and that He will come again into the world upon earth, and reign upon earth in majesty and glory; when all nations shall be subject unto Him, and when He shall have His seat at Jerusalem, and upon Mount Zion gloriously; and when the heavenly hosts and all the angels shall come down upon earth, and worship Him, and go up again to heaven, and down again unto Him, and receive His commands; and when there shall come a city from heaven, called the heavenly Jerusalem, which shall be inhabited by all those who have loved God here upon earth, of all nations, kindreds, and tongues; and there shall be the sound of heavenly harps; and other music shall be heard; and the wolf and the lamb shall lie down together."

This letter of Joseph Wolff was immediately forwarded by an express courier, from Umritsur to the Governor-General at Simlah; and Rundjud Singh begged that his lordship would explain the letter. And when Wolff arrived subsequently at Simlah, Lady William Bentinck told him that when Lord William Bentinck received that letter from Rundjud Singh, he came to her room with a long face, and full of surprise, and said to her, "We must write to him to come as fast as he can," for Lord William was afraid that Wolff would excite a revolution in the Punjaub by his missionary zeal. However, Wolff proceeded quietly on his way, arriving first at Rawl-Pindee, where they had prepared for him a lodging in a Muhammadan mosque; but he said he desired not to offend either Muhammadans or any other religious body; nevertheless, a mosque was no fit place to lodge strangers in. For the Muhammadans were much oppressed by the Sikhs.

They then put him into another house; but scarcely was he in it half an hour, when a dreadful earthquake took place, which lasted for several seconds. Wolff ran out of the house, and then lay under the shadow of an immense tree—such as are only seen in Hindoostan—and *kunjnee* came (*i. e.* "dancing-girls"), and tried to amuse him; but he gave them some rupees, and sent them away.

At length he arrived at the camp of Karak Singh, son and heir presumptive to the throne of the Punjaub, and a complete idiot. Some of the great chiefs spoke to Wolff, and told him what his royal highness said, or rather what he ought to have said; and here Wolff made himself acquainted, through the Pundits who came to him, with the religion of the Sikhs.

He then proceeded onwards to Goojrat, a considerable town, which also belonged to Rundjud Singh. He arrived there late at night, and was brought to the palace of the Governor, who

had expected him; when, to his great surprise, he heard some one singing "Yankee Doodle," with all the American snuffle. It was his Excellency the Governor himself. He was a fine tall gentleman, dressed in European clothing, and with an Indian hookah in his mouth. Wolff asked how he came to know "Yankee Doodle?" He answered, in nasal tones, "I am a free citizen of the United States of North America, from the State of Pensylvania, and the city of Philadelphia. I am the son of a Quaker. My name is Josiah Harlan;" and as this man's history is rather romantic, Wolff will give it at once. He had, in his early life, studied surgery, but he went out as supercargo in a ship to Canton in China. And then he returned again to America, where he had intended to marry a lady, to whom he was engaged; but she had played him false. He then went to India, and came to Calcutta, whence Lord Amherst, at that time Governor-General of India, sent him as Assistant-Surgeon with the British army to the Burmese empire. Afterwards he quitted the British army, and tried to make himself king of Affghanistan; but, although he actually took a fortress, he was defeated at last by a force sent against him by Rundjud Singh, who made him a prisoner. Rundjud Singh, seeing his talents, said to him, "I will make you Governor of Goojrat, and give you 3,000 rupees a month (equal to £300). If you behave well, I will increase your salary; if not, I will cut off your nose." So Wolff found him, and his nose being entire was evidence that he had behaved well.

Before Wolff, however, enters the depths of Hindoostan, he must give his judgment upon two points. First, he cannot worship and adore, and be astonished enough at, the mercy and long-suffering of God, in not having sent, long ago, a flash of lightning, kindled by the fire of hell, upon the Muhammadan nation—whose vices no writer can dare to touch, or even allude to. Secondly, Wolff is desirous of giving the results of his investigation respecting the ten tribes in Bokhara and Turkistan. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the Jews in Khorassan, Bokhara, Samarcand, and Balkh, and also in Shahr-sabz; as well as the descendants of Tshingis Khan, and the Nogay Tatars, and those called of the tribe of Naphthali, are all remnants of the ten tribes. This is not an hypothesis, but a relation of their own assertions. As to the Kafir Seeahpoosh, Wolff strongly suspects them to be the same, but he cannot prove it, as he never heard it asserted by the Seeahpoosh themselves. And there cannot be the slightest doubt that Azael Grant has proved that the Chaldean Christians are also a remnant of the ten tribes of Israel.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Punjaub and Sikhs; Avitabile; General Allard; Lahore; Umritsur; Rundjud Singh, and his Court; Loodhiana; Visions.

LET us speak a little of the Punjaub. The Pundits and the Rajahs of the Sikhs gave to Wolff the following information concerning the foundation of the religion of the Sikhs. About 190 years ago, two Fakeers were living in the Punjaub; the name of the one was Baba Nanak, the name of the other was Goroo Govende Singh; and both belonged to the religious caste. Baba Nanak gave a religious code to the people of the Punjaub, in which he abolished idolatry, and took from the Koran of the Muhammadans, and from the Shasters (or sacred book of the Hindoos), certain tenets, which he amalgamated together, and established a Deism. He retained, however, the Suttee, or burning of widows, as well as the veneration for the cow; so that it was death among his followers to kill a cow.

Goroo Govende Singh added to Baba Nanak's book a military code, in which he laid down rules for carrying on war; and he formed a complete military knighthood, entirely similar to the Order of the Knights at Malta. For just as the Order of the Knights of Malta was established for the purpose of pulling down the Muhammadan power, so did Goroo Govende Singh establish his Order, for pulling down the Muhammadan Mogul Empire in Delhi. The members of that Military Order are called *Akalees*, which means, "immortals." They are clad in blue, with bracelets of steel; they relinquish the world, and are bound to spend their lives for the benefit of the Sikhs. Mr. Malcolm Ludlow has given a spirited description of them in his "British India," vol. i. pp. 304 and 305, &c. The word *Sikh*, means "disciple," and this is the name of the followers of Baba Nanak, and Goroo Govende Singh. The Akalees have the privilege of cursing even the king to his face. Ritter, the great geographer, made the just and acute remark, that in Asia may be found, in a rude form, the origin of all the establishments and usages of the civilized world. Thus we find amongst the Tatars and Turcomauns, a passionate desire for obtaining military insignia, and military orders, with their stars and crosses; and we find, too, amongst them the forms

of both republican and monarchical government, a priesthood, and a love for colleges, schools, secret societies, &c.

Wolff continued to receive, every day, five-and-twenty pounds sterling, horses with silver-mounted saddles, shawls of Cashmere, twenty pots of sweetmeats, and linen enough to make him every day twenty shirts; and he was treated most kindly by every one. Even the insolent Akalees treated him with the greatest courtesy; but in order to give a specimen of their usual impertinence, the two following anecdotes will suffice. The truth of these stories was afterwards guaranteed by Lord William Bentinck himself.

Rundjud Singh once remonstrated with one of the principal Akalees about their conduct in the English territory, and told him that he was afraid such conduct might bring him into collision with the British Government. The Akalee replied, "You blind rascal" (for Rundjud Singh was blind in one eye), "if you say one word more, I will go and burn down some villages belonging to England, and tell them that you have sent me."

Another time, when Lord William Bentinck was present at Roopar, an Akalee came and said the most insulting words to Rundjud Singh, which he bore with the greatest patience; until the man went so far as to draw his sword against Rundjud Singh, when the Maha Rajah coolly gave orders to his people to take away his sword, and cut off his nose, which order was instantly executed.

As Wolff proceeded onward towards Umritsur, he met on the road a Yoghee, one of those devoted Hindoos, whose strict penances cannot but inspire one with deep reverence! Wolff hopes to see some of them in heaven with the Creator of that sun's orb which they were contemplating while on earth. Wolff believes the salvability of the heathen world. All Wolff's followers, who had been ordered by Rundjud Singh to bring him to his summer residence at Umritsur, stopped and exclaimed *Ram! Ram!* ("God! God!"). The Yoghee's whole body was painted blue; his eye was turned towards the sun's orb, and, as he spoke Persian, Wolff asked him, "How old he was?" He replied, "In God (*Perwerdegar*) I was from eternity; but in time was visible to man; and those who love God never die; they put off old clothes, and put on new ones." And thus Wolff arrived pleasantly with his companions at Vuzeer-Abad, where, according to the order of his Majesty, he took up his abode with his Excellency the famous General Avitabile, a Neapolitan by birth, who spoke Italian, French, Persian, and Hindoostanee with equal facility. He was

Governor of the town—which he had most remarkably improved. He had kept the streets of the city clean; and had got a beautiful carriage made for himself, and a fine palace. He was a clever, cheerful man, and full of fun. He told Wolff at once, that he would show to him his *Angeli custodi*, or "Guardian Angels;" and then he took him to his bed-room, the walls of which were covered with pictures of *Kunchnee* (*i. e.* "dancing girls.").

He and Wolff one day rode out together on elephants, and he said to him, "Now, I shall show you marks of civilization which I have introduced into this country." They rode outside of the town, and there Wolff saw before him about six gibbets, upon which a great number of malefactors were hanging. Though the man was full of fun, yet whenever the conversation was directed to important subjects, he became most serious. Though he had amassed in India a fortune of £50,000, he was always panting after a return to his native country, Naples; and he said to Wolff, "*Per amore di Dio, fatemi partire da questo paese.*" And this is not to be wondered at; for though Rundjud Singh was a man of extraordinary genius, yet, after all, he was, at the bottom, a barbarian, and incapable of regarding any one but with suspicion and distrust; so that whenever he gave an order to be executed at Vuzeer-Abad, by Avitabile, he always sent it by some regiments of soldiers and artillery. Avitabile feeling this, once wrote to him in a sarcastic manner, "In order to convince your Majesty of my attachment to you, I will embrace the religion of the Sikhs."

But Wolff will here, at once, finish the history of Avitabile. When the English (in the years 1838 and 1839) marched into Affghanistan, Avitabile furnished them with all the provisions required in war—for which they gave him bills on England; and thus he got all his money out of the country, and placed it in the Bank of England. And, besides this, he induced Sheer Singh, the suppositious son of Rundjud Singh, who succeeded to the throne of his adopted father after the murder of Karak Singh, to advance £500,000, and place it in his hands, of which sum Avitabile promised to give him account. But all the money advanced by Sheer Singh was placed in the Bank of England, in Avitabile's name. Sheer Singh was murdered by Dehan Singh, his prime minister, and Dehan Singh was killed by the people. Then Avitabile left the Punjaub, came to England, took possession of the whole property, went to Naples, married his own niece, with a dispensation from the Pope; built a beautiful country house near Naples, and there died after some years.

Wolff at last arrived at Lahore, the capital of the great Rundjud Singh; and he resided in the house of General Allard, whose son was a young gentleman, about thirteen years of age. General Allard was absent at the time, but his son was at home, and showed him every attention. Wolff visited at Lahore the Armenians, and issued proclamations, which were posted in the streets, calling on the nations to turn to Christ. Thereupon he received a polite letter of disapprobation from Rundjud Singh, in which he said that he had read Wolff's proclamation, and he replied to it, *Een sukhn nebaayad guft nebaayad gusht*, which means in English, "Such words must neither be said nor heard."

Wolff went on through Lahore to Umritsur. On his way thither, an express messenger from the king met him, and told him that the astrologers had observed by reading the *Gruntd Saheb* (*i. e.* "the Book of Baba Nanak,") and by observing the stars, that the day was not a good day for Wolff to enter Umritsur; but General Allard obviated that prophecy by saying that Wolff should lodge with him in his palace, which was outside Umritsur; adding, that he also had observed this omen in the stars. So Rundjud Singh allowed Wolff to become the guest of General Allard.

Wolff, arriving in the garden house of Allard, saw a fine gentleman with a most beautiful beard, and all the polite manners of a Frenchman. He was dressed in fine linen clothes, as all the Europeans in India are. He came out of his house to meet Joseph Wolff, and embraced him after the French manner. Then he brought him upstairs, where a very good dinner was prepared of rice and curry, &c., and the mango and other fruits were on the tables, together with French wines; such as Wolff had not enjoyed for a very long time. Whilst they were seated at dinner, two of Rundjud Singh's officers came and welcomed Joseph Wolff in the name of his Majesty; and brought him 2,000 rupees, equal to £200, and told him that his Majesty hoped to see him next day at his palace.

Wolff wished, before the royal interview, to have his beard shaved off, but Allard told him not to do that by any means, for Rundjud Singh was very fond of people with fine beards. Wolff said, "My beard is not fine, for I have not combed it for months;" but Allard replied, "You look all the more romantic on that account—you look like a lion!" And so Wolff left his beard, which was reddish in hue, and a foot long, untouched.

The next day the officers arrived with an elephant for him,

which he mounted; and thus he rode through Umritsur, which, as Malcolm Ludlow observes, was formerly a hamlet, but was made a place of pilgrimage by Arjoon, the fifth Goroo of the Sikhs. Arriving at the palace of Rundjud Singh, the drums were beaten, and Wolff was brought into the presence of Rundjud Singh, who was then in the palace garden seated upon a high chair. On his right and left sides were the Pundits, or learned men, and Moonshee, or scribes; and the Fakeer, celebrated at the court, who acted as prime minister—these were all seated near. Wolff asked his Majesty "Whether all these persons were Mussulmans?" which is as great an insult among the Sikhs, as it would be here in England to ask, in the House of Lords, "Whether all the peers were gipsies?" Rundjud Singh laughed loud—"Ha! ha! ha!" and, mimicking Wolff exactly, pointed with his finger at the Pundits, and said, *Een Mussulman?* which means, "Are these Mussulmans?"

But before Wolff proceeds to give his conversation with Rundjud Singh and the rest, he must give a description of the Maha Rajah himself. He was a little man, about five feet high. At a distance he appeared to Wolff like a little child; so that Wolff being short-sighted, and not having immediately observed his beard, was actually on the point of asking his Majesty, "Whether he was one of the great king's little boys?" but, on drawing his chair nearer to him, he observed that he had an immense beard, and that he was blind of one eye. Then Rundjud Singh ordered dancing girls to come in, and dance before Joseph Wolff. But Wolff said, "As he was an English Fakeer, he did not approve of seeing the girls dancing." Then Rundjud Singh said, "I have not yet found inconsistency in you, but I shall try again." He then filled a glass with wine made on purpose for his own use by his Hungarian physician, Haenigberger. This is horrid stuff, hotter than any whisky, and it actually burns like fire. This he especially gave to English travellers to drink, in order that he might extract news from them. So, he asked Wolff to drink his health, but Wolff touched it only with his tongue, and said, "He did so in honour of his Majesty, but would drink no more." Then Rundjud Singh said, "Now, I shall try you with questions. Do you teach that we should not be afraid of anything?" Wolff said, "Yes." "Do you preach that we should trust in the Giver of all things?" Wolff said, "Yes." "Then, why were you so afraid when you crossed the Indus over the suspension-bridge on an elephant?" (for every word and movement of Wolff had been reported to the king). Wolff replied, "Here your Majesty has certainly caught me; and

all I can answer is, that I am weak, and I have daily need to pray that God will show His power in my weakness." Rundjud Singh said, "Now I call this candour and uprightness; but answer me another thing. You say, you travel about for the sake of religion; why, then, do you not preach to the English in Hindoostan, who have no religion at all?"

And it is remarkable that, when Wolff, on arriving at Simlah, told his last observation to Lord William Bentinck—that greatest of all Governor-Generals that ever appeared in India—he said to Wolff, "This is, alas! the opinion of all the natives all over India!"

Rundjud Singh continued: "Now, propose some questions to me, and the Pundits here, about religion." Wolff asked them, "How may one come nigh unto God?" an expression used by the Sikhs, and which corresponds with the Christian inquiry, "How may one be saved?"—and the existence of this expression among the Sikhs shows the grand fact, that there is among all nations the belief, that some dire disaster has happened in the world, which has separated man from God: and that man has to do something, by which he may again come nigh unto God.

Is not this fact also proved by the imposed self-punishments of the Yoghee? who frequently creep on the ground from Delhi to Juggurnauth, like snails upon their bellies for thirty years, and then expire on arriving at the gate of Juggurnauth? Is it not also proved by those Yoghee, who lie on their backs for years and years, so that the birds build their nests upon their foreheads; and for thirty years have their arms stretched out towards the sky, until they become so stiff and hardened at the joints, that they cannot be brought down again? Is it not by these lengthened means that, conscious of sin, these men strive to make atonement for it?

However, the king gave a polite answer, mixed with sarcasm, to Wolff's question. He replied, "One can come nigh unto God by making an alliance with the British Government, as I lately did with the *Laard Nwab Sahib* (*i. e.* 'Governor-General') at Roopar. Have you heard of that conference?" he continued. Wolff said, "Yes; I heard of it in Bokhara." The king was quite astonished at hearing this, and then resumed, "Now, we come nigh unto God, by making such an alliance with England, in order to keep out the Russians from India." Wolff smiled, but said at the same time, "Such alliances may be of beneficial result, but they are not the direct way of coming nigh to God." Then Rundjud Singh said, "We come nigh unto God, by giving money to the poor."

Wolff replied, "The giving money to the poor is certainly an act of benevolence; and acts of benevolence are commanded by Jesus Himself; but, after all, our hearts may be distant from God." Here Rundjud Singh gave a most beautiful answer: "Oh!" he said, "for the heart, a medicine is required!"

Would to God, says Dr. Wolff, that many, who ask the question, "How can we be saved?" would come to the same conclusion, that a medicine is required for the heart!

Wolff therefore said, "You have well spoken, Maha Rajah; but would your Majesty further tell me, what that medicine is?" He replied, "This wisdom is hidden from me."

Are not here, Dr. Wolff asks, the words of our Lord confirmed, that wisdom is hidden from the wise, and revealed to babes? and here, also, we understand the words of David, "Make me to know the hidden wisdom."

Wolff then read to the king, the words of St. Paul (1 Cor. chap. i. verses 20-24), "Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world? hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world? For after that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom: but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God." Wolff then expounded the passage, and Rundjud Singh desired him to send him a gospel. Wolff afterwards wrote to Lady William Bentinck, who had a New Testament finely bound, which was sent to the king; and he wrote Joseph Wolff a most beautiful letter, thanking him for it.

Rundjud Singh has proved to the Mussulmans pretty well, that the edge of the sword is not always an evidence of the truth of religion; for the name of Rundjud Singh is a terror from Lahore to the city of Bokhara—his sword having defeated the Muhammadans in every battle, and they became subjects of the worshippers of *Salkeram*, the sacred stone which the Sikhs adore.

There is a custom, too often apparent in Missionary journals, of recording the feelings which every storm at sea, or adventure by land, may excite; but it is not Wolff's practice to describe such feelings. These God knows, and He alone ought to know them. But it would, on the other hand, be ingratitude not to mention the thoughts with which Wolff was

occupied, after having travelled for many months among wild Turcomauns, and having been delivered from slavery, and escaped death at Dooab, and having passed through the wild mountains of the Khaibaree; when he found himself at once and so agreeably surrounded by kind people as he entered the Punjaub; all of whom were dressed in white garments, with their hands folded before them, as if in prayer, or waiting for an order from a superior. And this was the sight which greeted Wolff, and the character of his receptions throughout the country of Rundjud Singh; and particularly at his Court, where the grandees were all dressed in white garments, with golden ornaments upon them; and who, with their king, presented to Wolff valuable gifts of shawls, and jewels, and sweetmeats, and fine linen, and money, and vied with each other in showing kindness to the destitute wanderer.

Oh! how agreeably will the believer in Christ be surprised, when, having faithfully fought on earth the good fight of faith; and under many trials and afflictions finished the work which was given him to do; his soul shall disentangle itself from the burden of this body, and, upon the pinions of angels, shall flee to that land, where a crown of glory, which fadeth not away, is prepared for him; and where the family of heaven, clothed in whiter garments than those of the Sikhs, shall meet him; and where he shall hear the songs of holy martyrs and virgins; and where he shall also hear the voice, not of a heathen king, but of the King of kings, exclaiming, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." For as linen is made white by cleansing it with water, and starching it with starch, and smoothing it with a mangle and with irons, and thus with great trouble is brought to a proper condition for its designed use; so the soul, after being baptized in water, must undergo many pressures, much weight of trouble, and many sufferings, in order to be made fit for the white garment in which it must appear "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." And thus must Wolff undergo many afflictions, before he will be fit to appear in the presence of his Lord and Saviour.

We must, however, proceed. On returning from the Court, on horseback, to the house of General Allard, the first thing Wolff did was, to have his beard shaved off; when one of the Sikhs stood by, and wept, and said, "Why do you cut off the ornament of man?" However, Wolff ate his dinner more easily and with better zest, after he had disburthened himself of his beard; for it was of prodigious size, and much confused

and matted for want of dressing, which, Allard said, made him look like a lion. He had then the following conversation with Hurry Singh, who asked, "Do you visit the fortresses of places?" Wolff said, "I never look at fortresses. My only business is to speak to people about God."

Hurry Singh asked, "What is necessary, in order to arrive at a better knowledge of God?" Wolff said, "Jesus Christ saith, 'Will not your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to those who ask Him?' Pray, therefore, to God, and He will give you the light of truth." "Which is the best of all religions?" asked Hurry Singh. Wolff replied, "The religion of Jesus Christ."

A Moonshee, who was present, translated into the Sikh language, from the Persian which Wolff recited, the fifth chapter of St. Matthew: and all who were there seemed to be delighted. Hurry Singh then asked, "If any one purposes to leave the world, and devote himself to God, what must he do with his wife and children? It is very hard to be obliged to leave them." Wolff replied, "Christianity is a religion which makes people happy without a wife, and with a wife; and it is a religion which one can practice without a wife, and with a wife."

Dr. Wolff must here observe, that among all nations the observance of celibacy is considered a state in which a man can serve God better than in married life. The one thing which must be said is, that there ought to be no forced celibacy; and that a man should be allowed to carry a wife with him, as Paul and Peter did, according both to ecclesiastical history and the Gospel. And Wolff must say, by his own experience, that a roaming missionary ought never to think of marrying. For God only knows how Wolff suffered from being in a distant country, and having to feel that he had left behind him a wife. He took Francis Xavier as his model, but Francis Xavier was not married; and it is a great struggle still with Wolff to decide, whether he was right or not, in undertaking perilous journeys of many thousands of miles, separated from a wife whom he tenderly loved, and who had remained behind, and (as he heard) often in tears on his account, although a woman of a very powerful and religious mind. Oh! Georgiana, Georgiana, pardon me, if I have done wrong! But enough of that.

When Wolff left Umritsur, on the 22nd of June, 1832, and was already outside the town, to his greatest horror, Rundjud Singh sent for him to come back immediately, as he wished again to see him. Wolff returned, but without a beard; and

the moment Rundjud Singh saw him, he exclaimed, "Ho!. ho! ho! where have you left your beard?"

Wolff said, "It is well taken care of, in the house of your Majesty's general."

He replied, "I shall cut off his nose, the first day I see the fellow."

Lena Singh, a Pundit, who was present, said to Wolff, "Rays, like those of the sun, went out of the hand of Jesus Christ."

Another said to him, "*Ram*, *Perwerdegar* (*i. e.* 'God') is like the wide ocean; out of many drops of which many rivers are formed, but they do not exhaust the ocean. Many grains of sand and shells are cast out of the ocean upon the dry land, and yet they do not exhaust the ocean. Thus, *Wishnoo*, whom you call 'Jesus,' is a drop of that wide ocean, which is God; but nothing which comes from Him exhausts God. From the beginning a religion was established for every nation, suitable to their several climates; and every one, who is faithful to that religion in which he was born, shall come to God, and shall have his reward in *Swarg*, which is the paradise of the Hindoos."

Wolff asked, "Why do you worship the cow?"

The Moonshee of Hurry Singh replied, "If you do not wish to make the Hindoos your deadly enemies, do not speak about the cow." So Wolff broke off the conversation.

A Hindoo, not a Sikh, told Wolff that the Hindoos acknowledge only one God; and that the idols are only representations of the invisible Godhead. Now the great fault of those infidels, whom we find among baptized Christians, is this, that they are ever ready to say something in favour of any religion whatsoever, except the true one; and therefore some of them assert that the Hindoos are no idolators, in order to make the veracity of excellent missionaries suspected. They speak with horror of the Spanish Inquisition, whilst they talk with enthusiasm about the custom, prevailing among Hindoos and Sikhs, of burning their wives; and they do the same in regard to the horrors of Juggur-Nauth. Wolff himself believes that many a Hindoo, and many a heathen of New Zealand, will be met with among the number of the happy in Heaven; for he believes that many of them are so guided by the Spirit, as to arrive at a knowledge of the truth; and that the spirit of God guides them in a way unknown to themselves. He believes, at the same time, that those Christian infidels have less chance of entering the kingdom of Christ than these. For "What is idolatry?" Wolff asks,

It is the worship of an invisible being, through a visible likeness, by which the original is shut out and forgotten. Now this is exactly the manner of worship among the Hindoos, who therefore are idolators. Idolatry, however, is nothing else but a system of Pantheism.

Wolff, having thus visited Rundjud Singh a second time, left Urmitsur, and set out for Loodhiana; he met the Pope of the Sikhs, the famous Baba Betee Saheb Singh. He was one hundred years of age, a descendant of Baba Nanak, and he resided at Oonawala, in the Himalaya Mountains. When Wolff asked a person belonging to this sect, in what the privileges of this great man consisted, he replied, that he can curse the Maha Rajah, and all the *Sirdars, i. e.* "Generals," and they humbly bow before him. "He says to the Maha Rajah, I am he that created thee, and that has exalted thee."

One day, Rundjud Singh wanted to take possession of the Castle Teere, which is in the mountains; so he went to that holy man, the Pope Betee, and worshipped him, and said, "I want a horse of you, in order that the rest of my horses may be blessed."

Betee Singh answered, "Thou blind rascal, thou wantest a horse of me; but I shall give thee one hundred bastinadoes!" Rundjud Singh said, "Not one hundred only, but five hundred; only give me a horse." Betee Singh, seeing the humility of the monarch, forthwith gave him a horse, and added, "To-morrow thou shalt be in possession of the castle;" and so it came to pass.

Betee Singh was said to be possessed of a property of £30,000. He remained up the whole night, and worshipped and performed ablutions. He gave harsh words only to his followers; whilst those who received with humility what he said to them became pure; but those who were offended at his words became hated even by their own wives. Yet, after all, he was a great wretch, for he had murdered his own son.

Wolff at lost crossed the Sutledge, and arrived at Loodhiana, in the hospitable dwelling of Captain, now Colonel, Sir Claude Wade, the Resident at the Court of Lahore. Before entering the room Wolff had not met with any British officer for a long time, except Alexander Burnes; and on putting his foot on the first English station of the most northern frontier of British India, Wolff exclaimed, and shouted aloud, "Through God's infinite goodness I am safe! I am safe! after so many trials and adventures. I am safe, and the Lord has not permitted one hair to fall from my head; and the

prophecy of my friends at Teheran has not been fulfilled, that I should not get beyond Meshed; for here I am! here I am!"

Captains Wade and Murray burst into tears, and introduced him to Major Faithful: and so, after an interval of eighteen months, he once again saw a whole English family, and preached to them that very day, and took, as his text, "The angel who redeemed me from all evil."

Wolff lectured too, the same day, on his travels, and he was introduced, by Captain Wade, to both the ex-kings of Affghanistan, Shah Zemaun, and Shujah Almulk. Poor Shah Zemaun had been deprived of his eyes by Futteh Khan, one of his slaves, who himself afterwards experienced the same fate. Wolff preached again, on the 1st of July, 1832, to the inhabitants of Loodhiana, and he also gave them two lectures.

One of the lectures was on Visions, and he related the following vision, which he himself saw when at Malta: and, as he is determined to have the Church and the public know his whole mind, he now repeats it.

When at Malta, in the year 1830, just before his departure on his first expedition to Bokhara, he walked about one night in his room—thinking of the bliss of heaven—when suddenly he saw before him the NEW JERUSALEM, with Christ our Lord in the midst, and the Apostles walking about with crowns on their heads, clothed in white garments, singing in Hebrew, "Glory to God in the highest, and to the Lamb that sitteth on the right hand of God!" Then Paul turned to Wolff, and said, "*And now thou shalt also have such a crown, but not such a glorious one as I have!*" And the virgins, the daughters of Zion, looked out of the windows of the golden houses, and devoutly bowed, and said, "Now He has his tabernacle with men." And then the vision disappeared! Sir Harry Jones, who slept in a room close to Wolff's, asked him the next morning, "With whom, Wolff, have you been conversing?" Wolff related the occurrence in the presence of some Captains of the Navy—when Captain West, of the Royal Navy, made the remark, "What a happy man, you, my dear Wolff, must be! and I cannot see why you should not relate what you have seen, for John Wesley was gifted with visions from on high!"

Wolff stated the whole fact, at Lord William Bentinck's request, in his drawing-room: he told it also all over India—and Wolff would consider it ingratitude towards his Saviour to conceal it from the public, in a work which professes to be a faithful narrative of all that has occurred to him. Jung Stilling, Madame Krudener, Colonel Gardiner, and S. Bernard, were not ashamed to tell such things; why, then, should

Joseph Wolff be? He is determined not to fall in with the spirit of the age! He also related the fact to many holy men in England, and they told him not to conceal it from the public! Besides this, it appeared in all the German papers, and in all the papers of India: and here it is laid before the public again.

After the lecture was over, a gentleman was introduced to Wolff, who had lately come from Juggurnauth. Wolff said to him, "A missionary must not only preach and teach, he must also be taught; therefore, be kind enough to tell me the meaning of 'Juggurnauth,' and something of its history." The gentleman then told him, "Juggurnauth is derived from *Juggur*, which means the 'World,' or 'Universe,' and *Nauth*, *i.e.* 'Lord,' or 'Master;" and the history of it is this. Upon the mountain, Nilachue Pahur, stood the image of Nilmadhoo Vishnoo. This hill, with its image, sank down, and was overwhelmed by the sea. Judorudjumnah, a Rajah of Malwa, in the Sutyjoog, replaced the image, with another, not far from where the hill formerly stood. This new image was called Juggernauth, and a pilgrimage to it was commenced; and thus it became a great place of resort for pilgrims."

CHAPTER XXII.

Sir Jeremiah and Lady Bryant: the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck and Lady William Bentinck: Subathoo and Simlah: and the society he met there.

WOLFF at last left Loodhiana, and having received a kind letter from Lady Bryant, he proceeded to Subathoo and Simlah, in the Himalaya mountains; and on the 3rd of July, he arrived at Roopar, where a conference had formerly taken place between Lord William Bentinck and Rundjud Singh. But whilst at Badde, which is thirty English miles from Roopar, and where the Himalaya mountains begin, he sent forward a messenger to Sir Jeremiah Bryant, at Subathoo, where that gentleman lived. Later on, in the afternoon, there came to Wolff a letter from Lady Bryant, with a hill pony, also a *Jampoon*, or "Hill chair," and some provisions, which were sent on to meet the "learned Padre Wolff" on his road. The carriers were all naked, and Wolff arrived at Subathoo at

ten o'clock at night, where a beautiful lady came out of her house to greet him, and said, "Here you are, after your many troubles and trials, in the house of your cousins, praise be to God."

Then there came out Sir Jeremiah Bryant, with one arm; for he had lost the other in battle, and he said, "Welcome, Wolff; I shake you by the hand with my left arm."

A letter was then handed to Wolff from Lady William Bentinck, inviting him to be their guest at Simlah; which of course he accepted.

He remained for several days at Sobathoo, admiring and enchanted with the beauty of the country, and the prosperity of the English people there. He was refreshed too, both in mind and body, by the cordiality he found: and, seeing the high respect and reverence with which his host was treated by the natives, Wolff said to Sir Jeremiah Bryant, Colonel Arnold, and the rest, "I cannot help thinking that you are here, in this mighty country, the *kings of the East*, who are mentioned in the Revelation of St. John" (Rev. xvi. 12). And Wolff but little thought that, ten years afterwards, he should read a book, written by a gentleman of Leeds, making it out, really in a most satisfactory manner and with great genius, that the East India Company are actually the "Kings of the East." Wolff is sorry that he has forgotten the name of that clever writer, but he knows him personally.

Wolff felt that the beauty of this country inclined him to believe, like Origen, in the transmigration of souls: for he could not help thinking that he had been there before, and seemed to be well acquainted with the country. His English friends said, "This is a common belief, all over the country, among the Hindoos; and they will be delighted with hearing you say that you are inclined to believe in it also." The noble countenance and warrior-like appearance of Sir Jeremiah Bryant, made Wolff feel that he had known him thousands of years ago; whilst the fairy-like beauty of his wife, and the love they bore to each other, made him say, "You make me believe in fairies!" Lady Bryant answered, "Fairies are more towards Cashmore; but it seems that you are very liberal, and believe all things. Have you ever seen fairies?"

Wolff said that he had not seen them; but he had heard of a Muhammadan, at Jerusalem, who had been regularly married to a fairy; and the children she bore him were not visible to others but only to her husband, after the manner of Muhammadan families. But their little voices were heard by the visitors, who saw pipes brought to the master by invisible

hands. Lady Bryant asked, "Do you believe this story?" Wolff replied, "I do not believe it; but still, I see a fairy!" "Where?" Wolff said, "In yourself." Lady Bryant answered, "I have heard that you are a great friend of the ladies, and I do not wonder that Georgiana has married you!" But after this Wolff saw a letter, written by Lady Bryant to Mrs. Churchill at Simlah, in which the former spoke very highly of Wolff's energy, and said that he always slept on the ground, instead of going to bed, and that he recited poetry, especially Schiller's poems, with great fluency; "but he is ugly, *sans permission*, and a complete *perpetuum mobile*, and makes one continually laugh with his fun." She said, too, that Wolff spoke about Haenigberger, who made the horrid wine for Rundjud Singh and acted as his physician; and that Wolff had detected him to be a Jew. Colonel Arnold asked Wolff how he found him out, and Wolff replied, "Set a thief to catch a thief." Wolff relates these extracts from Lady Bryant's letters as well as he can remember them.

Wolff then lectured at Sobathoo, and preached there to the English inhabitants. After this, he set out for Simlah, and when he got half way, he met a palanquin and bearers sent by the Governor-General. On alighting at the Governor's house, Captain Byrne, Lord William's aide-de-camp, brought him into a room that he might dress himself; and after this, he made his appearance at the breakfast-table, where he was welcomed by Lord and Lady William Bentinck and the whole staff. He met there the Rev. H. Fisher, chaplain to his Lordship, who had been a great friend of Wolff when he was at Cambridge; and he at once invited Wolff to preach the next Sunday, though he was not yet ordained. Wolff sat near Lord William, who listened, with the greatest attention, to every word he said. Wolff said to him, "I know why your Lordship is so attentive to all I say." Lord William Bentinck asked, "Why?" "Because your Lordship has heard that I am cracked!"

Universal laughter followed this reply.

Lady William afterwards told Wolff, when she was alone with him, that the proclamation he had issued in the Punjaub had made Lord William and herself very anxious to see him, before Lord William wrote to Rundjud Singh, to ask permission for him to go to Cashmere, because they wished to see whether he was crazy or not. For, when Lord William had received the proclamation, he went, with a very long face, into her ladyship's room, and said, "We must see Wolff that we may judge about him for ourselves; for Rundjud Singh spoke,

after all, in the highest terms of him and of his enthusiasm. So, next Sunday, you must preach in our drawing-room," Lady William Bentinck continued, "and deliver some lectures besides; and we will invite the Commander-in-Chief and Lady Barnes, and her brother, Captain Fawkes, and all the residents who are now in Simlah; among whom are Sir William and Lady Macknaghten, and Colonel and Mrs. Sale."*

Wolff, therefore, preached on that Sunday, and several Sundays after, in the houses of both the Governor-General, and Sir E. Barnes; and he preached in Persian to the Muhammadan Nwabs. He called also on Major-General Adams, who asked him "What he thought about Jacob wrestling with the angel, whether it was a real wrestling, or not? For, it is said, that Jacob's thigh was put out."

Wolff replied, like a flash of lightning, "I am sure you must have seen dervishes wrestling in prayer, and how their thighs are sometimes actually put out of joint by the exertion." Adams, and all the party present, said, that this was a most ingenious and bold interpretation; and they had not the slightest doubt that Wolff was right.

A famous Muhammadan afterwards called upon Wolff, just when Captain Shelley, a nephew of the famous poet Shelley, happened to be present, who was a nice, clever, but facetious young gentleman. The Muhammadan told Wolff the following fable of the Affghans, respecting the origin of their name. There was a king, who sent his people to several parts of the world, to procure him slave-girls for his hareem. In a short time they brought a considerable number of slaves to their king, who assigned them a quarter in his palace. Within a year, they all bore children simultaneously, and were at a loss, for some time, what name to give to them. At last, they agreed to adopt the name of Aff-Ghaun, *i. e. Aff*, which means the "Barking of a dog," and *Ghaun*, the "Crowing of a cock;" because these sounds were heard at their birth. Hence the name and origin of the word "Affghan."

On the following day, Captain Hay, of Lord Kinnoul's family, said to Wolff, "I warn you not to place any credit in the story of the origin of the Affghans; for Shelley told me he had made you believe this funny tale, but that it has not a word of truth in it, and he himself had never heard it." Wolff laughed, and said to Hay, "Pray tell Shelley, that he lies like a dog! for it was not he, but the Muhammadan, who told me that story; and so I shall put it into my book."

The next day, Hay and Captain Bell, who was afterwards

* Afterwards Sir Robert and Lady Sale.

our clever resident in Nepaul, fought a duel about some dispute at cards. Of course the Governor-General ignored this transaction; but Wolff, not knowing that such encounters were not for the Governor's ears, said at table, before the whole party, "Captains Hay and Bell, you fellows, what have you been fighting a duel about, this morning? You ought to be cashiered." Lord William Bentinck looked another way, as if he had not heard; and Colonel Benson said, with a suppressed voice, to Wolff, "Hold your tongue!" After dinner there was great fun at Wolff's expense; and whilst he was sitting by Shelley and conversing with him, Colonel Benson came up to him, and said, "Are you not aware that the Governor-General ought to know nothing about duels?" Wolff replied, "How could I know anything about your military etiquette?" On this, Shelley turned and said to Wolff, "By the bye, I shall have to fight a duel with you; for you told Hay, that I lied like a dog!" Colonel Benson at once became mediator, and observed, "Wolff did not say, 'You lied like a dog!' but he said, 'You lied like a *tock*,'"—mimicking, at the same time, Wolff's foreign pronunciation. On this, Shelley, keeping up the joke, said, "Well, this makes all the difference, and I must excuse him."

Wolff then continued his conversation with General Adams, who made him acquainted with the following information about Canaya, which is one of the incarnations of Krishna: observing in it a striking resemblance to the history of Christ. Canaya, it is said, was born at Muttra. The name of the Rajah of that place was Konz. There was a prophecy that a child should be born, who would deprive Konz of his kingdom. He therefore ordered, that all children, under a certain age, should be put to death, which was executed. The child Canaya, however, was miraculously saved, and was carried over to Gokul; where he was brought up among the shepherds, and showed great wisdom at an early age. Here the legend ends.

Wolff was again asked to preach in the house of the Commander-in-Chief, when he expounded the twelfth chapter of the Revelation, and proved that the woman there predicted is the Jewish nation; and that the prophecy is still to be fulfilled; and that a mighty opposition shall take place, even in heaven, before redemption and restoration shall come to pass; and a regular battle must be fought in heaven, between Michael the Archangel, and the dragon and his angels. How a battle can take place between spirits is not for man to inquire into; but the Lord hath thus revealed it. And then the dragon, which is

the devil, shall be defeated by the Archangel Michael and his angels. And the devil shall be cast down from heaven, and come down upon earth; and, after this, he shall never have access to heaven again, which he has till that time; for he had access to God in the time of Job; and, though he is not in heaven as a serving angel, he has access to heaven as an accuser of his people. And then he shall go about deceiving the nations; and then, according to that same chapter, mighty miracles shall be wrought for the Jewish nation, as it was in the days of Egypt. All this is in harmony with the prophet Micah (chap. vii. 15th verse), "According to the days of thy coming out of the land of Egypt will I show unto him marvelous things." And the prophet Micah (18th verse) alludes to the song of Miriam, "Who is a God like unto thee?" And then it shall be sung again,

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea:
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free."

This sermon made such a sensation, that Wolff was obliged to preach it for three successive Sundays: first, at the Commander-in-Chief's; next, in the house of the Governor-General; and then in the house of Colonel Churchill; and, even afterwards, he twice delivered it in Sobathoo.

Wolff thus continued to enjoy a most pleasant time in the house of the Governor-General and Lady William Bentinck. With the latter, who was a most holy lady, he often sat for whole days conversing in her sitting-room, and she was like a mother to him. Indeed, he went so frequently into her dressing-room, that she said, with great good-humour, "I must get a trap to catch you; for we shall both lose our characters if you come here so often:" and frequently, after dinner, both she and the other ladies would teaze Wolff to death with their bantering jokes. One day, Pakenham, Lord William's private secretary, called on Wolff, when he was sitting with Lady William in her sitting-room, and began to read the following paragraph from one of the Meerut newspapers:—

"Joseph Wolff, the *perverted* Jew, is now in the Government House at Simlah, where he delights and instructs the whole party."—SELIM.

Wolff joined in their hearty laughter, and all he said was, in the best-natured manner, "*Nasty fellow!*"

Sir Edward Barnes, who was present, with his brother-in-law and aide-de-camp, Captain Fawkes, laughed, and said, "This has been written by no one but our friend Captain Miles." And he, beyond all doubt, must have been a relation

of Robert Miles, the Rector of Bingham, for he bore a striking resemblance to him, and was also a native of Bristol. Wolff met this gentleman afterwards at Meerut, and said to him, as soon as he was introduced, tickling him as he spoke, "I shall have to fight you, old fellow, because you called me 'a perverted Jew.'" He, and all the party, laughed, and Wolff and Miles at once became the best friends. So much so, that they travelled together from Meerut to Delhi, and Miles gave Wolff letters for Miss Hannah More, the celebrated authoress; and he also wrote to her himself about Wolff, in such terms, that, when Wolff two years afterwards came to Bristol, Miss Hannah More sent him a most kind letter of invitation to her house in the country; but Wolff regrets that he had not time to accept the invitation.

Captain, now Major Fawkes gave Wolff the following information about the natives of Australia, viz., that if anything is stolen from a European, they know how to trace the footsteps of the thief across the very grass, till they arrive at his house, and bring back the stolen property. Wolff found that this extraordinary instinct was also possessed by the Turcomauns.

One day Wolff made the Governor-General, and the whole party, laugh, with the following story, which happened to him when he travelled in 1823, in company with the American missionaries, Fisk and King, through the desert, from Egypt to Jerusalem. Wolff was sitting in his tent, where King came to him, and said, "Wolff, the dervish in our party struck his donkey and called him a Jew." Wolff said nothing at the time; but when he left his tent, and walked about in the desert with King, they met this same dervish and his donkey. King then asked Wolff, pointing to the donkey, "Who is this, Wolff?" Wolff replied, imitating the American snuffle, "the President of the United States of North America, sir."

Lord William was so much pleased with this story, that Wolff was obliged to repeat it at every new dinner party; and Lady William Bentinck's motherly heart was shown in everything she said to Wolff. One day, when he was alone with her, she remarked, "I have succeeded in convincing all, who have seen and heard you, that you are not cracked; but I have not convinced them that you are not an enthusiast." Wolff replied, "My dear Lady William, I hope that I am an enthusiast; or, as the Persian Sooffees say, that I am drunk with the love of God. Nothing is done without enthusiasm. Columbus would never have discovered America without enthusiasm."

Lord William came in as Wolff said this, and he observed,

"You are right, Wolff." Her Ladyship added, "They also believe you to be ambitious." Wolff replied, "And in this they are also right, for my great ambition is, to preach the Gospel in countries where it never was preached before; and this was St. Paul's ambition."

His Lordship cried, "Bravo! bravo! Wolff!" and then asked him what he thought about tithes? He answered at once, "My Lord, tithes are of Divine institution." And his Lordship said, "You are right! You are right!"

Lady William Bentinck often gave Wolff a good setting down for his absence of mind. One day, Lady Bryant came from Sobathoo to Simlah, and called Wolff into the room: Lady Barnes being also there. These ladies then forced Wolff to sit down, and got a native Sirdar to cut his hair, whilst they superintended the operation. After it was over, Wolff said to Lady William, "Now, you will have to make yourself a cushion of my hair."

The foresight of Lord William Bentinck was extraordinary. He told Wolff at that time, that the Punjaub would eventually fall into the hands of the English; for the cautious policy of Rundjud Singh would scarcely be followed up by his successors; and then internal dissentions would force the English to interfere, and it would fall into the hands of the English altogether.

One day, Wolff received an invitation from the Commander-in-Chief to a fancy ball, and the note said, "Mr. Wolff is expected to appear in his fancy dress." Lord and Lady William then asked him, "Now, what will you do?" Of course Wolff said, "I sha'n't go." Her Ladyship answered, "I will tell you what you may do. I shall go, as my position obliges me to do so; but you may go, and spend that evening with your friend, Mr. Fisher, the chaplain." He did so; and they then talked about the religious societies, and Fisher agreed with Wolff, that they are often a great drawback to the operations of missionaries. Wolff wishes to see in England the formation of a corps of missionary riflemen, with guns also, not of *Armstrong*, but of the *Strong Arm*—God Almighty.

About four days after the fancy ball, Colonel and Mrs. Churchill invited Wolff to a dinner; and a large party met him; but after the dinner there was music, to which he did not object; but in the midst of the music, a whole party of dancing-girls appeared, which that fellow, Colonel Churchill, had arranged on purpose. Wolff said, "You will not catch me staying with these;" and ran out of the room directly. However, he afterwards saw a troop of dancing-girls, at Cashmere, and says that their dancing was beautiful. Rose-leaves were

strewed upon the ground, and they danced so as to form the petals again into roses.

Wolff had, at this time, a great wish to go to Cashmere before proceeding to Calcutta; and he had now an insight into the way in which politicians manage their affairs. Lord William himself did not like to write to Rundjud Singh for permission; for he said to Wolff, "If I write myself to him, and ask it of him as a favour, he will ask another favour of me in return." But he knew that Rundjud Singh had asked Captain Wade, now Sir Claude Wade, what he thought Lady William Bentinck would like? and that she told Wade, who lived at Loodhiana, that Lady William would like Rundjud Singh to grant leave to Wolff to go to Cashmere. So Lord William left the matter dependent on her Ladyship's request. But Rundjud Singh kept Wolff in suspense for two months, and on the latter remarking to Lord William Bentinck on the tardiness of this proceeding, his Lordship still refused to interfere, but said, "Yes, but this is the way in which I have always got on in the world—by reflecting well before acting."

Wolff was struck, another time, by one of Lord William's observations. Wolff often told him that the Prime Minister of Bokhara wished, very much, that England should send an ambassador there. Lord William replied, "Before we send an ambassador to Bokhara, we must know well what Persia would say to it, and what Russia would say to it." Lord William would not be hurried in his plans.

Wolff, quite in despair of getting leave of Rundjud Singh to proceed to Cashmere, set out for Kurnaul, with letters from the Governor-General for Lucknow, Calcutta, and Madras. He arrived at Kurnaul, preached and lectured there, and was staying with Mr. Parish, the chaplain, when one day, at a dinner party, Miss Matthews, a daughter of Captain Matthews, about eighteen years of age, came up to him in the presence of a number of officers, and other gentlemen, and ladies, and said, "Mr. Wolff, I will hand down your name to my children's children!" The whole room resounded with laughter at this magnificent promise. He also met an interesting gentleman, Captain Mellish by name, who was well acquainted with German, and whose relations live in Nottinghamshire. While they were at dinner, a courier arrived express from Lady William Bentinck, who had written, saying, "I am afraid that you will knock your head against the wall for joy; for his Majesty, the Maha Rajah, has given you his permission to go to Cashmere." Wolff immediately shouted for joy, and exclaimed (the whole party present sympathizing with him), "I can go

to Cashmere!" A commissioned officer had been sent by the Maha-Rajah to await Wolff's arrival at Sobathoo, in the house of Sir Jeremiah and Lady Bryant; and the orders of Rundjud Singh were, that Joseph Wolff might remain one month at Cashmere, that he should make slow stages, and receive from every Rajah he met on the road, £25 per day, and twenty pots of sweetmeats. On his arrival at Cashmere, the Prince Governor, Sheer Singh, was to give him six shawls, and 1,000 sicca rupees, equivalent to £100; and thus provided for, Wolff ultimately left the house of Sir Jeremiah and Lady Bryant, who accompanied him a little way down the Himalaya. He first returned to Loodhiana to his friend Captain, now Sir Claude Wade, and stayed there two days; during which time, Captain Wade wrote letters for him to the famous Sekardoor, who is said to be a lineal descendant of Alexander the Great, and he is Rajah of the province called Little Kashgar.

Before Wolff left Loodhiana, Captain, now Sir Claude Wade, and residing at Bath, said to Dr. Wolff, "You will meet, on going to Cashmere, many shawl-weavers on the road, who are emigrating from Cashmere on account of the tyranny which prevails in that country; in case you meet with such kind of emigrants, tell them that they should all come to British India, and especially to Loodhiana, where they will meet with a kind reception from me, and find work."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Cashmere; Nadown; Yoghees; Sheer Singh.

WOLFF then set out for Belaspoor, where he met with a Rajah, quite a young man, who brought him the £25 by order of Rundjud Singh. That Rajah was the most stupid and ignorant man Wolff ever saw, and the most horrid brute that ever lived. His great delight was to ride upon an elephant, which was made to tread upon a little child, so as to crush it to death. He desired Wolff to speak in his favour to the Governor-General, in order that he might prevent Mr. Clerk from continually interfering with him. But Wolff declined to meddle with his affairs.

Wolff met again, on his road to Cashmere, with some of those Yoghee, already described, who were sitting under a

tree, with their faces turned towards the sun's orb, and their whole bodies besmeared with the yolk of eggs. At the sight of them, the whole party who accompanied Wolff, exclaimed, *Ram! Ram!* "God! God!" Those Yoghee were kind people, and not filled with pride as devotees frequently are. Wolff asked them, "What do you expect to attain by your life?" They replied, "Absorption into the Deity." They then said, "You are one of the forerunners of your nation" (meaning the English), "who will soon have this country. And this is all permitted by *Perwerdegar*—the 'nurser,' because there is no justice in the earth."

Wolff then proceeded to Umballah, where he met with two interesting English gentlemen; the one was Dr. Laughton, who introduced him to the Resident of the East India Company, George Clerk, Esq., who afterwards became Governor of Bombay; and he is now Sir George Clerk, and fills a high office under Government. A more fascinating and amiable gentleman Wolff scarcely ever met. Wolff told him that "the Rajah of Belaspoor wanted him to report his (Mr. Clerk's) interference with him to the Governor-General; but that he had declined to meddle with his affairs." Clerk merely observed that "the Rajah was still a young man, and he hoped to see him reformed."

Wolff only dined with Clerk, and then proceeded on his way to Cashmere. He arrived, after a few days, near Nadown, and remained outside the place, where the Rajah with his whole retinue called on him. He first, by order of Rundjud Singh, gave Wolff again the £25, and then accompanied him to see two fakeers, who were sitting naked in the clefts of a rock, quite cheerful, but they were nasty fellows. Wolff gave them some rupees as alms, and they said, "This will not fill our bellies." Wolff told them, that "they, as fakeers, should not try to fill their bellies, for that would make them drowsy; and that they ought to desire only the necessaries of life; for Jesus said, that we should pray merely, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'" Wolff wanted to ask them several questions; but they, casting upon Wolff an indignant look, and turning to the Rajah, said, "Be silent; and all you have to do is to listen to our wisdom." They then began to talk about Hanoman, the great monkey-god, and spoke the greatest nonsense that was ever heard, and they told legends which were not worth listening to. Wolff, who was tired, was about to walk off, and go towards Nadown, when they asked him "whether their conversation had not appeared to him wise and

beautiful?" Wolff replied, "As wise and beautiful as the monkey of whom you have talked."

On his way to Nadown he encountered two other fakeers, whose faces were besmeared with dirt. Wolff inquired of them "why they befouled their faces in such a way?" They replied, "To indicate that man was created of dirt;" to which Wolff answered, "If man is created of dirt, you need not make yourselves more dirty than you are by nature." They said, "You have entirely convinced us of the truth of your remarks, and we will give you an immediate proof that we will reform," saying which, they spat on their hands, washed their faces, and wiped the dirt off with their arms.

Many of the inhabitants of Nadown came to Wolff, and asked him, "if he had known Lord Lake, the great conqueror of Hindoostan, the destroyer of the Mogul empire; a tiger in war, and a lion in battle?" Wolff said, "He had heard much of him, that he was known in history, but that he had never seen him, not having lived in his time." The mighty temples which Wolff saw in Nadown, and throughout that range of the Himalaya mountains, made him more than once exclaim, "Master, what manner of stones, and what buildings are here!"

But here Wolff heard an observation, made by some Brahmins, which made him shudder, for he felt the truth of their remark. "Why," said they, "do you Englishmen, the masters of Hindoostan, worship God in contemptible barns?" All that Wolff observed in reply was, "that a great change will take place in this respect." And God be praised, that, in some degree, a change has already taken place! And thanks are due to Daniel Wilson, the Bishop of Calcutta, who has built there a magnificent cathedral; and the objections, which some of the Directors of the Honourable East India Company made to his Lordship when constructing his cathedral, were not only most contemptible, but bordering upon atheism; for had it been a theatre that was to be built, no such objections would have been raised. They said, "That it was not right to tax the natives for the purpose of building our churches." Wolff replies in this way:—"The money at least remained in the country, and at the same time the example set was good." But Wolff thinks it not fair to tax the Hindoos, in order that the English may drink their wines, get a diseased liver, and take the rest of their money home to England. However, Wolff would be most unjust if he were to say that this was the spirit manifested by the generality of Englishmen in that country; for he met among them many worthy, excellent, and

holy people; but there are also, it cannot be denied, amongst the young men in India, as well as amongst young English diplomatists in other parts of the world, a set of coxcombs, who wish to show their strong-mindedness by affecting paradoxes; and who actually defend the Suttee, as an institution of the country which the English ought never to have abolished. Wolff once said to some such coxcombs, "Oh, you coxcombs, you ought to introduce the Suttee amongst yourselves, and burn your own wives." It was really delightful to hear, throughout the journey to Cashmere, with what high veneration the Brahmins and other Hindoos spoke of Lord William Bentinck, for having abolished the Suttee.

Wolff came in the course of his journey, and not far from Nadown, to a place where a sacred light was proceeding out of the ground, in a subterranean blaze, and before which thousands of pilgrims performed their devotions. Wolff wished to see it; but as they desired him first to put off the shoes from his feet, he preferred to forego the pleasure, in order not to give countenance for one moment to a belief that he attributed it to divine efficacy. Not far from Nadown, Wolff met with a sight which delighted his heart. On an eminence a Brahmin was reading a book to several hundred people: Wolff asked, "What he was reading to them?" and he replied "A holy book." Wolff looked at it, and found it was the Gospel by St. Luke, translated by the Serampore Baptist Missionaries. The Brahmin then asked Wolff several questions, and the interpretation of many passages, which Wolff gave. And on the Brahmin asking him, "Who were Moses and the Prophets?" he promised to send him Moses and the Prophets.

"The beam that shines on Sion's hill shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Sion's tower shall all the world command."

Wolff then wrote to Lady William Bentinck, and gave her the address of the Brahmin, in order that she might desire the Calcutta Bible Society to send a number of copies of the whole Bible, in the different Hindoo dialects, to the Brahmin, for his use, and that of his disciples.

Whatever the opponents of the British and Foreign Bible Society may say against that stupendous society, Wolff will always stand up as its defender; for, though some translations have turned out very badly, it cannot be denied that they have also issued most excellent translations. And let the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge also translate some good old commentaries into the different languages; for these would be, under God's providence, a most powerful instrument for

turning many from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God. The question, however, is not so easily answered, "What commentators would be the best?" but Wolff now undertakes to answer it, at the risk of incurring the displeasure of all parties. And he at once declares, that neither the commentary of Scott, nor that of Mant, is worth one farthing; and translations of them would be totally unfit to send to the East. He, therefore, would, first of all, advise having translations made of the Fathers; Augustine on the Psalms, and the New Testament; and the Commentaries of St. Jerome, with Cyprian's Exposition of the Lord's Prayer. The wonderfully beautiful Catena by Thomas Aquinas should also be included, as well as an extract of the Roman Catholic Commentary of Cornelius à Lapide, and a revised commentary of Maldonatus, with St. Bernard's Commentary on the Canticles. From the Jansenist theologians he would recommend Quesnel's Commentary on the New Testament. Of English divines, he likes the New Commentary by Pusey on the Minor Prophets; and of English commentaries, the best are those of Gill, the Baptist, and of Dr. Adam Clarke the Methodist. Pearson is most valuable on the Creed, and so are the sermons of Bishops Andrewes, and Jeremy Taylor; for though these latter are not strictly commentaries, yet they give a clear insight into many difficult passages of Holy Scripture. There is also the Commentary on the Bible, written in the Armenian tongue by Nyersis, Shnorhaali. Again, of the English writers, he recommends the five volumes containing an exposition of the parables of our Lord, written by Edward Greswell. Then, again, one ought to read the Koran, and extract from it all those passages which illustrate Scriptural statements. Wolff thinks that there must be in existence a commentary of a great portion of Scripture, written by the great Missionary of China, Mr. Morrison; who loudly proclaimed the great necessity of giving to the Chinese, not only the Scriptures, but also a commentary. And if his advice had been followed by the missionaries, and by the Societies at home, those Chinese, who by the reading of Scripture have lately adopted some Christian notions, would not have mistaken the true path, by degenerating into a kind of Muhammadanism. Of the German writings, we ought to translate two volumes of "Meditations of Scripture," by Frederick Leopold, Count of Stolberg. Oh thou, my Stolberg! my heart leaps when I mention thy name! Thy immortal songs, streaming towards eternity, have not exhausted thy internal fulness! Of that same great writer, we ought to translate,

not the whole of the thirty-two volumes of the "Religion of Jesus Christ," but only the first fifteen. Moreover, the Christology of Hengstenberg, the Lutheran, should be added, and the sermons of the Roman Catholic Bishop Sailer. Then, all that has been written by Sir William Jones on the Religion of the Hindoos, and the Philosophy of History, and the Philosophy of Life, and the Philosophy of Language, by Frederick von Schlegel; also the work of the Scottish Ramsay, which compares the Greek and Hindoo religions with the religion of Christ. (Wolff has forgotten the title of the Book.) From all these writings, the violent attacks against the Church of Rome from the Protestant side, and the violent attacks against the Protestants from the Roman Catholic side, ought to be erased, and rooted out, and effaced, and exterminated.

And, at home, seminaries ought to be established, in which missionaries could be taught the systems of the different religions; not for the purpose of showing to all nations their follies, but for the purpose of teaching them how much they have in common with the true religion of Jesus Christ.

Wolff, continuing his journey to Cashmere, met stragglers of different kinds. Some of them looked at him, and smiling said, "Ah! ah! ah! You are not the last of the Europeans who will come here! We shall soon see hosts of you coming and taking the country." He also saw stragglers coming from Cashmere; poor women howling and weeping, and carrying their children upon their heads. Wolff asked them, "Where they were coming from?" They said, "From Cashmere." He asked them, "Where are you going?" They replied, "To a country which God will show us." "Why are you leaving Cashmere?" They answered, "On account of the tyranny of the rulers. Formerly the maidens of Cashmere were as beautiful as the sun, and white like milk; but tyranny has made us black and ugly." Then he also saw those unfortunate women, who were dressed in silk and diamonds, and were carried about the country by slaves. Nobody among these knows their native country. One of them was especially beautiful, and spoke Persian well. She was not born in the valley, and nobody knew whence she came. Wolff exhorted her to a holy life. She said, "Where shall we go? We are bought and sold, like pieces of bread." She wished to go with Wolff, but of course he declined. She walked off weeping: her modesty was striking: she was wonderfully beautiful.

Then Wolff came to a town (of which he has forgotten the name), where the Rajah called on him, and then sent him a

whole pot filled with boiled pork. He then arrived at Rajawr, chiefly inhabited by Muhammadans, who hate and detest the government of the Sikhs, and have established secret societies, which have, as their object, to bring about the downfall of the Sikh rule.

Here, in the town, he had also a conversation with a Brahmin on the worship of the cow. He said, "You are all mistaken, for we do not worship the cow; but the cow, furnishing us with milk, is a type to us of the power and goodness of God towards mankind."

Here Wolff must observe that it is not so easy to confute idolatry, as we believe it to be at home; for most idolatry is nothing else than a refined Pantheism; and his observation on this point is not merely the result of his own experience, but of that of the most eminent missionaries, such as Lacroix, Duff, Rhenius, Wilson, and Stevenson. And here Wolff cannot conceal from the public that even the Roman Catholics may answer the objections made by Protestants, that they transgress the second commandment, by a simple reference to two of the most eminent writers of the Protestant Church. These are, the great Leibnitz, the rival of Sir Isaac Newton; and Dr. Adam Clarke. Leibnitz says, in his work called *Systema Theologicum*, that the fourth verse of the twentieth chapter of Exodus, "Thou shalt not take unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth," is a specification of images of deities which were worshipped in Egypt, and that Moses wished to exterminate from the minds of the children of Israel any attachment to, or even recollection of, those particular Egyptian idols. And Dr. Adam Clarke, in his Commentary, gives the names of those divinities in Egypt which were graven in the likenesses of things in the heaven above, or the earth beneath; or of things in the water under the earth. And, moreover, the great Jewish Doctor, Mymonides, takes the same view of that verse (the fourth of the twentieth chapter of Exodus). And it must also be admitted, that images were not entirely forbidden, even by Moses; for the Israelites were commanded to make cherubim, and also a brazen serpent; and the cross has been in the Church in every age, and Wolff defends it. Nevertheless, an exaggerated veneration of images evidently leads to the worship of matter, instead of the thing which it represents; and this, in every age, has given offence to, and shocked the minds of holy people; so that, even by Divine command, the images which had been sanctioned by Moses, were justly broken

down by Hezekiah, for they were abused by the children of Israel. And it must be mentioned in praise of a pope, whose name Dr. Wolff does not now recollect, that he broke to pieces, at Rome, an image of our Lord Jesus Christ, with his own hands, because idolatry and imposture were practised with it

Wolff then proceeded to Cashmêre, in company with some Persian Muhammadans, and his own guides, and Rajahs from Rajawr. Wolff amused them with the following anecdote of Frederick II., which he will tell exactly as he related it to his fellow-travellers. There was a Maharajah in the land of Prussia, called Ferdarik (Frederick) the Second, who was a man brave in battle, like Timoor Koorikan, and wise also, like Soliman the wise. One day he gave an order to his *Serhenks*, *i. e.* his colonels, and other officers; which order, he said, must be obeyed like fate; and it was this: "I will not allow you ever to enlist any Fransees (Frenchmen) among my soldiers, as they are never able to learn the Nemsa (German) language;" which language was spoken in Prussia. The officers answered, "Your Majesty, we are your humble slaves, and therefore we will strictly obey your order, which is filled with wisdom." However, one day, a Fransee appeared before the Serhenk. That Fransee (Frenchman) was a very tall man, with broad shoulders, and with eyes as large as a bullock's, and with the strength of a Rostum; and he said to the officers, "I wish to enter into the service of the great King Ferdarik, who has conquered so many kings; and I will serve him as a humble slave." They said to him, "Oh! thou Fransee, thou art not able to learn the Nemsa language; but, as we know that the king likes people of thy stature, we will try to deceive him, by teaching you the answers to three questions, which the king always puts to every soldier; and you must learn the answers like a parrot, according to the same order in which we teach them to you. First say *Zwanzig Jahre* ('twenty years'); secondly, say, *Drei Jahre* ('three years'); thirdly, *Beide zugleich* ('both at the same time'), for the king will ask you three questions." Now, according to the routine, the king did always ask three questions, of which he never changed the order. The first was, "How old are you?" the second, "How long have you served?" the third, "are you satisfied with your food and raiment?" The king soon afterwards arrived, and reviewed his soldiers. He asked every one, according to the usual order; but, when he came to the Fransee, he changed it, and instead of first asking him, "How old are you?" he asked him, "How many years have you been in my service?" The

Fransee replied, "Twenty years." At the second question, "How old are you?" he answered, "Three years." And instead of the third question, the king said, "Are you a donkey, or am I?" He replied, "Both." They all laughed heartily at this good story.

A Turcomaun arrived from Kashgar, who had a large star on his breast; for the Turcomauns, and Tatars in general, have signs of distinction, especially for their bravery in battle. If this badge of distinction is a very great star, they say of it, "It is bright, like the morning star; and it is a sign of victory and conquest." And in the second chapter of the Revelation, it is promised to him that conquers that such an honour of distinction shall be given, which Christ will bestow upon him. (Rev. ii. 28.)

Wolff proceeded on his journey, and on his way to Cashmere he passed through the territory of Gulab Singh, who afterwards became the ruler of Cashmere. He sent Wolff a fine present of shawls, in the name of his Majesty Rundjud Singh, and welcomed him; and thus he came at last to the dreadful mountain called Peerpanjaal, through which one goes, as through a gallery; and the summit of that mountain is covered with eternal snow. He encountered here travellers going to and from Cashmere. His escort advised him to pass quickly through that mountain, "For it is so cold, that we have fears that an avalanche will fall upon us, and cover us!" Scarcely had Wolff come out of the mountain, when he heard a crash, and a fall of ice from the height above covered all the travellers behind him!

He then entered, with his companions, the beautiful valley called Shoopeyan, which is covered with lilies and roses; and dancing girls were sent to amuse him. Thus he entered Cashmere; and the best house in the place was assigned to him and his party.

Cashmere is situated between two mountains, with the river Jelum in the midst. On both sides of the river are houses, and the town is connected by seven bridges. The name of Cashmere is derived, according to some, from *Kashaf*, a son of Brahma, who is always represented as a child about five years of age; and *Meer*, which means "hill." The capital town of Cashmere is Nagurnagar. The mountains between which Cashmere is situated, are called *Takht-suliman*, "The Throne of Solomon;" for we ought to know, that according to Eastern tradition, Solomon travelled through the world, seated upon a throne, carried by genii, and ornamented by figures of lions which could speak. Solomon was acquainted with the lan-

guages, not only of all nations, but of all animals; and with all the languages of plants and flowers. Solomon was the builder of Ispahan, of which the proverb says, *Ispahan neem jehaun.* "Ispahan is half a world."

After Wolff had taken possession of his lodging, he waited on his Royal Highness Sheer Singh. He was seated in a splendid saloon; beautiful glass chandeliers were hanging from the ceiling, and the floor was covered with carpets of Cashmere shawls. There were all the grandees of Kashgar, Kokan, Khotan, Ladack, Lassa present; also some Chinese, Persian Moollahs, Pundits, and Brahmins; and near to Wolff was the Prince Governor, who put his hand upon Wolff's knee, and gave him a glass of French liqueur to drink. He then took off his valuable shawl, and gave it to Wolff, together with a present of £50.

Here Wolff wishes to record the following fact. Before he left Malta, Mr. Hookham Frere told him to draw upon him for as much as he wanted to defray the expenses of his missionary journey to Bokhara and Hindoostan. Besides this obligation, Wolff was in debt £200 to Mr. Eneas Mackintosh, in London, who had, in the year 1827, advanced him the requisite sum to pay the fees in the House of Lords for his naturalization. Wolff had promised both these gentlemen to repay them faithfully out of the profits which would arise from the publication of his travels. But when Wolff arrived at Attock, as already stated in this volume, he received letters from Lady William Bentinck, in which her Ladyship told him that it was a custom in India, amongst the native princes, to give presents of money, jewels, &c., to travellers who were well recommended by Government; and, at the same time, it was a rule made by the East India Company, that all those presents which gentlemen in the service of the Company should receive, had to be delivered to the treasury of the Company. Inasmuch, however, as Wolff was not in the service of the East India Company, he might keep all these presents for himself. Wolff, therefore, sent some money which he thus received in the Punjaub, and at Cashmere, to the amount of £700, to the bank of Mackintosh, at Calcutta, for the repayment of his debts to Mr. Frere, and Mr. Eneas Mackintosh. But, as Mackintosh's house in Calcutta soon afterwards failed, the greater part of the money was lost, and the debts remained. On Wolff's subsequent arrival, however, at Lucknow, his Majesty the King of Oude, made him a present of £1,000; out of which he repaid, a second time, both Mr. Frere and Eneas Mackintosh, besides £150 which he owed to Lady Georgiana. He states these

facts, because he has been found fault with, several times, by many persons, for having received presents from native princes. The whole sum which remained to himself, on his return to his wife at Malta, consisted of £60.

Let us now return to the palace of Sheer Singh. Opposite to Wolff and the prince there was sitting a man of the most beautiful countenance, with piercing eyes, and a long beard, who was dressed like a warrior. Wolff asked the prince "who it was?" He answered, "This is an *Akalee*," meaning "immortal;" one of those Sikh military fakeers who have already been described. Wolff, hearing this, paid him no further attention, for he feared that he might disturb him, and be asked for a present. Wolff then took his leave, and walked down the beautiful valley of Cashmere to his lodging. In the evening a whole crowd of dancing-girls, all dressed in silk, entered his room. A servant of the prince's carried a burning torch before them. Wolff wished to send them away, but they said, in their sweet Persian tones, "*Sahib een dastoor neest een Jaa Shah Zaadah Maara farastaad!*" which means, "Sir, this is not the custom here; the Prince Royal has sent us here." So they danced and sang for a few minutes, and then Wolff sent them away, giving them a present of about £2. Bishop Heber says, in his Journals, that he was also visited by these dancing-girls, whom he would sometimes allow to dance: and Wolff did not dislike these dancing-girls, when they commenced dancing; for they are rather modest-looking than otherwise.

We must here give a short account of Sheer Singh, whose life is very interesting. Rundjud Singh had two wives, one of whom bore him Karak Singh, the heir presumptive to the throne. He once went on an expedition, when his other wife, jealous of the more fortunate mother, bought a baby of a poor Sikh woman, and sent word to his Royal Highness that she was also herself the happy mother of a son! Rundjud Singh said, "How can this be? However, be it so; and he shall be accounted my son, and his name shall be Sheer Singh." Both the children grew up; but Karak Singh, the real son, was found to be an idiot. Nevertheless, he ascended the throne of the Punjaub, and was soon afterwards slain in a treacherous manner, when Sheer Singh became king in 1841, as Wolff had predicted in his conversation with him. He always remained a faithful ally to the English nation. He was a drunkard, but a man of great talent, and a good soldier. Wolff rowed about with him in a boat, during which time he showed considerable power in conversation. Amongst other

things; he talked to Wolff about witches, who, he said, frequently suck out the blood of people; and he asked, "whether there were any laws against witches in England; and whether those laws were carried out?" Wolff replied, that "the laws still existed, but that they are not carried out!" The prince replied, "When those laws were enacted, the legislature must have believed in the existence of witches." Wolff replied, that "this was a just remark, but that we now were living in an age of infidelity, which tried to get rid of everything in the way of belief. He, nevertheless, for his part, believed in the existence of such a power." Sheer Singh asked Wolff, "whether he should send for a wizard, who would display his skill?" Wolff declined to see him, observing that "he was convinced that his power must be of the devil, whom he wished to keep at arm's length, and would have nothing to say to him." Sheer Singh then talked with Wolff about visions, when Wolff confessed that he had himself experienced them, and had one day seen the New Jerusalem coming down from heaven, when our Lord had a threefold crown upon his head, and was surrounded by his Apostles, and Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and all the while the virgins were devoutly looking from the windows, bowing to our Lord, and saying, "Now He has his tabernacle with man."

Wolff then left the prince, and, going down the valley of Cashmere, he saw a horseman galloping towards him. It was the Akalee, with whose beauty he had been so much struck. Wolff put his hand in his pocket and took out twenty rupees to make him a present of it; but he said, "I do not come for that. I am an Akalee, and so are you. I fight with my sword, you with your book. I am only come to pay my veneration to you."

Wolff then arrived at his room again, where an extraordinary man came to visit him. This was none else but the great Muhammad Shah Nakshbandi. He was the *Moorsheed*, *i.e.* "spiritual guide," of the whole of Turkistaun, and of all the Turcomauns of Khiva, Bokhara, Kokan, and Yarkand. He wished to take Wolff with him to Yarkand; and he showed him letters written by Morecroft, describing the said spiritual guide, Nakshbandi, as a good and excellent man. He then confirmed to Wolff the account which Wolff had heard in Bokhara and Mowr, that the inhabitants of Khiva are chiefly the descendants of the Hittites, Hivites, and Jebusites, whose ancestors were expelled by Joshua; and Wolff, when in Merw, heard the same account from the Jews, who also called them the Philistines.

Wolff thus spent both pleasantly and usefully his time in Cashmere, conversing both with Muhammadans and Buddhists. The latter believe that, after this life, our souls and bodies will become atoms and lose themselves in the clouds, like the whiff of a cheroot: and Wolff actually believes that the shadowy Paradise of Christians, who *phantomize** the clear sense of prophecy, is little better than this belief of the Buddhist.

Another set of people came from Kashgar, who told Wolff that the greater number of the inhabitants of Little Kashgar were ready to embrace Christianity, if ever the English were to come among them. Wolff heard a great deal of talk about apparitions, both from Buddhists and Muhammadans.

Here Wolff breaks off a little from his account of his stay at Cashmere, in order to give the reader the following account. Mr. Preisweg, of Geneva, an Irvingite, and a good and excellent Christian, came one day to an hotel in Switzerland. As he was going to bed a ghost appeared to him, and said, "I am the ghost of a person who was hanged here six weeks ago." Preisweg replied very coolly, "That is no business of mine, so, good night." And he went to bed and slept quietly. Johannes Sabelli, a Redemptorist, once told Wolff another story. One night, when he was going to rest, the devil appeared to him in the form of a hump-backed cat. Sabelli made the sign of the cross, and continually said, *die Katz macht keinen Buckel! die Katz mache keinen Buckel! die Katz macht keinen Buckel!* which means, "No cat is ever hump-backed! No cat is ever humpbacked," &c.; and then he gave the cat such a stroke, that she cried out, "I am killed! I am killed!" and then Sabelli said, "I have killed the devil!" When Sabelli related this, Wolff asked him, "If you have killed the devil, why does he continue to tempt us?" But Sabelli replied, "Do you not know that his name is Legion?" Now, though Wolff's credulity does not extend so far as to believe that Sabelli killed the devil, in the form of a cat; yet, in common with some of the greatest philosophers and poets, he avows himself to be a believer in the reality of visions, notwithstanding the puffing, speechifying, phantomizing, magazineering, pamphleteering, Exeter-hall thundering, in-everything-Popery-smelling spirit of this age; and which is always talking against superstition, but never against the infidelity that prevails.

* Dr. Wolff is proud of having invented the word *phantomize* instead of spiritualize.

Wolff again took a walk to the beautiful valley of Shopeyan, where beggars came in crowds, and told him, that "the fame of his name had gone far before him." He desired these flatterers to speak his name, but they did not know it. Thousands of poor and rich crowded around him in the valley, and to them he preached the tidings of salvation. He also made them acquainted with the different regions of Europe.

The cruelty practised against Muhammadans by the Sikhs is dreadful. A little while before Wolff went there, a whole Muhammadan family was burned alive for having killed a cow. It must, however, be confessed, that one cannot but see the retributive justice of God against that people for the cruelties which they had practised, when in power, against the Sikhs, and which are actually appalling to think of, and Wolff will not distress the reader by relating them. They have also, in these persecutions, an evident proof afforded to themselves, that the sword is no certain argument of the truth of a religion, which they vainly imagined it was.

When Wolff took leave of Sheer Singh, he begged his Royal Highness not to prevent the poor people from flying from Cashmere, and he promised to wink at it; and so it came to pass that hundreds of shawl-weavers, with their wives and children, joined Wolff on his journey back to Loodhiana, in Hindoostan. They came close to his palanquin, and the police tried to drive them back with their sticks; but Wolff suddenly jumped out of the palanquin, with a stick in his hand, and said, "Do you dare to disturb the companions of the great Englishman?" lifting his stick at the same time. So the police ran away, and Wolff got them safely over the frontier. He brought them to British India, and recommended them to Sir Claude Wade.

Wolff also took with him from Cashmere six young Tatars, who were the sons of a widow residing in Yarkand; for the mother had made a vow to send every one of her children on a pilgrimage to Mecca. He gave them two rupees a day, and also six bibles, which, as he afterwards heard, they showed to the people at Mecca, and spoke of his kindness to them.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Delhi; The Grand Mogul; Major Fraser; Agra; Captain Havelock; Cawnpore; A. Conolly; Lucknow; Dispute with Moollahs; Benares; Buxar.

THUS Wolff arrived once again at Loodhiana, by the way of Lahore. His English friends bought of him all the shawls that he had received as presents; and he lectured at Kurnaul, whence he proceeded to Meerut, where he was most hospitably received in the house of Mr. Whiting, the chaplain of the station, and by Mr. Proby. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir Edward Barnes, was also there; and Wolff was invited by the officers to a public dinner. He preached on the personal reign of Christ, in Mr. Whiting's church, and his friend, Mr. Proby, preached against him. The sermon of the latter thus commenced: "The most interesting missionary that ever appeared has arrived in Meerut, Joseph Wolff by name; but I do not agree with him, from the beginning to the end, with regard to the personal reign of Jesus Christ." Yet, strange to say, a short time afterwards, Proby himself became a believer in it; and he now preaches the same doctrine at Winchester for which he then condemned Joseph Wolff.

Wolff had an invitation, at Meerut, from an extraordinary lady, who was ninety-two years of age at that time; but she still bore the traces of great beauty in her countenance. She was the Princess of Sardanha, where she resided. Amongst the cruelties which she had committed, it was said that she had burnt one of her slave-girls alive; but she afterwards repented, and sent £50,000 to the Pope (as Wolff was told), and as much to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in order that they might both pray for her, to make her salvation sure. When Wolff called on her, she made him a present of a picture of the church which she had built at her own expense. He found her seated, smoking her galyoon with great dignity; and she invited him to dine with her friends, for she herself always dined alone. So Wolff dined with her nephew, Dyce Sombre, who became her heir, and afterwards went to England, and married the daughter of Lord St. Vincent. Amongst the dinner-party was also her confessor (for she was a Roman Catholic), Father Julius Cæsar, a jolly Capuchin friar, who sang an Italian love-song at table. Wolff must confess that he and his friend Whiting felt rather uncomfortable at the freedom of

this jolly priest, and at hearing so venerable-looking an old man, with a white beard, thus amusing the company. After this he returned to Meerut, and soon afterwards prepared for his journey to Delhi, the seat of the Grand Mogul.

Having reached Delhi, Wolff called on Major James Fraser, an extraordinary and excellent man, and a great friend to the natives, both Muhammadans and Hindoos. These natives were seated upon the floor in Fraser's house, looking upon him as their father. He patted them on the forehead, and said to Wolff, "These are the people I cherish, for we oppress them." Is it possible to believe—and yet it is true—that the two most enthusiastic friends of the Muhammadans and Hindoos, Fraser and Mr. Shore, son of Lord Teignmouth, have both been in frequent danger of being murdered by the Muhammadans; and poor Fraser *was* murdered, in the most treacherous manner, by a Muhammadan Nwab, some years afterwards?

This amiable man dressed himself like a native, and held the views of a Brahmin; and he believed that Wolff's views were also like those of the Brahmins, and said to him, "If you live till you are fifty, you will be a staunch metaphysician." He introduced him to the Grand Mogul, who gave to Wolff the title of "The Prince of the Christian Moollahs;" but his Majesty complained of Wolff's dress, which was not very smart, and observed, "Padre Wolff ought to have a better cap, for he looks more like a captain in the navy than a padre." His Majesty ordered that his great Moollahs should dispute with Wolff, which they did; and it was put in the native papers, that Wolff, the Padre Sahib, had been completely beaten in argument by Moollah Iszhaak. Wolff experienced great kindness from all the English residents at Delhi. Mrs. Metcalf, a most amiable lady, wife of Thomas Metcalf, the collector, occupied herself with copying his journals. Another lady undertook to put his neckerchiefs in order for him.

He remained at Delhi for some weeks, and he heard a well-meant sermon preached from a text which was incorrectly applied, by a Baptist missionary, Mr. Thompson by name. This gentleman was a half-Indian, and a pious, well-meaning man. His text was, "Surely thou also art one of them," which was evidently said in a bad sense; but Wolff's friend Thompson, in speaking of him, went on saying, "Thou also art one of them who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goes. Thou also art one of them who hope to be saved by the blood of Christ. Thou also art one of them who hope to be justified by faith."

Wolff left Delhi for Agra, and on his way thither he stopped with his palanquin at the bungalow of Captain and Mrs. Henry Havelock. How little did he think, at that time, that that young officer would shine, in after years, as the great general whose name will be recorded in history! He also met one of his brothers, who was a strict Baptist. Mrs. Havelock was the daughter of Dr. Marshman, the celebrated Baptist missionary of Serampore. Captain, afterwards Sir Henry Havelock, and his lady, conversed with Wolff for several hours. Amongst things they spoke of were the hymns of the Jews of Jerusalem; and he gave them some specimens of these in singing. He also talked of their friends in England, of Robert Hall and Rowland Hill; of that holy man, the Baptist, Mr. Ward; and he expounded to them his own doctrine on the personal reign of Christ, and the restoration of the Jewish nation to their own land, and their future conversion to Christianity. He also told them that those mighty events would take place in the year 1847; and if now an opponent were to ask Wolff, "Why did you fix that time?" he has but one answer to give, which he candidly gives to every one, "Because I was a great ass."

Wolff must here introduce some striking letters of Sir Charles Napier, in which his prophetic mistakes are made fun of by that great man. They were written long after the period here described.

"Oaklands, February 7, 1852.

"WHAT chance has a poor devil of a soldier in the hands of a prophet? *None!* He must beat the 'chammade' and surrender at discretion, which I do accordingly. And I send you with pleasure a post-office order for a *pound* instead of ten shillings.

"I do not think the 'tree of knowledge' seems to bear much fruit in our Government, as far as our present ministers are concerned! Eh? If you plant '*the tree of life*,' there should be no fruit given to ——— or the *Whig Government*. For the love of England, don't *perpetuate* that man as a minister! I hope he is no friend of yours, or Lady Georgiana's? if he is, sell me a *pennyworth* of *absolution*: it is the fashion now-a-days to be a *little* of a Romanist, and I have a *Pusey* parson near who *confesses* the poor! ! !

"I hope you are a *Puseyite*. I know you have a hankering after the Pope, only you pretend not.

"I want you to tell me if we are to be invaded, or not? I think Napoleon will take Egypt some fine day. I think he deserves great credit for smashing those accursed *Red repub-*

licans. I do hate those rascals beyond all expression. Well, God bless you, my dear Wolff, and believe me always,

"Yours sincerely, C. NAPIER.

"I am glad you have the good sense to give up '*converting the heathen*' in wild countries! and stay at home with your wife, and your *own poor flock* at Ile Brewers."

"March 14, 1852.

"MY DEAR PROPHET—I am delighted at being wrong! But you *are* cracked nevertheless, for you told me I was 'in Lady Georgiana's bad books,' for abusing ——— ! well, it's all right. He may go to *my Brother** if he likes! . . . . I hope he will not get into power again, but I fear he will. I am of opinion that missionaries should travel without baggage, and soldiers *too.* Only a *bit* of *soap* is good, I think, in *tropical climates*, or else one might be taken for a 'Pied du Capucin.'"

(*The rest torn.*)

"Oaklands, August 1, 1852.

"MY DEAR PROPHET—What! I am '*no Theologian.*' The devil I am not! In 1827 you told me that the world would come to an end in 1845; well, I told you it would not! you are a great theologian, you expounded the Bible—I expounded it better, for this is 52 and the world *all right, ergo,* I am a greater theologian than Joseph Wolff, the false prophet! There! you are floored by a syllogism which proves me your master in *theology* and *logic*! I am quite of your opinion that there is all over Christendom more disputes about religion than there is religion! you are not one of that canting race; but follow the rules laid down by our great Master, Jesus Christ;—*faith—hope—charity* !—for this reason I never ascribe to you anything but *honourable* and *religious* motives, and certainly I do not ascribe to you either '*officiousness*' or '*intrusiveness*'—as you seem to fear, and therefore I feel much *obliged* by your letter, and am sorry that neither McMurdo nor myself can help you. My sister is seventy-six, and never leaves London, nor mixes with such matters; and McMurdo and I are eight miles from Portsmouth, where we know hardly anybody, and never go there, except to get something, and come back, so you must lecture on your own responsibility, and trust to the sale of your tickets for covering your expenses.

* Sir Charles Napier was called *the Devil's brother* by the people of Khorassan.

I think, my dear Prophet, that I need tell you that either myself or any of my family being concerned in your lectures would deprive them of their proper effect; it would injure *them* and *you* and *me*, because *my* enemies would say, and so would *yours*, 'Oh, ho! there is that fellow, Sir Charles Napier, hiring that fellow, Wolff, to fight his battles! This is the way that one defends his conduct under the cloak of religion, and the other makes money by it.' This is just what the lying scoundrels would say against us both, and print all sorts of things,—and this would be especially said, were you to lecture in *Portsmouth*, as I live near it!

"My advice to you is, therefore, to give your lectures in some other town; London would be the best, as every one lectures there, and your lectures could in no way be yoked with my name, more than the subject would naturally introduce it. As to the lectures themselves, they will, assuredly, be most interesting to the public; but whether they would repay your expenses or not, I cannot say; of that you, who have so often lectured, must be the best judge.

"As to myself, I laugh at my enemies. I have done no wrong, I have been guided by our Saviour's rules, as far as my weak and fallible human nature admitted; that is to say, I did, as an officer, what I believed to be just in the eyes of God; and I laugh at and scorn my enemies, as lying, dishonourable scoundrels; and I hope you do the same by yours; and that, as you are a man gifted with the spirit and power to preach, you will do so, and tell the public what is truth.

"Believe me to be, my dear Wolff,

"Yours most faithfully, C. NAPIER.

Wolff stayed till two o'clock in the morning talking to these excellent and amiable people—the Havelocks; and when he was about to depart for Agra, Mrs. (now Lady) Havelock said to him, "Mr. Wolff, you are very wrong in making yourself so agreeable, for then you run off, and we have cause to regret your departure." He entered his palanquin, after embracing Havelock and shaking hands with his wife; and he recited some words of Francis Xavier, the most devoted missionary that ever lived since the Apostles. These words are (and they are the motto of this work), "I will presently mount my wooden horse to take me over the sea. What do I see! The ship takes in her anchor. No time is to be lost, for Christ is to be preached. Farewell!"

Wolff arrived safely the next day at Agra, where he alighted at the house of Mr. Laing, and there he met Dr. Parish, the

chaplain, who invited him to preach the next day. He also made the acquaintance of two agreeable officers, Hay and Boileau. The latter wrote a kind paragraph in the paper about Wolff, but called him "Salathiel." Wolff has really passed through divers reports, and has been metamorphosed, by the pens of both his friends and enemies, into many persons of distinction. Friends at home have declared him to be a second incarnation of Elijah the Prophet, others of Paul. The Muhammadans have called him Mehdee: others again have said he was a magician; another styled him Salathiel; &c. However, he himself knows best that he is only "Joseph Wolff;" a humble servant, who wandered about to preach his Saviour, His sufferings, His resurrection, His ascension; and who has pointed to His second coming in glory. The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Agra did him the honour of calling upon him, and he made him acquainted with the state of the Roman Catholic mission in India.

And who would visit Agra, without paying a visit to the most wonderful edifice the world has ever seen, the cemetery of the Queen, Taaj-Mahaul, with its mighty pillars? One cannot but look at it and go away, and come back to look at it again; each time with more astonishment. One feels inclined to compare those mighty soaring pillars which are outside the building, and the tomb within which it contains, to the structure of the Lord's Prayer. Thus, the first part of that prayer leads the soul upwards, above the clouds, to the throne of the Almighty, and to Christ who sits at his right hand—"Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." But suddenly, and at once, the soul is conscious that it is still enshrined in an earthly body, with earthly wants and earthly weaknesses, which do not yet permit her to soar aloft. So she comes down from her exaltation, and prays for that body, which is still entombed in this life, like Taaj-Mahaul. The first part of that prayer contains the praises of angels and the heavenly host, and the second part the breathings of a mortal; but it does not after all stop there, for again it raises itself to the throne of heaven, in these words, "For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever." Moreover, in that all-comprehensive word, AMEN, (which is the expression of the slave in Turkistan, when he surrenders himself as a prisoner to him who makes him captive, and exclaims *Amman*, which means, "Give me safety,") we find the soul concluding this prayer with a desire that God will give "safety," through Christ. For this is also the very

name of Christ in the Revelations, where He is called "Yea and Amen;" and in the prophet Isaiah, where He is called the God of AMEN. This meditation was the subject of one of the sermons which Wolff preached at Agra. The contents of the Lord's Prayer may also be compared to the flight of an eagle, which attempts to soar upwards to heaven; but is soon compelled to seek rest, either on the rigging of a ship, or on some neighbouring crag.

An awful event happened upon the height of the Taaj-Mahaul. Mrs. Duncan, a very interesting lady, who, with her husband, had formed a great friendship for Wolff, ascended, with Dr. Duncan, to the summit of the temple, when her foot slipped, and she fell from that height to the ground, and was dashed to pieces, and of course killed on the spot. Thus was the affectionate husband made a mourner for his wife.

Wolff then left Agra in his palanquin, and proceeded to Cawnpore, near which place his palanquin broke down; but being assisted by a kind resident in Cawnpore, he alighted at the hopitable bungalow of one of those friends on whose account, ten years afterwards, he undertook his second perilous journey to Bokhara. The name of this friend was *Arthur Conolly*. He met there also with another officer, who was afterwards ill treated by the East India Company; but who knew, in spite of that, how to die the death of a hero, which he met in battle against the Sikhs in the year 1846. His name was D'Arcy Todd.

Wolff preached the next day in the church of Cawnpore during the absence of the chaplain, Mr. White. He also conversed and had public arguments with vast multitudes of Muhammadans. They applied in a very ingenious way the 13th, 14th, and 15th verses of the 21st chapter of Isaiah to the flight of Muhammad, or the *Hejrah*, from which event they date the Muhammadan era: "The burden upon Arabia. In the forest in Arabia shall ye lodge, O ye travelling companies of Dedanim. The inhabitants of the land of Tema brought water to him that was thirsty, they prevented with their bread him that fled. For they fled from the swords, from the drawn sword, and from the bent bow, and from the grievousness of war." As a refutation of this would not have led to any great result, nor the admission of it to a proof of Muhammad's just claim to the prophetic office, Wolff passed it over, only remarking that the Prophet, if it be applicable to Muhammad, seems only to indicate that his appearance and flight were a misfortune, for the Prophet calls it the *burden* in Arabia.

Wolff had again the gratification of preaching there in the

presence of his dear wife's relations, Sir J. and Lady Bryant, and General and Mrs. Churchill. He then went, accompanied by the Bryants, to Lucknow, in the kingdom of Oude; and was most hospitably received by Major, now General Low, and Mrs. Low. The latter was sister to the meritorious and philanthropic Sir Richmond Shakspeare. Wolff presented Mrs. Low with two volumes of Arndt's "True Christianity," translated from the German into English, which she highly esteemed, for she had lately lost a relation; and this book gave her great comfort, as it will do to every one whose soul is seeking for God. It was at Lucknow that Wolff heard of the loss of the money which he had sent to Hookham Frere.

When his Majesty the King of Oude heard of Wolff's arrival, he sent word to Major Low, who was Resident of the Court at Lucknow, that he should like Joseph Wolff to deliver a lecture at his court, where he would invite all the Muhammadan Moollahs, and all the British residents, to hear it. So, on an appointed day, Wolff went in a palanquin, accompanied by Major and Mrs. Low, Sir Jeremiah and Lady Bryant, and the French officers, the Messrs. Dubois, and their wives, to the palace of his Majesty; who came out of his room with a crown upon his head, and embraced, first of all, Major Low, and then Wolff, entering with them and the whole party, of French and English residents into the beautiful hall of his palace. On their entrance, all the Muhammadan Moollahs, who were dressed in gorgeons garments, rose from the ground. Then the King seated himself on his throne, with Major Low on his right hand and the others on his left, whilst Wolff placed himself in front; and, bowing to his Majesty, he began to give an account of his travels; but he was interrupted by the Moollahs, in a way which really delighted him. They said, "Moollah Wolff, we don't want to hear stories; we want to knock you down in argument;" which was just what he wanted, for his chief object was, not to tell his adventures, but to make the relation of them a means of preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The controversy lasted for two hours, and shouts of applause arose from all sides. Lady Bryant's heart leaped like an antelope, and she called Wolff her "dear cousin; and his Majesty the King presented to him on the spot, as an evidence of his gratification, 10,000 sicca rupees, equivalent to £1,000. With this Wolff paid back, a second time, the whole debt, to the Right Honourable Hookham Frere, and to Eneas Mackintosh, and Lady Georgiana. Mrs. Low took care of the money, and said, "Let me manage it for you;" and she discharged those debts for him.

Wolff then returned again from Lucknow to Cawnpore, where he put up with his old friend Conolly. He also met at Cawnpore a good old German countryman, in whose house there was a young enthusiastic German, who intended to go into China, to preach the Gospel. Wolff asked him, "Whether he knew Chinese?" but he said, "No, nor do I intend to learn it, for the Gospel says, 'Do not think what ye shall speak.'" Wolff told him, "I will make you acquainted with a story of a friend of mine, who said, 'I am going to Bagdad to preach the Gospel;' and when I asked him whether he knew Arabic? he replied, exactly like you, 'The Lord says do not think what ye shall speak.' So he went to Bagdad, and not having learnt the language, he knew not how to speak; nor would he have known what to say, even if he had been thinking and considering what he should speak; and being a strict Predestinarian, he considered his own ignorance to be a sign that he ought not to preach at Bagdad, but go to some other place where the people had been called by God; as then he would certainly have the gift of languages bestowed upon him. So he left Bagdad, and when quitting the gate of the city, he shook off the dust from his feet in indignation, at those poor Arabs for not having understood English. But this was the case wherever he went; and so it will be with you, my friend!"

The ladies of Cawnpore were exceedingly kind to Wolff, so much so that, when he was about to leave, many wept, and cut off pieces of his hair. This made him so vain, and increased so much his self-approbation, especially because he was everywhere so great a favourite in India, that he has never lost the feeling. At last he left Cawnpore in a palanquin, which was presented to him by his German fellow-countryman, for a place, if he is not mistaken, called Mirzapoor; where he was received hospitably by a most excellent and interesting gentleman, Rivaz by name, who was entirely a follower of Bishop Berkeley, and believed in the non-existence of matter. Wolff believes that the only proof which can be produced, for the fallacy of that system, is that which a follower of the great Hoffbauer gave to Wolff, when Wolff said to him, "Father Martin" (for this was his name), "prove to me that I exist." Father Martin took hold of his hair, and pulled it with such force, saying to Wolff, "Do you exist or not?" that Wolff was compelled to exclaim, "Yes, I exist; I need no further proof."

Wolff then set out the next day, from Rivaz's house, for Benares; and driving along he met in the street a young officer on horseback. Wolff looked out of his palanquin, and asked the young officer to tell his palanquin-driver, where the house

General White was. The officer, in the coolest way possible, and without looking at Wolff or showing the slightest symptom of recognition, said, in a peculiarly solemn and unconcerned way, "I will ride on with pleasure to show you the way to General White's." Wolff asked, "Do you know me?" and the officer answered, in the same unconcerned way, "Yes; you are the most intimate friend of my family."

Wolff.—"What is your name?"

Officer.—"My name is Charles Hawtrey, of Hackney."

Wolff.—"You stupid fellow, why are you so cold to me?"

Hawtrey.—"You must excuse me, I am naturally so."

But very soon he laid aside his coldness, brought his uncle, Colonel Hawtrey, to Wolff, and showed Wolff every attention in his power. That same young man was, some years after, made a prisoner in the disaster of Cabul, whence he escaped to Bokhara; and there he shared the fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly.

Wolff was received with the greatest kindness into the house of General White; where soon the veteran Judge of Benares, Mr. Brooke, who was eighty-six years of age, called on him. Whilst this gentleman was with him, he was attacked by a slight fit of apoplexy. Wolff at once observed it, and said, "Let him instantly be bled." This was done, and he became better; but six weeks after, he died.

Wolff visited the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, at Benares, who highly praised the prudence with which Mr. Colvin had abolished a most horrid custom at Allahabad, which is a place of pilgrimage. One of the Hindoo saints came forward every year, and declared that he would throw himself into the Ganges, with one stone tied to his feet, and another to his neck, in order to ensure being drowned; as, by this death, he expected to obtain absorption, and come nigh to God, and be translated into one of the heavens, called Pewacoku. In this abode distinct blessings are conferred on such victims; and the length of their remaining in it depends upon the number of their good deeds. So, when one meritoriously drowns himself, in order to go to that place, thousands and thousands of Hindoos attend to see this great saint make the sacrifice; and, on such occasions, great numbers in the crowd are crushed to death. In order to abolish this dreadful ceremony, Mr. Colvin published the following order: "That, not desiring to interfere with their religion, any one who wished to drown himself must first send in his name to him, Mr. Colvin, the magistrate of the town of Allahabad; and then the magistrate would command the people to remain in

their houses, in order that the man might be able to drown himself undisturbedly." From the time that this order was issued, the dreadful ceremony ceased to be performed, as the only object was to produce a sensation among the people. The fancied saint was thus effectually foiled in his contrivances for collecting a crowd.

Wolff could not but admire the zeal and the success with which Mr. and Mrs. Smith had established schools at Benares for Muhammadan and Hindoo girls, who learned by heart the Ten Commandments and portions of scripture. He was also convinced of the truth of one fact, namely, that people who are prejudiced against an object, will never see that object in its true light. For, on leaving the missionaries, Smith, Leupold, and Knorp, he went to dine with General White, where he met an officer who had resided in Benares more than fifteen years, and who made the following observation to Wolff: "Now, only see how little the missionaries are doing. They have been here for more than twenty years, and yet they have not established a single school." Wolff replied, "This is, indeed, very strange; for I have just come from six schools, which have been established by the Church Missionary Society, and have existed for many years." Inasmuch as Wolff has himself frequently censured the proceedings of Missionary Societies, it is only fair that he should also warn friends at home not to give too easy credit to reports which come from India, from people who are totally ignorant of the proceedings of the missionaries.

Wolff also had a conversation with a Roman Catholic priest, and heard him explain, in his house, to his congregation, the fifteen mysteries of the Christian religion. With most of these Wolff most cordially agreed. Five of them, he said, were mysteries which produce joy:—1. The Annunciation of the Angel to the Virgin Mary. 2. The Visit of the Virgin Mary to St. Elizabeth, John the Baptist's mother. 3. The Nativity of our Lord. 4. The Appearance of the Angels. 5. The Entrance of our Lord into the Temple. These five, again, are heart-rending mysteries. 1. The Prayer of our Lord in the Garden. 2. The flagellation which He sustained. 3. The Coronation with Thorns. 4. The carrying of His Cross. 5. The Crucifixion and Death. The five mysteries of Glory are:—1. The Resurrection of our Lord from the Dead. 2. His Ascension into Heaven. 3. The Descent of the Holy Spirit upon his disciples. 4. The Ascension of the Virgin Mary into Heaven. 5. The Coronation of the Virgin Mary as Queen of the Heavenly Host. He also explained, better

than Wolff ever heard before, the sins against the Holy Ghost. The 1st is: Despair of one's salvation. 2nd. Presumption in expecting to be saved, without being fellow-workers with God. 3rd. The stifling of one's conviction of the truth. 4th. The being jealous of the Grace of God imparted to others. 5th. Perseverance in sin. 6th. The continuing in sin unto death, without repentance.

Wolff also made at Benares the acquaintance of Captain, now Colonel Thoresby, who was placed over the Academy, or Sanscrit College there, which was established about seventy years ago by Government, at the recommendation of Mr. Duncan, who was at that time agent to the Governor-General, and was afterwards Governor of Bombay. The following are the branches of study taught there: Firstly, Grammar; secondly, Poetry and works of Rhetoric; thirly, the Nature of the Divinity, called *Vedanhu*; fourthly, *Minansa*, or the "Ritual of the Vedas;" fifthly, *Sankhya*, a system of philosophy; sixthly, the *Pooranus*, or epic poems of the famous books called *Muhabharutu* and *Ramajanu:* the latter is translated by Wilhelm von Schlegel; seventhly, Arithmetic, Mathematics, and Astronomy; eighthly, the Hindoo law contained in *Shastree*, a code for the general conduct of the Hindoos. The English Seminary was founded about thirty-three years ago. Captain Thoresby, the Director of the Hindoo College, showed Wolff the temple *Pishwar*, which signifies "Lord of the Universe," and is one of the names of Sheeva. *Sheeva*, or *Mahadeo*, is the grand temple of Benares. Benares is likewise called *Kaashe*, which means "resplendent." Benares is derived from *Baranuse*, and this means "situated near the sacred river Ganges."

Whilst Wolff was one day passing by the Ganges, he saw thousands of Hindoos performing their *Buja*, viz., "worship and ablution;" and they were washing their clothes in the river. This is the baptism of the Hindoos. In short, baptism exists, and has ever existed, among all nations; and tradition tells us that it was commenced at the Deluge, when the world was purified by water, through the perdition of wicked men, and the salvation of the righteous. And this is what Peter meant, in his first Epistle, chap. iii., verses 20, 21, where he says, "God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls were saved by water. The like figure whereunto, even baptism, doth also now save us." It is remarkable that baptism is expressed in Arabic by the word *Towfaan*, and means properly "purifying;" afterwards "deluge," whence the Germans have to this day the word *Taufen* for "baptizing."

Wolff asked Captain Thoresby "How far the Hindoo was connected with Egypt, and to what extent that connection, which once subsisted, can be ascertained?" His reply was, "That there can be no doubt that an intimate connection did once subsist between Egypt and India; but the extent of it is not to be ascertained from the Sanscrit books." The tenth, and last incarnation of Vishnoo kalki took place, according to the belief of the Hindoos, about four hundred and twenty-seven thousand years before Christ. Still, we see a great analogy with the History of the Messiah; for Vishnoo is, according to their belief, to come to destroy the world for a season, until the next great period of their ages recommences. The Hindoos have a record of the submersion of the world by a deluge, with many circumstances that resembled the Mosaic narrative.

In Benares Wolff met a Greek, Galanos, by name, who had lived more than fifty years in that city, and he not only dressed like a Brahmin, but also lived like one, and was devoted entirely to the study of Sanscrit, and was in correspondence not only with the wise men of Hindoostan, but also with the monks of Mount Sinai. He told Wolff that so long as the missionaries would not make themselves acquainted with the system of Hindooism, their success could only be partial. And though he was very far from despairing that Christianity would at last take root in Hindoostan, yet he thought that it would go out from themselves as a result of their own study and convictions; for, though he believed that the origin of Hindooism was Monotheism, or belief in one God, yet this very Monotheism contained traces of the doctrine of a Trinity.

Yet that amiable man, Galanos, was favourable to missions, and this was on real religious grounds, for he said, "The salvation of one soul is worth millions of money." Dr. Wolff, very recently, received a just reproof from Dr. Harvey, the celebrated naturalist at Dublin, on account of the shallow wit he uttered, by saying, "that the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews had carried on the conversion of the Jews for fifty-two years, and had spent £800,000 during that time, and had only converted two Jews and a half!" Dr. Harvey, sent him an advertisement, announcing a meeting of the London Society at York, upon which Dr. Harvey had written Dr. Wolff's observation, and simply added to it, "What is the value of one soul!" These few words Wolff felt as if a poinard had entered his heart. He showed it to his friends, and said, "This is the observation, not of a clergyman, but of a naturalist; and I have no answer

to give to him but simply to acknowledge my error, and make a firm resolution not to repeat the joke again."

Now, to return to the history of Wolff's wandering through Hindoostan. Just before his departure for Buxar, he received a letter which he cannot help quoting. It was from that extraordinary man, Major William Fraser, whose character Wolff has already described. Strange to say, though a lover and friend of Muhammadans and Hindoos, on which account he had incurred the obloquy of his British fellow-countrymen, poor Fraser found his death by the dagger of a Muhammadan Nwab, who had been his friend for years. That horrid murderer received his punishment on the scaffold, but with a firmness, coolness, and awful devotion which are only to be seen in a Muhammadan fatalist, and which are worth describing. He was taken out of prison by the executioner, and led to the scaffold, preceded by a detachment of British soldiers. No movement of his muscles could be observed; he held in his hand a Muhammadan rosary, on which he recited his prayers; he gave no symptom of repentance, but, on the contrary, he deemed it a good act to have murdered a *Kaafer*, *i. e.* "infidel." After his body was taken down from the gallows, Muhammadans went pilgrimages to his tomb; and they probably do so to this day. Only among Hindoos were tears of grief shed for the loss of their benefactor, "William Fraser Sahib." No Muhammadans wept, for gratitude is a virtue not to be found among them.

But to go back to Major Fraser's letter, which was characteristic, and as follows:—

"My dear Sir,—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter from Lucknow, and I will forward one for Lord Clare, and one for Mr. Bax, the chief secretary at Bombay. I shall be always happy to hear of your welfare, and, at present, you are as happy as it is possible for a man to be. When you are fifty, you will be sobered down into a staunch metaphysician. I beg you to read that excellent book of Mr. Locke, 'Christianity with Reason.' Read his chapter particularly on enthusiasm. Read also his first and second volumes. At this advancing season of the year be careful not to expose yourself. Be abstemious and prudent; also get better clothes, and a better cap, for the king said, 'What a pity it is that a holy father looks so like a captain!' My advice will make you laugh, and if it does, even that is something in the way of good.

"I am, my dear sir, yours truly, William Fraser."

It cannot be denied that that excellent man, with all his outward appearance of coldness, had a warm heart and strong feelings. Wolff once complained to him that he had not heard from certain friends for a long time, when he replied, "That is because most men only think of themselves, and not of others. There is great pretension in the world, but little heart." It ought not to be forgotten to be mentioned, that he was a brother of the celebrated author of the "Guzl-Bash."

Wolff then proceeded from Benares in the palanquin which had been given to him by his worthy fellow-countryman, Bowman by name. The dear old man wept, and said, "Blessed be God that I have seen, in my old days, Joseph Wolff, who travels about for the promotion of the knowledge of Christ!" Wolff also had the tears of the amiable Mrs. Cumming, and of many other ladies and gentlemen when he went away. Nor must he forget one gentleman whose name he will not mention, as he is still alive, and his wife lives at London. This friend read himself into becoming an infidel, but Wolff's conversation, with God's grace, brought him back to the knowledge of Christ; and when Wolff had preached one Sunday, he came after him, and said, "Pray for me," and shed tears of repentance. He was an extraordinary man; for whenever Wolff awoke in the morning, when he was at Benares, (and even before, during his sojourn at Cawnpore, in the house of Conolly), his friend would be sitting near his bed, smoking a cheroot, and with a cup of tea ready, in order that Wolff might refresh himself. He was a plain and outspoken man, and when Wolff one day praised his wife as an excellent lady, his friend said, "If you were to see her flashing in a ball-room, what would you say of her then?" Wolff replied, "Then I should say, I saw your excellent wife flashing in a ball-room." He replied, "There is no getting hold of you; you have an answer for everything."

Wolff then set out for Ghuzepoor, where he resided with Mr. Smith, the judge, whose wife, Mrs. Smith, was related to the Marquis of Hastings, and united beauty, amiability, modesty, dignity, and chastity, with eloquence, piety, and zeal for the glory of God. Beside all this, she actually waited on Wolff like a servant, so that he was quite ashamed. He drank at their house chocolate, and ate the best curry he ever tasted in his life. He preached in the church, and lectured in the house of Mr. Trotter, whom he saw again a few years ago, in Edinburgh, where he was called "Laird Trotter of the Bush." Wolff dined at his house, "The Bush," with him, and they talked over old stories, and Mr. Trotter went with

him to the pantry; where the good old man allowed Wolff to make free with some excellent cream, preserves, and jelly, and then he said, "Now, have done, or you will spoil your dinner."

But he recollected some better things about Wolff's stay at Ghuzepoor, namely, how he had preached on the personal reign of Christ upon earth; and so he made arrangements at Edinburgh for Wolff's preaching the same sermon over again in the Church of St. Paul. But on this occasion, Wolff so rambled about from one thing to another in his sermon, that Trotter said to him, "I never heard you to such disadvantage in my life. You must, therefore, preach that same sermon over again, in a different way, in Dean Ramsay's church, and I shall get Mrs. Ramsay to induce her husband to lend you the pulpit." And so he did. The church was again crowded; and Trotter ran after Wolff in the streets of Edinburgh, and said, "Now you have redeemed your character, and therefore I shall make you a present of Bishop Butler's 'Analogy.'"

On Wolff's arrival at Buxar, he met an old, invalided garrison sergeant, who had been born at Frybourg, in Switzerland, and whose name was Carl Schalch. This man inquired of Wolff after the old Baron Diesbach of Frybourg, who had restored the Jesuits to Frybourg, and also the Redemptorists. The sergeant was a good old Swiss, and had left Frybourg many years before for Holland, where he served three years in the Guards, under the Prince of Orange. In the year 1795, he came to the Cape of Good Hope, where he was made a prisoner by the English Admiral Elphinstone. He then entered the English Service, and came to Calcutta.

From Buxar Wolff addressed the following letter to the King of Oude:—

"MOST POTENT JEHAAN-PENAH—Your Majesty has overpowered me with your benevolence and generosity; so that feelings of gratitude compel me to write to your Majesty those truths which will render your Majesty happy, and your Majesty's subjects happy, here upon earth, and eternally in heaven. My earnest wish is, that your Majesty, and your whole Court, should inquire into the truth of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, with prayer and supplication. And your Majesty will then be convinced that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, born of the Virgin Mary, by the power of the Holy Spirit; and that the fulness of the Godhead was in Him bodily; and that He died for our sins, and rose again, and went to heaven; from whence he will come again in the clouds

of heaven. In believing this glorious doctrine, your Majesty will experience joy, peace, and love; by means of which your Majesty will become the father, spiritual and temporal, of your subjects; and your Majesty will one day shine like the stars, and like the brightness of the firmament, for ever and ever.

"Your Majesty's most obedient, humble servant,

JOSEPH WOLFF, Missionary."

CHAPTER XXV.

Route from Buxar to Calcutta: Bishop Daniel Wilson: Sir Edward Barnes, and other friends: preaches for six days in succession.

WOLFF left Buxar, and arrived at Dinapore, where he was most kindly received by Mr. Ruspini; and he had the gratification of preaching, at that gentleman's request, from the same pulpit which the great Henry Martyn often occupied, when he was missionary of that place, before he set out on his missionary tour to Persia. In Dinapore, Wolff also delivered a lecture, which was attended by General O'Halloran, an enthusiastic Freemason, who suspected from something that was said that Wolff was also a Freemason; but he was mistaken. Wolff also met there a great many people who were followers of Irving, and believers in the so-called "unknown tongues." Though Wolff was far from rejecting all that was going on in Irving's church in London; yet, knowing that Irving was easily deceived, he hesitated in giving an entire assent to that which was called by Irving and his party the "work of the Spirit;" but at the same time he was disposed to withhold any opinion, either for or against him.

After stopping a few days in Dinapore, he proceeded to the great city called Patna, where he was received in the kindest way by Jennings and his family; and very soon he was surrounded by Mussulmans from the town. Two thousand of them collected in a large hall, where Wolff argued with them for six hours; and he preached to them, first of all, the atonement of Christ and His second coming in glory and majesty. Dr. Clarke and his family, whom Dr. Wolff has lately met again in Leamington, Mr. Stevens the chaplain, Elliot, Tem-

pler, and old Douglass the judge, were present, Bursts of applause resounded, during the discussion, from all sides; but Wolff had reason to be on his guard, for the Mussulmans frequently cited texts, as from the Gospel, which were not really to be found there. That most learned Muhammadan, Mowlvee Ahmede, called on Wolff, together with a number of other learned Muhammadans. Some of them were natives of the kingdom of Khiva, who confirmed to Wolff the account which he had heard of the inhabitants of Khiva when travelling in Turkistan, and during his stay in Bokhara, namely, that they are the descendants of the Hivites, Perrizites, and Jebusites, who were driven out from the land of Canaan by Joshua, whom they curse to this day in their prayers; and to this day they are called by the Jews, who reside among them, and by those of Bokhara, "the Philistines." Wolff has not the least doubt that they are the descendants of the Philistines of old, and they are detested by the Osbecks, and by all the tribes of Muhammadans in Bokhara and Turkistan, as bastard Muhammadans: and the Jews of Khiva are detested by the Jews of Turkistan, because they intermarry with "the Hivites;" descendants of those of the Old Testament, whose vices they partake. Many of the Khivites went to Kamschatka, and, they say, to still more distant countries; and since Wolff has seen the Indians in America, he has not the slightest doubt, from the striking resemblance between these Indians and the Khivites, and from the traditions of the latter, and also from the great likeness between many words in their language, that the Indians in America are the descendants of the Khivites. This is also confirmed by the account which Mr. Noah, of New York, gave to Wolff, namely, that the Indians told him that they had come from the far north in boats.

Wolff also met at Patna with an enlightened German from Salsburg, who said to him—

"Do you recollect by whom these verses were written, and to whom they were addressed?" "*Dich hat Gott hereingerufen Weit von fern in Seinr Haus; Und von Seines Altars Stuffen; Sendet Er dich wieder aus.*" "God has called thee into His house from a far distance: and from the steps of His altar, He sends thee forth again."

Wolff said, shouting for joy and astonishment, "How did you come by these verses?"

The German coolly replied, "Our poet, Weissenbach, wrote them in your album, and then published them among his collection of poems."

Wolff then entertained his English friends with several droll stories. Among others, he told a story about a Jew, which he will now repeat. "I once sang a song to a Jew, who said that he must write down the music of that song. Then, I said to him, 'Do you know the notes?' to which he replied, 'No; but I will write the music down in my own way. I have got notes of my own; do you only sing slowly.' I began to sing, and the Jew wrote down, twice, '*Ramdadam.*' Then he told me to go on; so I sang again, and he wrote down the following word—'*Restedee.*' After I had done singing, the Jew actually sang the song as if he had notes."

Wolff then spoke about Pius VII., and said, "Pius VII. is very fond of being dressed very smartly, even more so than I am!" Some one said to Wolff, "Surely you exaggerate!" Wolff then cited some of Schiller's and Goethe's poetry, especially of the former, from which he repeated the following, over and over again:—

"Das ist ja was den Menschen zieret,
Und dazu ward ihm der Verstand,
Dasz er im innern Herzen spüret,
Was er erschafft mit seiner hand."

Translation:—

"This is a great prerogative which adorns man,
That he feels in his heart what he creates with his hand;
And for this very purpose reason was given him."

And from Goethe he recited pieces of his *Faust* and his *Prometheus*. Also, Wolff did not forget Max von Schenkendorf's patriotic poems, nor Theodore Körner's "Lyre and Sword;" nor Rückert's poems, &c.

Wolff after this left Patna, and arrived at Gyah, a celebrated place for Hindoo pilgrims; and here he has to say a few words on pilgrimages.

Pilgrimages have existed among all nations, and were considered, even in the Bible, as the very essence of the outward form of festivals. The very word in Hebrew, KHOG (חג), which means "festival," originally meant "pilgrimage," and corresponds with what the Arabs call *Hadsh*, or what they also call *Ziyaret*—"a visit, a pilgrimage."

Wolff met at Gyah several Englishmen, one of whom was an amiable fellow; but he excited Wolff with some silly objections, so that he lost his temper, and called him a "coxcomb." But

the Englishman took it with so much coolness and amiability, that Wolff was quite disarmed, and apologized.

He then proceeded to Bancoorah, where the worthy Mr. Kruckeberg, a holy missionary from the Church Missionary Society, was stationed—a man entirely devoted to the work of Christ. Wolff preached at Bancoorah, and stayed there a short time, and then proceeded to Burdwan, where he stopped a few hours with Captain Vetch, who now lives in Scotland, where Wolff has since visited him. He preached at once in the small church of Mr. Linke, who was the missionary there, and a man who combined enthusiasm with sobriety. Wolff talked with him about the learned men of Germany; and then entered his palanquin and went forward to Chinsurah, where he stopped a few hours, and met a grandson of Boswell (Dr. Johnson's friend). He refreshed himself with tea and curry, and ate a mango; and then he proceeded to Ishapoor, where a nice, amiable, stout, red-cheeked gentleman, Major—now General—Powney came out of his house, and called out, "You are Wolff!" just as Wolff's palanquin was passing. "Come in," he said; "for it is too late for you to enter Calcutta; and I shall instantly send an express messenger to Garden Reach to your wife's cousin, Mrs. Colonel Craigie, that she must not expect you, for you must stay with me over night, and to-morrow I will send you forward."

So Wolff stayed that night with Major Powney, and talked with him the whole night. As Wolff had an attack of heart-burn, he asked for brandy; but Major Powney replied, "There is neither wine, brandy, nor liquor in my house; for I belong to the Temperance Society."

In February 1861, Dr. Wolff dined again with General Powney, in his house at Petersham, where he met General Sir George Pollock, and a daughter of Sir John Malcolm.

Wolff received, while at Major Powney's, the following letter from the Right Reverend Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta:—

"Palace, Calcutta, Monday.

"DEAR SIR,—I shall be rejoiced to see you once again, after so long an interval. What journeys you have made! Why, if your letter in the *Courier* of Saturday be genuine, you have run over the face of the earth! Of course you do not expect such an old fellow as me, to enter into your particular views and dates as to unfulfilled prophecies. But on the grand vital truths of Christianity, as applicable to Jew and Gentile, in all ages, and at all times, and in all countries, you will find me exactly what I was thirty years since, and as I

hope to be at my dying hour, only desiring to be found in HIM, whom to know is life eternal.

"I shall rejoice to press you, dear brother, to my bosom, if you only keep on the broad grounds of faith and love, which I am sure you will do in such a place as Calcutta.

"I have no time to write upon the topics you advert to; you must come and see me, and take your bed at my house, and then we can talk over all matters. For I do not understand what the Moulvee Muhammad Iszhak means, by the seal of the Prophets.—Farewell. I am ever yours,

"DANIEL CALCUTTA."

When Wolff arrived at Calcutta, he was most kindly received by the Lord Bishop, and slept in his house, and was taken by him to the cathedral, and was introduced by him to the Archdeacon (afterwards Bishop) Corrie, and to the Chaplains, Fisher, Robertson, Dealtry (late Bishop of Madras), &c.

Wolff then went to see his wife's cousin at Garden Reach, near Calcutta. Mrs. Craigie, the wife of Colonel Craigie, a lady of an original turn of mind, and of great energy, zeal, and vigour, with which she combined the self-denial of an apostle, without neglecting the duties of a tender wife and affectionate mother. She drew around her crowds of Hindoos of all classes, to whom she preached the Gospel of Christ. Wolff heard her boldly reprove the highest dignitaries of the Church of England in Calcutta. She confounded Socinians, and put to shame Atheists. She is a clever linguist, and speaks French and Hindostanee with great fluency. She introduced Wolff to Dr. Duff, a very remarkable man, who established a beautiful school for the Hindoos. The natives taught there compared texts from the Old and New Testaments, and proved the truth of Christianity with wonderful skilfulness. They were acquainted with the different ways of interpreting unfulfilled prophecy; and were, moreover, well grounded in geography and profane history.

Krishna, a most respectable Brahmin in Calcutta, openly avowed the Christian religion at this time, and published a newspaper entitled the *Enquirer*, for the purpose of converting his countrymen. To this Brahmin Mrs. Craigie introduced Wolff, and also to another, a man who had given up a situation which brought him 8,000 rupees per annum, in order that he might establish and teach a Christian school for Hindoos, in Calcutta.

It was in the month of March that Wolff arrived at Calcutta. Previous to his entrance into the town, he wrote (as far

as he can recollect) the following letter to Lord and Lady William Bentinck:—

"MY DEAR LORD AND LADY WILLIAM,—When I was with you at Simlah, in the Himalaya mountains, you gave me some very useful advice about *tact*: I therefore will now exercise this *tact*. When you were at Simlah, you lived (comparatively speaking) in a private capacity. But now, as you are in Calcutta, you represent, as Viceroy, the King of England. If you, therefore, cannot receive me in that town, as you did at Simlah, I will only come when you send for me.—I am, my dear Lord and Lady William, your humble and obedient servant,

"JOSEPH WOLFF."

Lady William Bentinck wrote immediately to Wolff whilst he was staying with the Bishop.

"MY DEAR JOSEPH WOLFF,—Apartments are prepared for you in the Government House, and you therefore had better not bother the Bishop, who has to prepare his sermons; but come to us immediately, and as I shall not be at home this afternoon, you will dine with Lord William and the staff; and try not to be too excited, as you will have to lecture in the town hall on the 26th of March, before 1,200 persons, so keep yourself as calm as possible.

"You shall have your coffee, cake, and hookah, before the lecture, as you used to have at Simlah; and the same servants that you had there will wait on you, and will shave you, and take care of you."

Wolff immediately went to the Government House, and Lord and Lady William received him with parental kindness. Lord William said to him, "You have an astonishing knowledge of the world, you have been in the right with regard to Borowsky, in Meshed; for he was a Russian spy and a Jew, and not the son of Prince Radzivil. He has now openly entered the Persian service in the Russian interest."

Wolff answered, "I knew he was a Jew, on both the father's and mother's side, by the movements of his face and shoulders, when he related to me an anecdote about a Jew in London. Though it was an absurd story, none but a pure Jew could have made it so ludicrous."

Lord and Lady William exclaimed, "Tell us the story; and as you are also a Jew by the father's and mother's side, you must tell it exactly in the same style."

Sir Edward Barnes, who was present, before Wolff began to tell the story, observed—

"Wolff proves his strong mind, by openly avowing himself a Jew, wherever he is, and in whatever society; though he has less of a Jew about him than any one I ever met."

Another officer who was present (Colonel Morrison), remarked—

"I know another like him, whose name is Goldsmid."

Wolff afterwards met that Goldsmid in Bombay, in the year 1836. A delightful man he was; in whatever society he was, he openly avowed himself to be a Jew.

Certainly, Wolff was never ashamed of his own Jewish blood; and before telling the story of Borowsky, he will give an instance of his own candour on this point. He was travelling with a young Hungarian nobleman, who had been his fellow-student at Vienna. The Hungarian said to him, "You will soon be in my father's presence, and the first question he will put to you will be, 'Are you sprung from ancient nobility?' and you must say, 'Yes.'" They soon met the young man's father, who at once said, "Are you from the old nobility?" and Wolff replied, "Yes; one of my ancestors was a mighty chieftain in the deserts of Arabia, who commanded an army of 600,000 soldiers; and another was a king and a harp-player." The old nobleman inquired their names. Wolff answered, "Moses and David."

Now for Lord W. Bentinck, who said again—

"Tell the story of Borowsky."

Wolff then began—"One evening, when at Meshed, Borowsky related this to me. A Polish Jew arrived from Poland in London, and asked the Jews there, 'How can I gain a few groschen?' The Jews told him, 'Go into the street, and exclaim, "Old clothes."' Israel (this was the name of the Polish Jew) wrote down, in a little book he carried with him, and in Jewish characters, the words, 'Old clothes.' Then the Jews told him, 'Probably, one of the Goyem will call you into the house, and offer you old clothes for sale: upon which you must ask, 'How much?'—so the old fellow then wrote down, in Jewish characters in his book, 'How much.' Then they will say, 'One pound, ten shillings, and sixpence' (he also wrote this in his book). 'Then, after you have finished business, say, "Good bye."' Israel then walked about in the streets of London, exclaiming, 'Old clothes, old clothes!' Some person, from a most respectable house, gave him a sign to come in. He entered, and they showed him a great bundle of old clothes.

Then he asked (looking in his book), 'How much? One pound ten shillings and sixpence. Good bye.' The people said, 'Give for them whatever you please.' He then again looked in his book, and said again, 'One pound ten shillings and sixpence. Good bye.' The master of the house, who was an angry man, then took hold of his collar—believing that he was joking at them—and pulled the little beard he had, and kicked him out of the house. Then the poor fellow sat down in the street, upon the step of the house whence he came out, and exclaimed (here Borowsky moved his head just as the Jews move them), '*Weh geschrien, weh geschrien,*' which means, I may cry woe, I may cry woe.' 'This London is like Sodom and Gomorrah. I come here to gain a few groschen, and the Goyem pull out my beard.' A respectable Jew who was passing, asked him, 'What was the matter?' And he related to him the story. Then a crowd having collected round them, that respectable Jew told the people, 'Now, you see what they do in London to a poor strange Jew.' The people inside, seeing the crowd collected round their house, thought that there must have been some mistake about the Jew; and perhaps that he did not speak English; the master of the house therefore opened the door, and some one told him of the mistake; so, being a rich man, he made a present of fifty pounds to poor Israel.

"After poor Israel had got his fifty pounds, he went back to the Jews and told them, 'Really, England is a country where milk and honey flow. A mad Englishman pulls my beard a little, for which I get fifty pounds.' Another Polish Jew who heard this, remarked, 'Israel has a little beard, and he gets pulled a little by his beard, for which he gets fifty pounds! I shall now go to the house of Lord Palmerston, and wait till he comes out, and then I shall say to him, Pull my beard, and, as I have a large beard, I shall get one hundred pounds.' So he went to the house of Lord Palmerston, where he saw a servant in livery, with gold lace on it, and powdered hair. He said, 'This can be no other than Lord Palmerston himself.' Then he said to him, 'Herr Lord Palmerstein; Herr Lord Palmerstein, pull my beard; pull my beard!' when the servant gave him a good thrashing, without giving him the hundred pounds. Now," Wolff continued to say to Lord William Bentinck "General Borowsky told that absurd story in such a way, that I said to him to his face, 'You are as little the son of Prince Radzivil as I am the son of the Emperor of China; for only a Jew, on both the father's and mother's side, could have made such actions as you do when you tell this story.'"

Wolff then delivered his first lecture in the Town-hall of Calcutta, in the presence of the Bishop, Lord and Lady William Bentinck, Sir Edward Barnes, the Commander-in-Chief, and Captain Fawkes, and who, whilst Wolff is dictating his autobiography at Ecclesfield, is at Sheffield, five miles distant from the former place.

The town-hall was crowded; the Bishop and Lord W. Bentinck shook hands with him after the lecture was over, and a great many of his friends did the same. The religious papers all exalted him to the sky; but the Bengal *Hurkaru* described Wolff as an amiable enthusiast, but not eloquent. Other religious papers, on the contrary, praised his eloquence. Mr. Prinsep, in his paper, the name of which Dr. Wolff does not recollect, praised Wolff's zeal and good-humour. But the paper called *The Englishman*, published by Stocqueler, cut Wolff up in a most tremendous and very clever manner. Wolff thanked the editor in a letter, for the criticism, who praised Wolff's generosity in return.

Wolff gave a second lecture, which was again crowded, and was received with similar applause. Some of his friends told him, "How easily you shake off abuse." Wolff replied, "I am not always the same; I sometimes cast firebrands around me; but then I am afterwards ashamed of it, and beg pardon. Mr. Simeon observed that, and therefore once said to me, 'You first give a slap in the face to your opponents, and then you ask them, How do you do?'" Wolff was also invited to stay in the house of the Rev. Mr. Dealtry, who became Bishop of Madras; and he desired him to lecture on the personal reign of Christ, and state his proofs for believing that Christ would come upon the earth in 1847. Wolff did it with such modesty that he gained the affection of all; but Wolff now bitterly regrets that he ever fixed a date.

Wolff then went to the Jewish quarter, and conversed with the white and black Jews; and he also visited a remarkable man, of whom he spoke with too great severity in his "Researches and Missionary Labours," published in 1835. For, though Wolff believed him to be most essentially in error, yet error, proceeding even from conviction founded upon false premises, ought to be treated and combated with great tenderness. William Adam is the name of the gentleman alluded to. He was formerly a Baptist missionary; and, fired with zeal for promoting the doctrine of the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, he entered into a discussion with the celebrated Ramohun Roy, an Unitarian, and was completely defeated by him, and con-

verted to Unitarian views. Mr. Adam's visage, however, appeared to Wolff to be that of a man who felt himself unhappy, and as if still seeking the truth with seriousness; for there is no doubt that the principles of the Unitarians cannot inspire men with cheerfulness. This was the case with the great Unitarian, Channing, who, shortly before his death, expressed himself in a letter, so far as Wolff recollects (and his memory does not fail him in such matters), in the following manner. He wrote, "I feel daily more dissatisfied with the Religion of Belsham and Priestley. I wish to be united with the whole Catholic Church throughout the world." And thus Dr. Wolff now pants daily, more and more, after being united with the whole Catholic Church throughout the world, in spirit and in truth. And he also desires to feel a stronger communion with the Church above.

Wolff one day announced his determination, which determination he fulfilled, to give a kind of "retreat," as it is called at Rome, in an unconsecrated building, and to preach every day for six successive days, twelve hours each day. This he did, preaching and praying the whole time; and about 1000 people attended. He afterwards visited, with about twenty English ladies, the Armenian gentlemen and ladies, who were resident at Calcutta. Hoannes Avdal, who was one of the principal men in the estimation of the whole Armenian nation, requested Wolff to inform the Armenian nation, through him, if the time and opportunity should ever occur, when they might send their young men for education to the universities of England, and build colleges there for themselves; so that their young men might return well educated to Armenia, and become lights in the Armenian Church. And those demands of the Armenians, which were also made to Wolff in other places, have excited in him the desire of establishing hostels at Cambridge. They have a college at Calcutta, which was established by Arratoon Kaloos, in which Goldsmith's Histories, the "Vicar of Wakefield," the "Deserted Village," "Humphrey Prideaux's Life of Mahomet," and "Paul and Virginia," have been translated into Armenian by the pupils of that institution. Wolff also accepted the invitation sent to him by the worthy and excellent Baptist missionaries of Serampore, the great Doctors Marshman and Carey.

It is extraordinary to observe that the really great men among the missionaries, who do not belong to the Church of England, are daily becoming more and more unprejudiced against Episcopacy, and more favourable towards the Liturgy

and Homilies of our Church; and are even losing some of their bitterness against the Church of Rome. The great missionary Morrison, in China, has translated the *Prayer-book* and *Homilies* of the Church of England; and we have seen with what great liberality (Wolff does not talk of modern liberality, but of Christian liberality) the great Livingstone has joined of late with sound Churchmen, in their exertions for the evangelization of Africa. And it redounds to the honour of the High-Church Bishop of Oxford, that he has taken by the hand that worthy missionary; and we may yet see the time when dissent will thus be diminished in England, and the instruments of this conversion will be the High-Church clergy.

Wolff at last took leave of all his friends, Churchmen, Dissenters, Hindoos, Armenians, and Jews; of Lord and Lady W. Bentinck, Sir Charles Metcalfe, &c.; and after Lady W. Bentinck had kindly furnished him with all necessaries for the voyage, he returned to Colonel and Mrs. Craigie. The latter, with all her energy, accompanied Wolff on board the steamer, called the "Fifeshire," on the 27th April, 1833, and he sailed for Masulipatam. Mrs. Craigie recommended him to Major Sutherland, one of his fellow-passengers, for he was very unwell at the time; and besides this, his dear friend, Mrs. Craigie, who was a firm believer in homœopathic medicine, which she called the *gospel of medicine*, gave globules, &c., into the hands of Sutherland, which she desired him to doctor Wolff with every day. And though Wolff candidly told her that he was rather heterodox, and did not believe in the *gospel of medicine*; yet he assured her he believed that it would do him good, as it came from the magic touch of her beautiful hands! She was very much flattered, and went back again to Calcutta, after she had once more recommended him to the kindness of Major Sutherland. This gentleman did everything for Wolff, except one thing, namely, he would not scratch his back. Wolff was suffering dreadfully from prickly heat, and he requested Major Sutherland to scratch him, which he good-naturedly declined, saying, "My dear Wolff, I am not accustomed to it!" and he was inexorable for several days. There was another passenger, Mr. Morris, of the Factory of China, who showed to Wolff great kindness; and thus he arrived on the 19th of May at Masulipatam, which is the hottest place in India. Here he resided in the house of Mr. Casamajor, the circuit judge. Great numbers of officers and soldiers died daily of apoplectic fits and cholera. But Wolff lectured and preached twice in the church there, although the heat was so intense that, when he was in the house, he could

not keep awake, but laid down under the table of Casamajor, like a drunkard.

He then left Masulipatam, and arrived safely by dâk at Hyderabad, during the greatest heat of the day; and was received into the residence of Colonel Stewart, the British minister at the court of his Highness the Nizam. When Wolff arrived in the Residency, he was so overpowered by thirst and heat that he actually drank above twenty bottles of gingerbeer. The British officers treated Wolff very kindly, and he received a kind letter of introduction from his Excellency Sir Frederick Adam, Governor of Madras.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Hyderabad; the Thugs; their History, Manners, and Customs.

DURING his residence at Hyderabad, Wolff became exceedingly anxious to make himself acquainted with the whole history of the Thugs; and, through the kindness of Colonel Stewart, he received the most complete information about them from official documents. And as Wolff's account of this sect was highly praised throughout Germany and Scotland, he thinks the reader will not be displeased to have it laid before him.

The Thugs form a perfectly distinct class of persons, who subsist almost entirely upon robbery and murder. They appear to have received their name from their practice of decoying those persons they mark out for destruction, and inducing them to join their company, when they take advantage of the confidence they have endeavoured to inspire, and strangle their unsuspecting victims. They are also known by the name of *Phanseegur*, and in the north-eastern part of the Nizam's dominions they are usually called *Kurk Bund*, which means "gang of wolves." There are several peculiarities in the customs of the Thugs, both in their method of causing death, and the precautions they adopt for the prevention of discovery, which effectually distinguish them from every other class of delinquents. And it may be considered as a general rule whereby to know them, that they affect to disdain the practice of pilfering, housebreaking, and indeed every species of theft, that is not preceded by the perpetration of murder.

The Thugs adopt no other mode for committing their murders than strangulation, and the only implement made use of for this purpose is a handkerchief, or any convenient strip of cloth. They never attempt to rob a traveller till they have first deprived him of life. After the commission of a murder, if time and opportunity serve, they never neglect immediately to bury the body, or to conceal it in some way or other; and they never leave a corpse on the highway unless they happen to be disturbed.

To trace the origin of this practice of murder would be a matter of some difficulty; for, if the assertions of the Thugs themselves are entitled to any credit, it has been the custom from time immemorial; and they pretend that its institution is coeval with *the creation of the world.* Wolff observed that they may be the followers of Lamech, who was the first infanticide, and who misunderstood the doctrine of atonement. Like most other inhuman customs in this country, the traditions regarding it are mixed up with tales of Hindoo sayings; and the Thugs would wish to make it appear that, in immolating the numberless victims that yearly fall by their hands, they are only obeying the injunctions of the deity they worship, to whom they say they are offering an acceptable sacrifice. The object of their worship is the goddess *Kalee,* or *Bhowanee*; and there is a temple at Bindachul, near Mirzapoor, to which the Thugs send considerable offerings, and the establishment of priests at that shrine consists entirely of their own community.

Bhowanee, it seems, formed a determination to extirpate the whole human race, and to sacrifice all but her own disciples. But she discovered, to her astonishment, that, through the interposition of the creating power, whenever human blood was shed a fresh subject immediately started into existence to supply the vacancy which she had caused. She, therefore, formed an image, into which she infused the principle of life; and, calling her disciples together, she instructed them in the art of depriving that being of life, by strangling it with a handkerchief. This method was found on trial to be effectual, and the goddess directed her worshippers to adopt it, and to murder without distinction all who should fall into their hands; promising that she herself would dispose of the bodies of their victims. Their property was to be bestowed upon her followers; and she was to be present, and to preside over and to protect them, on those occasions, so that none should be able to prevail against them.

"Thus," say the Thugs, "was our order established, and

we originally took no care of the bodies of those who fell by our hands, but we abandoned them wherever they were strangled; until one man, more curious than the rest, ventured to watch the body he had murdered, in the expectation of witnessing the manner in which it would be disposed of. The Goddess of his worship, descended as usual to carry away the corpse; but observing that this man was on the look out, she relinquished her purpose, and, calling him angrily, rebuked him for his temerity, telling him she could no longer perform her promise regarding the bodies of the murdered, and that his associates must hereafter dispose of them in the best way they could." Thus, they say, arose the practice invariably followed by the Thugs of burying the dead; and to this circumstance is principally to be attributed the extraordinary manner in which their atrocities have remained undetected. For, with such circumspection and secrecy do they act, and such order and regularity are there in all their proceedings, that it is next to impossible that a particular murder should ever be discovered.

Absurd as the foregoing relation may appear, it has had its effect on the minds of the Thugs; for they do not seem to be visited with any of those feelings of remorse and compunction at the inhuman deeds in which they have participated which are commonly supposed to be, at some period of their lives, the portion of all who have trafficked in human blood. On the contrary, they dwell with satisfaction on the recollection of their various and successful exploits; the truth of which assertion Wolff witnessed in his examination of some of them at Hyderabad, when they referred, with no small degree of pride and exultation, to the affairs in which they had been personally engaged, especially if the number of their victims had been great, or the plunder they had acquired extensive.

Notwithstanding the observance amongst Thugs of Hindoo rites of worship, a very considerable number of them are Mussulmans. No judgment of the birth or caste of a Thug can, however, be formed from his name; for it not unfrequently happens that a Hindoo Thug has a Mussulman name, with a Hindoo "alias" attached to it; and *vice versâ* with respect to Thugs, who are by birth Muhammadans. In almost every instance, the Thugs have more than one appellation, by means of which the Mussulman Thugs may be recognized; some are to be found of every sect, Sheikh, Seyud, Moghul, and Pathan; and among the Hindoos the castes chiefly to be met with are Brahmins, Rajpoots, Lod-

hees, Aheers, and Kolees. In a gang of Thugs some of every one of these castes may be found; all connected together by their peculiar system of murder; all subject to the same regulations; and all, both Mussulmans and Hindoos, joining in the worship of *Bhowanee*.

They usually move in large bodies, often amounting to from one hundred to two hundred persons; and they resort to all manner of subterfuges to conceal their real profession. If they are travelling southwards, they represent themselves to be either in quest of service, or on their way to rejoin the regiments they pretend to belong to, in that part of the country. When, on the contrary, their road is toward the north, they call themselves Sepoys, from the Bombay or Nizam army, who are going on leave to Hindoostan. The gangs do not always consist of persons who are Thugs by birth. It is customary for them, by holding out the promise of monthly pay, or the hopes of amassing money, to entice many to join them who are ignorant of the deeds of death that are to be perpetrated for the attainment of their object; until they are made aware of the reality, by seeing the victims of their cupidity fall under the hands of the stranglers. The Thugs declare that novices have occasionally been so horrified at the sight as to have effected their immediate escape; whilst others, more callous to the commission of crime, are not deterred from the pursuit of gain by the frightful means adopted to obtain it; and remaining with the gang, they too soon begin personally to assist in the perpetration of murder.

Many of the most notorious Thugs are the adopted children of others of the same class. They make it a rule, when a murder is committed, never to spare the life of any one present, either male or female, who is old enough to remember and relate the particulars of the deed. But, in the event of their meeting with children of such a tender age, as to make it impossible that they should reveal the fact, they generally spare their lives, and, adopting them, bring them up to the trade of Thugee. These men, of course, eventually become acquainted with the particulars of the murder of their fathers and mothers, by the very persons with whom they have dwelt since their childhood; but they still go on following the same dreadful trade.

It might be expected that a class of people, whose hearts must be effectually hardened against all the better feelings of humanity, would be troubled with few scruples of conscience; but, in point of fact, they are as much the slaves of

superstition, and as much directed by the observation of omens in the commission of their murders, as the most inoffensive of the natives of India are in the ordinary affairs of life. The chief symbol of worship among the Thugs is, a *Khalli*, or pickaxe of iron. It is known among them by the names of *Nishan*, *Kussee*, and *Mahee*. With every gang there is a Nishan, which is in fact their standard; and the bearer of it is entitled to particular privileges. Previous to commencing an expedition, the Jemadars of the party celebrate a *Poojah* (a religious ceremony) to the Nishan or pickaxe, which is typical of the deity of their worship.

The ceremonies of their superstition differ little from the usual rites of Hindoos on similar occasions. A Hindoo Thug, of good caste, is employed to make a quantity of the cakes called *Poories*, which being consecrated by an offering to the idol, are distributed among the assembly. The Nishan is bathed and perfumed in the smoke of burning venison, and is afterwards made over to the Nishan-wallah, who receives it on a piece of cloth kept for that purpose. It is then taken out into the open fields in the expectation of an omen being observed. The Nishan is deposited in a convenient spot in the direction that the party intends to proceed, and certain persons are deputed to keep watch over it.

There are particular birds and beasts that are looked upon by the Thugs as the revealers of omens: to whose calls and movements their attention is on this occasion particularly directed. Among these are the owl, the jay, the jackal, the ass, &c. If one of these calls out, or passes them from the right-hand side, the omen is looked upon as favourable; but if from the left, it is considered unpropitious, and the project is abandoned.

It is not unusual for the Thugs to look for an auspicious omen, previous to committing a murder; and they are frequently deterred from carrying their intentions immediately into effect, by observing an unfavourable sign; such as smoke crossing their path when in pursuit of a victim; or the circumstance of any of the animals before mentioned calling out on their left-hand side. This, no doubt, accounts for Thugs so often keeping company with travellers for many days previous to their murdering them; although they had determined upon their sacrifice from the moment of their first joining the party. The omen is denominated *Sogoon*.

In the event of an expedition proving more than ordinarily

successful, a Poojah is usually made to Bhowanee; and a portion of the spoil, taken by the gang, is set aside for the purpose of being sent to the pagoda before alluded to, as an offering to the Goddess. Propitiatory offerings are also made, and various ceremonies performed before the Khoddee, or Nishan, should the Thugs have failed in obtaining any plunder for a length of time.

In every gang of Thugs there are to be found one or more Jemadars, who appear to hold that rank, not by the choice of their followers, but in consequence of their wealth and influence in their respective villages; and this superior position enables them to assemble the party. The profits of a Jemadar are of course greater than those of his followers. He receives six-and-a-half or seven per cent. on all silver coin, and other property not hereafter specified; and then he has a share of the remainder in common with the other Thugs of the party. When gold is obtained in coin, or in mass, the tenth part is taken by the Jemadar previous to dividing it; and he has a tithe of all pearls, shawls, gold, embroidered cloths, brass and copper pots, horses, &c. The Jemadar acts as the master of the ceremonies when Poojah is performed; and he assigns to every Thug the particular duty he is to execute in the commission of every murder that is determined on. These duties are undertaken in succession by all the Thugs of the party; and to the regularity and system that exist among them must be attributed the unparalleled success that has attended their proceedings.

Next to the Jemadar, one of the most important personages is the *Buttoat*, or strangler; who carries the handkerchief with which the Thugs usually murder their victims. This implement is merely a piece of fine strong cotton cloth, about a yard long. At one end a knot is made, and the cloth is slightly twisted, and kept ready for use, and it is concealed in the waist-band of the person who carries it. There is no doubt but that all the Thugs are expert in the use of the handkerchief, which is called *Roomal*, or *Paloo*; but if they are to be believed, only particular persons are called upon, or permitted to perform the office of strangler, when a large gang is collected. The most able-bodied and alert of the number are fixed upon as Buttoats, and they become the bearers of the handkerchief only after the performance of various and often expensive ceremonies, and never without the observation of a favourable omen. The old and experienced Thugs are denominated *Ghooroo Bhow*; and the junior Thugs make a merit of attending on them, preparing

their hookahs, shampooing their bodies, and performing the most menial offices. They gradually become initiated into all the mysteries of the art of murder, and if they prove to be powerful men, the disciples of the Goorpo are promoted to be Buttoats. The Thugs say, that if one of them was alone, and had never before strangled a person, he would not presume to make use of the handkerchief until he observed a favourable omen. The ceremonies with regard to the handkerchief are much the same as those described in carrying out the Nishan, or pickaxe, the handkerchief being on this occasion substituted; when an offering of rice, cocoa nut, &c., is made. When a murder is to be committed, the Buttoat usually follows the particular person he has been directed by the Jemadar to strangle; and, on the preconcerted signal being given, the roomal is seized by the knot with the left hand, the right hand being nine or ten inches further up; and in this manner it is thrown over the head of the person to be strangled. The two hands are crossed as the victim falls; and such is the certainty with which the deed is done, that the Thugs themselves frequently declare that before the body reaches the ground, the eyes usually start out of the head, and life is extinct.

Should the person to be strangled prove an active man, or the Buttoat be inexpert, another Thug lays hold of the end of the handkerchief. The perfection of the art is described to be attained when several persons are simultaneously murdered, without any of them having time to utter a sound, or to become aware of the fate of their companions. Favourable opportunities are afforded for Buttoats to make their first essay in the art of strangling. When a single traveller is met with, a novice is instructed to make a trial of his skill, and the party sets off during the night, and stops, while it is still dark, to smoke, or drink water. While seated for this purpose, the Jemadar inquires what hour of the night it may be? and the Thugs immediately look up at the stars to ascertain the time. This is the preconcerted signal, and the Buttoat is immediately on the alert; and the unsuspecting traveller, on looking up at the heavens like the rest of the party, offers his neck in a right position for the prepared handkerchief, and thus becomes an easy prey to the murderer. The Buttoat receives eight annas extra for every murder he commits; and if the plunder is great, some article is assigned him over and above the common shares. The persons intended to be murdered are distinguished by different names, according to their wealth, profession, sect, &c.

A traveller having much property is called *Niamud*, and victims are generally entitled *Bunj*.

To aid the Buttoat in the perpetration of the murder, another Thug is specially appointed, under the designation of *Sumsoöat*. His business is to seize the person to be strangled by the wrists, if he be on foot; and by one of the legs, if he is on horseback, and thus to pull him down. A Sumsooat is told off to each traveller, and he places himself in a convenient position near him, to be ready when required. In the event of the traveller being mounted on horseback, a third Thug assists, under the designation of *Bhugduvra*. His business is to lay hold of the horse's bridle, and check it as soon as the signal for murder is given.

One of the most important persons in a gang of Thugs goes by the name of *Tillace*. The Thugs do not always depend upon chance for obtaining plunder, or roam about in the expectation of meeting with travellers; but they frequently take up their quarters in or near a large town, on some great thoroughfare, from whence they make excursions, according to the information obtained by the Tillaces. These men are chosen from amongst the most smooth-spoken and intelligent of their number, and their chief duty is to gain information. For this purpose they are decked out in the garb of respectable persons, whose appearance they must have the tact of putting on. They parade the bazaars of the town, near which their associates are encamped, and endeavour to pick up intelligence of the intended despatch or expected arrival of goods; when information is forthwith given to the gang, who send out a party to intercept them.

Inquiry is also made for any band of travellers, who may have arrived and put up in the chowree or elsewhere. Every art is brought into practice to make acquaintance with these people; they are given to understand that the Tillace is travelling the same road, and an opportunity is taken to throw out hints regarding their danger, and the frequency of murders and robberies. An acquaintance with some of the relatives and friends of the travellers is feigned, and an invitation given to partake of the repast prepared at the place where the Tillace has put up; the convenience of which, and the superiority of the water, are, of course, abundantly praised. The result usually is, that the travellers are inveigled into joining the party of Thugs, and they are feasted and treated with every politeness and consideration by the very wretches who are plotting their murder, and

calculating the share they shall acquire on their division of the spoil.

What must be the feelings of men, who are actuated by motives so entirely opposed to their pretended civility of behaviour, it must be difficult to imagine; and Wolff does not know whether most to admire the consummate duplicity with which they contrive to conceal their purpose, or to detest the infernal apathy with which they can eat out of the same dish and drink of the very cup that is partaken of by the victims they have fixed upon for destruction. And is this not the history also of Judas Iscariot? It is on the perfection which they have attained in the art of acting as Tillaces that the Thugs particularly pride themselves; and it is a frequent boast with them that it is only necessary to have an opportunity of conversing once with a traveller, in order to be able to mark him as a certain victim whenever they choose to murder him.

Instances sometimes occur, where a party of Thugs find their victims too numerous for them to master while they remain in a body; but they are seldom at a loss for expedients for creating dissensions, and a consequent division of the party. But if all these arts of intrigue and cajolery fail in producing the desired result, an occasion is taken advantage of to ply the travellers with intoxicating liquors: a quarrel is then brought about, and from words they proceed to blows, which ends in the dispersion of the company, who, proceeding on different roads, fall an easier prey to their remorseless destroyers.

Having enticed the travellers into the snare that has been laid for them, the next object of the Thugs is to choose a convenient spot for committing the murder; this, in the technical language current among them is denominated *Bhal;* and is usually fixed upon at a short distance from a village on the banks of a Nullah, where the trees and underwood afford a shelter from the view of occasional passengers. The Thug who is sent forward on this duty is called a *Bhilla;* and having fixed on the place, he either returns to the encampment of his party, or meets them on the way, to report the result of his inquiry. If the Bhilla returns to the camp with his report, the *Suggaees,* or grave-diggers, are sent out with him to prepare a grave for the interment of the persons it is intended to murder. Arrangements are previously made, so that the party with the travellers in company shall not arrive too soon at the Bhal. At the particular spot agreed on, the Bhilla meets the gang; a recognition

takes place; the Jemadar calls out, *Bhilla Manjet*, "Have you cleansed out the whole?" The Bhilla replies "*Manjet:*" on which the concerted signal is given, that serves as the death-warrant of the unheeding travellers, who are forthwith strangled. While some are employed in rifling the bodies, others assist in carrying them away to the ready-prepared graves. The Suggaees perform the task of burying them, and the remainder of the gang proceeds on its journey, leaving with them a certain number of Tillaces, as watchmen on the look-out, to prevent their being disturbed. Should a casual passenger appear, the Tillace gently throws a stone amongst the Suggaees, or grave-diggers, who immediately desist from their work, and crouch on the ground until the danger is over. After the interment is completed, the Suggaees rejoin their party; but it is not unusual to leave one or more of the Tillaces to keep watch to prevent the bodies being dug up by beasts of prey; or, if a discovery should be made by the village people, to give instant information to their companions, that they may have the opportunity of getting out of the way.

But it often happens that the arrangements above mentioned cannot be entered into; and that travellers are met with on the road, who are hastily murdered, and as hastily interred. In these cases, if the opportunity is afforded them, the Thugs always leave some one to keep watch at the place; and rather than run the risk of discovery by the bodies being dug up by wild animals, they will return, and re-inter them. If the ground is stony, they never touch the corpse; but if the soil is of such a nature as to render it probable that the bodies in swelling will burst the graves, they then transfix them with their spears or knives, which effectually prevents it.

Where the Thugs choose to strangle their victims in some more exposed situation, as in a garden, near a village, where they have put up for the night, they resort to further precautions to prevent discovery. The grave is on this occasion prepared on the spot, after the murder has been committed; and the corpses having been deposited therein, the superfluous soil is carried away in bundles, and thrown into the neighbouring fields. The place is watered, and beaten down with sticks; it is then plastered over with cow-dung; and *Choolahs*, or fireplaces for cooking, are made on the spot. If the party find it necessary to decamp, they light fires in the Choolahs, that they may have the appearance of having been used to cook there. Should they determine on staying, they

use these Choolahs for cooking their food on the succeeding day, having few qualms of conscience to prevent their enjoying the viands prepared on a spot, the associations attendant on which might be considered too revolting to dwell upon.

The parties of Thugs being often very large, they have many beasts of burden in their train, such as bullocks, and sometimes even camels; if, therefore, they remain at a place where they have committed a murder, and do not construct fireplaces, they take the precaution of tying their cattle on the spot. The Thugs say they can always recognize the fire-places of persons of their own class; there being peculiar marks about them, made purposely to serve as directions to the next party that may pass the same way. Dr. Wolff has observed also the same among the Bedouins in the deserts of Arabia, who know, by the footsteps of those who preceded them, the tribes who have been there.

The Thugs always prefer burying their victims at some distance from the public road; and therefore, as soon as the bodies of murdered persons have been stripped of the property found upon them, they are carried on the shoulders of the Suggaees to the spot selected for interring them. They say they are more careless about the concealment of corpses in the Nizam's country than elsewhere, and that they have frequently left bodies entirely exposed, without running any risk, for no one takes the trouble of making any inquiry. This proves the truth of the assertion of Dr. Wolff, that Muhammadans do not set any value on human life; for human blood is not more esteemed among them than the blood of dogs.

The division of spoil does not usually take place immediately after the perpetration of a murder, but every person secures a portion of the property on the spot, and when a convenient opportunity arrives, each person produces his part of the plunder, and a division is then made by the Jemadar, whose share is, in the first instance, deducted. Then the Buttoats, Sumsooates, and the Bhugturrahs claim their extra reward for each murder at which they have assisted. The Tillace also receives his share for inveigling a traveller into their snares. The Suggaee takes his recompense for the trouble he had in digging the grave, and the residue is divided, share and share alike, amongst the whole gang. It may be supposed that the cupidity of individual Thugs will occasionally induce them to attempt to defraud their comrades, by secreting some article of value at the time the murdered bodies are plundered. But they say the whole

class are bound by inviolable oath to produce, for the common stock, everything that may fall into their hands while engaged with any party.

As may be imagined, the division of plunder often leads to violent disputes, which, it is astonishing, never terminate in bloodshed. It might be supposed that the Thugs had a prejudice against spilling blood, for, when pursued, they never make use of the weapons they usually bear, not even in defence of their own persons. The most wanton prodigality occurs when plunder is divided; and should any difference of opinion arise as to the appropriation of their spoil, the most valuable shawls and brocade are often torn into strips and distributed among the gang: The Thugs say this is done that every person may run the same risk, for such articles could not be shared equally among them, unless converted into money, and some danger is attendant on the transaction. They appear to make it a rule to destroy all *hondees* (letters of credit) that fall into their hands, as well as any other articles that are likely to lead to detection. Ready money is what they chiefly desire; and when they have a choice of victims, the possessors of gold and silver would certainly be fixed upon in preference to others. Consequently, it seems to have been a general practice amoug the Bundelcund Thugs to waylay the parties of Sepoys of the Bombay and Nizam's army, when going upon leave to Hindoostan, for the sake of the specie they usually have; and they remark, that of the numerous Sepoys who are supposed by their officers to have abandoned the service, and by their friends and relatives to be still with their regiments, they alone can tell the fate, the whole number having been strangled by their bands. The immense wealth that has, at various times, fallen into the hands of these miscreants, is expended in the grossest extravagance and debauchery; so these ill-gotten gains remain but a short time in their possession.

The Thugs have not exactly a language of their own, but slang terms and phrases, which give them the means of holding a conversation with persons of their own class without any chance of being understood by the uninitiated. Their term of salutation, whereby also they recognize each other if they casually meet, without being previously acquainted, is "*Ali Khan Bhau Sulaum.*" What appears most extraordinary is, the manner in which the Thugs recollect the names of their comrades, as well as their persons; and they declare, that though the name of any one of a gang may

have escaped their recollection, they never forget the person of a Thug who assisted with them in the perpetration of a murder. The Thugs, indeed, seem to know each other almost intuitively; and the quickness with which recognition between individuals takes place is surprising, so as to warrant the supposition that a sort of freemasonry system of signs has been established among them.

To facilitate their plan of operations, the Thugs have established a system of intelligence and communication throughout the countries they have been in the habit of frequenting; and they become acquainted, with astonishing celerity, with the proceedings of their comrades in all directions. They omit no opportunity of making inquiries respecting other gangs, and are equally particular in supplying the requisite information concerning their own movements. For this purpose they have connected themselves with several persons residing in the Nizam's dominions as patails and cultivators of villages, many of the latter of whom follow the profession of Thugee in conjunction with their agricultural pursuits. The Marwaries and other petty bankers are also constantly the channels of communication between Thugs; and there is no doubt of their being purchasers of the property of the murdered. The religious mendicants throughout the country occasionally assist, by taking messages from bands of Thugs, to be delivered to the next party that may come in their way. With this view also, they have adopted the practice of forming chooláhs, or fireplaces of a particular construction, to serve as marks of their progress through the country. When a party of Thugs come to a road that branches off in two directions, they make a mark for the guidance of their associates who may come after them, in the following manner. The soil in a convenient spot is carefully smoothed, and the print of a foot is distinctly stamped upon it. A Thug, on seeing this mark, which he searches for, knows, by the direction in which it points, what track has been followed by those who preceded him.

The peculiar designation by which they are known is a point upon which the Thugs are peculiarly tenacious; and they attach to it a great importance, and even claim a degree of respectability for their profession, which they say no other class of delinquents is entitled to. The denomination of thief is peculiarly offensive to them; and they always solicit the erasure of this term, and the substitution of that of Thug, whenever it may occur in a paper regarding them; declaring that, so far from following the disgraceful practices of a thief,

they scorn the name, and can prove themselves to be honest and trustworthy, when occasion requires it. It seems their ambition to be considered respectable persons; and, with this view, they expend much of their gain on personal decoration. Even those who have been seized, and admitted as informers, are more solicitous about their dress and decent appearance, than anything else. They mostly seem to be men of mild and unobtrusive manners; possessing cheerfulness of disposition, entirely different from the violent passionate character, and the ferocious demeanour, usually attributed to hardened murderers.

Such is the extent to which this dreadful system has been carried, that no calculation can be made of the numbers who have fallen victims to it: when it is taken into consideration, that many of the Thugs who have been seized confess to having, for the last 25 or 30 years, annually made circuits with parties of more than a hundred men, with no other object than that of murder and rapine, and they boast of having daily put to death ten or twenty persons. They say, too, that an enumeration of all the persons they have each individually assisted to destroy, would swell the catalogue to hundreds, and, as some declare, to thousands; so that some notion of this horrid destruction of life may be formed, and of the amount of property taken; for, independent of the thousands in ready money, jewels, and bullion, the loads of valuable clothes, and every description of merchandise, which continually fall into their hands, together with the *hoondies* that they invariably destroy, must amount to a considerable sum.

The impunity with which the Thugs have heretofore carried on their merciless proceedings, the ease with which they recruit their numbers, and the facility with which they have purchased their release, when seized by the officers of the weak Native Governments, in whose dominions they have usually committed their greatest depredations, have altogether tended to confirm the evil, and spread it to such a fearful extent, that the life of no traveller in the country has been safe; and it seemed only by some happy chance, that even large parties have ever escaped the fangs of these bloodthirsty demons.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Captain Moore, R.N.; Severe Attack of Cholera at Ramahpatam, and Subsequent Illness; Mrs. Gillespie and Dr. Cooper; Missionaries; Infidel Objections answered; Broadchurch; Rhenius, the Lutheran Missionary; Jews in Cochin.

NOW let us hear Wolff again; and what he said in one of his lectures on the evidence of Christianity. He observed, "Some say that they do not believe Christianity, because it has so many mysteries; but I know that it is another mystery which induces them to make this observation. It is the mystery of iniquity! Others again say, that such things were believed in ancient times, because people were not so enlightened as in our days. To this I answer again, the great Johannes von Müller, the Tacitus of Switzerland, justly said, 'Mark well, enlightenment does not consist in denying those things which have made our ancestors happy; but real enlightenment consists in believing more clearly those things which have made our ancestors happy; and in being able to assign for that belief additional proofs. In this true enlightenment consists!'"

Wolff, during dinner at Colonel Stewart's, made the following observation about Luther; that he could not understand, and even now cannot, the reason which Luther assigned for having abolished the Mass; namely, "that the Devil had proved to him by sound arguments, that the Mass was an abominable idolatry." How the Devil, who is the Prince of *lies*, could teach any one a *truth*, it is difficult to understand! At the same dinner, Capt. Moore, R.N., a friend of Wolff's, and of an eminent English family, who possessed a jocular turn of mind, asked Wolff, "Can you tell me why there are so few Jews in Scotland?" Wolff said, "Yes, for the Scotchmen are called '*Caledonians*,' which proves their '*Chaldean*' descent." And this Dr. Wolff believes seriously; and the Chaldeans themselves say, that three Jews are needed to cheat one Chaldean, which may be the reason why so few Jews are in Scotland, or Caledonia.

Then Wolff said to Moore, "I suspect you to be a Jew, for your nose is exactly like that of a Jew," when the whole company laughed, and Moore did not deny the charge. Three days afterwards Wolff received a letter from Captain Moore (in which another was enclosed), and this was written

in the former: "What one day can bring forth! You have unmasked me, for I am a Jew; the son of Solomon Cohen, and my name is Abraham Cohen. Read the enclosed letter, which will explain my birth and parentage." The letter which accompanied this purported to have been written by an officer in the army, who was one of Moore's familiar friends. It began thus:—

"My dear Abraham Cohen—Have you at last been found out? I thought it would be so, if you ever met the grand *Padre*, for Jews know each other, like Freemasons. You know that you were born in Houndsditch, and that you robbed the till in your father's shop; after which you ran away, and went to Plymouth, and was begging in the streets when Admiral Blackwood met you all in rags, and took you on board ship. There, the officers dressed you up, and made of you at last a smart midshipman, and so you got on in the world. Now, as you have been found out, you had better resume your old name, Abraham Cohen, for it is no use to conceal it any longer."

This joke of worthy Captain Moore, at his own expense, happened in the year 1833; and in 1845, after Wolff's return from Bokhara, he dined in London at Mr. Rashleigh's, M.P., when his old friend, Moore, who had also become an M.P., came to dinner there to meet him; and his first word was, "Now, Wolff, how is our tribe going on in Bokhara? Did you tell them that their brother, Abraham Cohen in London, takes an interest in their welfare?" Thus they talked over again the old joke they had together in Hyderabad.

Some people may make the remark that Wolff was too much apt to joke for a missionary; but all he can answer is this, that whether such a charge be true or not, so was Wolff by nature, and he will not conceal it from the public. At the same time, he must say, that that great man whom he has taken as his model, St. Francis Xavier, was the very life of the passengers on board the ship in which he sailed for Japan, for he frequently made all the passengers roar with laughter by his funny stories. And who does not remember the jovial Sir John Malcolm, who often convulsed society by his merriment? but he was all seriousness when he spoke on a solemn or important topic. And no one ever saw Wolff smile, or cause others to do so, and he hopes that no one will ever see him do this, whenever he speaks or preaches about Christ, the Man of sorrows; or of Christ coming in the clouds of heaven, who was once for us, poor sinners, slain.

Wolff left the hospitable dwelling of Colonel Stewart in

Hpderabad, and set out for Madras; and he travelled mostly at night in a palanquin, which was actually hot like an oven. The second night a most tremendous torrent of rain came on, which lasted till morning; and in the midst of the storm the palanquin-bearers put down the palanquin, ran away to shelter themselves somewhere about, and left Wolff in the middle of the road to his fate. It was awful! for he sat in the palanquin, which was filled with water up to his neck, whilst everything he had in his *batara* (or "trunk") was soaked with wet, as well as the clothes he had on. In the morning, when the rain ceased, the bearers returned to him, and took up the palanquin, out of which the water had run; and he arrived, on the 30th of June, 1833, at Ramahpatam.

Scarcely had he entered the bungalow at Ramahpatam, belonging to Mr. Bruce, the collector, who resided at Nellore, about forty miles distant, but who had given previous orders to his native servants at Ramahpatam to receive Wolff, when he was violently attacked by that dire disease, the cholera morbus. It began with the most violent vomiting, accompanied with cramp and dysentery. No English person, or European, was near him, and he had just strength enough to write to Mr. Bruce these words:—"I am taken with cholera; give notice of my death to my wife at Malta, and send her my journals.—J. WOLFF."

He then lay down upon the sofa, continually vomiting, whilst he recommended his soul to God. His hands and feet became convulsed and livid; but through the whole of his suffering, he felt peace in our Lord Jesus Christ. He prayed to Him that He would be pleased to send him some relief; when suddenly he heard a voice exclaiming, in English, "I see you have the cholera morbus. My husband died of that disorder two months ago." The person who spoke was a half-Indian, the widow of a sergeant of Vellore of the name of Gillespie, who was about to go from Vellore to Madras, with the intention of proceeding from thence to her daughter at Onore. Arriving the same day with Wolff at Ramahpatam, she learned from the natives that he had been taken with cholera; and that noble-minded woman, of a caste so unjustly despised by the English, hastened to his assistance. Wolff said to her, "My dear woman, you will find in my patara three hundred rupees" (equivalent to £30); "take the whole, only remain with me over night, until some person comes from Nellore." She replied, "God forbid that I should take one farthing from you. I shall remain with you until some person comes from Nellore." She first gave Wolff

a whole bottle of brandy, with two hundred drops of laudanum, together with other remedies, which only stopped the vomiting at intervals. The next morning, Dr. Cooper, the medical man from Nellore arrived. He was a Scotch gentleman, a pious and holy man, who had been sent from Nellore by Mr. Bruce. Mrs. Gillespie then wanted to go; but Wolff, who had retained his senses in some degree, heard the doctor saying to her, "Stay here half-an-hour longer, for there is no doubt he will be dead by that time." She remained. Cooper then prayed with Wolff, gave him warm salt and water, and twice forty grains of calomel, which stopped the vomiting for two hours; but, when he had a third relapse in the evening, Cooper told him that he ought to state what might be his last will. Cooper sent off, at the same time, two despatches to Nellore, saying that he had but little hope of his recovery; and he candidly told Wolff that he did not think he would be alive next morning. But he said to him, "Wolff, the natives have a remedy which has very frequently succeeded in stopping the cholera; and this is putting a hot iron upon the stomach;" and he added, "will you submit to that?" Wolff said, "Yes." He then branded Wolff three times upon his stomach, which—God be praised!—stopped the cholera, and Wolff began to sleep.

Whilst he was asleep, the whole bungalow in which he lay was burnt down. This happened in June, 1833, but Wolff knew nothing of it until April, 1845, when he was in London, after his second journey to Bokhara, and a gentleman then entered a room in Half-Moon Street, and said to Wolff, "Do you know me? Tom Cooper, your physician at Ramahpatam." He then made him acquainted with the fact, that the bungalow had been burned down whilst he was asleep, after the cholera had ceased. And this was the reason why he was put into a palanquin, and carried into the open street during his insensibility.

When Wolff awoke from his sleep and smiled at Cooper, Cooper said to him, "That you are still alive I marvel, and am indeed surprised." Cooper then brought him, after four days' stay at Ramahpatam, to Nellore in a palanquin. During the whole journey Wolff continually exclaimed, "Give me a good glass of champagne! give me a good glass of champagne!" He arrived in the bungalow of Bruce the Collector, who he found was the same man with whom he had travelled, in the year 1827, from Newcastle to Edinburgh. Bruce and his wife received him with all the cordiality imaginable; and whilst with them he was, for twenty days, in a most critical

state on account of a violent bilious fever, which followed the cholera. Everything he ate tasted bitter in his mouth. However, after one month's stay, he recovered so far that he attempted to proceed in a palanquin on his way to Madras. But when he was forty miles distant from Nellore, he was attacked by a most violent spasm, which obliged the palanquin-bearers to take him out, and carry him upon their shoulders to a native bungalow.

Most fortunately Mr. Prendergast, the sub-collector, was only four miles distant, living in a tent. So he came, carried him to his tent, and sent immediately a horseman to Nellore; when dear Dr. Cooper came a second time to assist Wolff, and stayed with him four days in the tent, and restored him so far that he set out for Madras with dreadful jaundice. He was there most kindly received into the house of Colonel Cadell; where he was soon surrounded by dear Christians, viz. Messrs. Dobbs, Brown, Shaw, Clulow, and Bannister; and, after a quiet stay of fourteen days, he was enabled to preach in the dissenting chapel.

As Wolff was not yet ordained into the English Church, and had only the four minor orders of the Church of Rome, some of the clergy there objected to giving him their pulpits, as the clergy in the upper country had before done. However, they were exceedingly kind to him, the clergy as well as the dissenters. All the papers of Madras were in favour of his preaching, except one, which raised its voice against him, whilst the rest declared him to be the apostle of the age. The missionaries of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, Dr. Rœtler and Irion, vied with the worthy dissenting missionaries, Smith, Drew, Taylor, and Bourne, in showing to Wolff every attention in their power. He lectured seven times, and twice at the station upon St. Thomas's Mount, seven miles distant from Madras, on the spot where St. Thomas the Apostle, who established the Church at Malabar, suffered martyrdom.

Even the white Jews of Cochin, as well as the black Jews, testify in their records, engraven upon copper-plates, that when they arrived in India they found Nazarenes, *i. e.* Christians, converted through the preaching of the apostle St. Thomas. And this is also confirmed by the Fathers of the Church. Thou, St. Thomas, didst lay thy hands and thy fingers in the wounds of thy Saviour, and it made thee confess Him to be thy Lord and thy God; and for thy Lord and thy God thou didst give thy blood in the beautiful country of Hindostan, where to this day the descendants of those to

whom thou preachedst His truth confess that Jesus is their Lord and their God!

As Wolff's health was still in a precarious state, his friends at Madras did not allow him to go much about. However, he engaged in a controversy with an ardent chaplain of the East India Company. Mr. Harper by name, who attacked him for two reasons: first, for preaching the personal reign of Christ; secondly, for preaching in dissenting chapels. Wolff published his opinion, that missionaries were in the category of apostles, and therefore Wolff was not inclined to receive reproof from a chaplain. This made Mr. Harper so angry that he danced about like a dancing master. However, Wolff called upon him, and made it up with him, and Mr. Harper's wife took Wolff's part. So the dispute was ended.

Sir Frederick Adam was also very kind to Wolff, but at last he determined to leave Madras. His dear friends, Clulow, the Rev. Mr. Tucker, Messrs. Dobbs and Conolly, brother to his friend Conolly, who was murdered in Bokhara, then took leave of him. For the last time they prayed together, and then Wolff set out for Cochin in a palanquin. Colonel Cadell, Clulow, and Maclean, kindly paid the expenses of the dâk as far as Cochin, and gave him letters for the active missionaries, Rhenius, Schafter, Winkler, and Müller.

Here Wolff has to observe, that a man who possessed neither silver nor gold of his own, nor was attached to any society, and had solemnly vowed that of his wife's fortune he would never appropriate a single farthing for his own use and missionary labours, cannot be justly taxed with meanness, because he accepted, as he did with feelings of gratitude, the assistance of others in the course of his travels, especially from those Christian friends who deemed the workman worthy of his hire. Especially, too, since Wolff contributed, out of what he received from both the kings of the Punjaub and Oude, towards the support of the American missions.

Wolff arrived on the 1st of September at Pondicherry, where there was a French settlement. A French bishop was there, with other missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie introduced Wolff to his lordship. The Bishop, however, avoided religious discussion, and his mind seemed to be entirely absorbed in politics. He told Wolff that their former Governor-General, Monsieur Debassay Richmond, a relation of Villele, and a friend of Louis the Eighteenth, and with whom Wolff had talked in Persia on his way to India, had told him that if all missionaries were

animated with the spirit of Joseph Wolff, a union would soon be effected between the Church of Rome and the English Church.

He then arrived at Cuddalore, where he lectured in the court-house. He gave a long lecture, and endeavoured to impress upon the minds of his hearers the preciousness of faith in Christ Jesus, which faith is the evidence of things not seen, the substance of things hoped for, and does not consist of mere knowledge, but in power; so that faith becomes manifest by the works of the Spirit, which are gentleness, meekness, temperance, faith, &c. Wolff preached too at Combacanum.

He preached at Trichinopoly, and lived in the house of Mr. Blair, where Bishop Heber died; and at that place he preached chiefly to the officers and privates, on the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ; and how on His thigh and His vesture the name shall be seen written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS. In the vicinity of Trichinopoly, he visited a sect of Hindoos, called *Kuller*, which means "thief." Their profession, as was that of their ancestors, is stealing, and they observe circumcision. Mr. Thompson, an Englishman, and Mr. Schreyvogel, a German, were missionaries there of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Mr. Schreyvogel made the following ludicrous remark in one of his sermons. He had preached twelve sermons on the history of the prophet Jonah, and in one of them said, "Infidels say that Jonah could not have entered a whale; now, I can assure you, that there are whales in the Mediterranean which would conveniently accommodate whole families."

Jevane Dawson, of Hindoo descent, the son of a Hindoo, converted by Schwarz, called on Wolff for the express purpose of hearing him explain his views respecting the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. There were in Trichinopoly one hundred and fifty native Christians, who observed the distinctions of caste, except at the Lord's Table. Too much has been made by some religious people of the native observance of caste. Wolff asks, "Are there not *castes* in England, and all over Europe?" He means social distinctions.

On his arrival at Mellore, on his way to Madura, a letter was delivered to him by Mr. Hooper, the Judge of Madura, from Mr. Rhenius; who is the greatest missionary that has ever appeared in the Protestant Church, being more enterprising, more bold, and more talented than even Schwarz himself. The number of Hindoos, to whose conversion he

has been instrumental, amounts to 12,000! He kindly invited Wolff to come to his station, Palamcottah. That great man, Rhenius, however, had the fate of all distinguished missionaries: for he was first envied and then discarded by the Committee of the Church Missionary Society in London.

There are many Hindoos who are said to be possessed by the devil. Vain attempts have been made, even by missionaries, to dispossess these afflicted persons; but the means employed have been strange, namely, by flogging them with a stick, or wand. Wolff firmly believes and knows that there are such sufferers now, even as there were assuredly in the time of Christ; and therefore, instead of using a stick, one ought to make use of the name of Jesus Christ, as the Apostles did. And even our 75th canon proves that the Church of England believes in the power of exorcism.

Religion is a glorious, complete, and harmonious temple, of which, if you destroy one part, the whole becomes shaken or disfigured. To a person who tries to conceal or alter one part, the whole must appear without harmony; and such a person goes from one part to another, until the whole beauty disappears. Those who view religion in this unconnected manner surrender it peacemeal, and often abandon it altogether. The most beautiful object will appear deformed if looked at with a prejudiced eye, or with the eye of an anatomist who investigates only by small and detached portions, without regard to the congruity of the whole. The boldness of those who have denied scriptural truth has been received by some with indifference, by others with delight. The latter rejoice to hear nothing more than that the devil has no existence; for they are (as Count Stolberg said) like the ostrich, who puts his head under his wings as soon as he perceives the hunter, and then feels himself to be safe. The idea has become far too current, that the Scriptures present to us mere phantoms and oriental imagery. But, from the most ancient traditions, the idea of fallen and hostile spirits has been found to have existed among all nations, represented in divers manners. All this testimony, however, has been rejected, and even ridiculed, by arrogant newspaper scribblers; though all delusions and erroneous traditions must have been founded upon some primitive and original truth.

Others, again, call those diabolical possessions mere bodily disorder and sickness. If it is said that the Son of God commanded those devils to go out of men, some one replies

by saying that Jesus Christ thereby accommodated Himself to the prejudices and current opinions of the times. But those who say this are worse reasoners than the Jews, who admitted the fact, whilst they objected that He cast out devils by the prince of devils. These half Christians, therefore, of the present day affirm, that He, who came into the world to bear witness unto the truth, confirmed a delusion by a miracle from heaven! To what purpose should our Lord have accommodated Himself to the superstition of the time? for, would the Jews have the less believed Him if he had said, "These are no possessions, but mere maladies, and permitted in order that you may believe in Me, if I cure them by the power of my word?" But He was far from doing so. He *cast out* devils, and He gave the same power to His disciples. Did the Son of God deceive his Church when He said, "*I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven*"? Was it the *sickness* of the Gadarenes which went into the swine?

It is objected, again, that it is inconsistent with the goodness of God to allow so much power to the devils. Wolff answers, "One might as well say that there are no tyrants in the world, no rebels, no atheistical propagandists; for their existence is quite as incompatible with such assumed notions of the goodness of God!" How should short-sighted creatures, like ourselves, presume to deny the possibility of the influence of strange spirits upon our organs, on no other foundation than our incapability of comprehending it? We are not able to comprehend how our soul influences our body; and, in truth, of all the objections made by infidels, none is more shallow and inane than that taken from the want of our power of comprehension.

Has the philosophy of the present day received any new light with regard to spiritual influences, and in what manner they affect the body? But it is still objected, "those times of spiritual visitation are ended!" Whence, however, have men *this* assurance? Is there one single passage in Scripture which tells us this? Until now, the devil is only bruised; his power, though restrained, is not annihilated. But some people say further, that the light of civilization has banished the devil and those diabolical possessions from the world. Wolff answers, that "the light of civilization has not been able to banish rebellious men, and usurpers like Napoleon III., from the world; how, then, should this boasted civilization have banished evil spirits?"

Wolff has always tried to conciliate the feelings and senti-

ments of the different Churches; yea, even to harmonize many tenets of the Roman Catholic Church with those of the Church of England; and he has even attempted to show how one may carry out the sentiments of Archbishop Magee, which he expressed to Wolff in the year 1826, of making the Wesleyans auxiliaries to the Church of England, and thus to embody their zeal and piety in union with episcopal order. But he must here decidedly and distinctly give his testimony, in such a way as cannot be mistaken, against that whole body of those gentlemen who have trodden in the footsteps of the philosopher Jacobi, Baron von Bunsen, and Doctor August Neander, of Germany; who have done all in their power to undervalue the belief in the plenary inspiration of Holy Writ, and the great doctrine of the Atonement, as this is not only stated clearly and distinctly, and typified by Holy Writ in the Old Testament, and interpreted and commented upon in the New Testament, but is also illustrated by the power of holy tradition and customs of all nations. For Wolff takes it for granted that every doctrine which is new, and every explanation of Scripture which produces a new doctrine, of which the Church in every age knew nothing, is a false doctrine; and is a doctrine which has been conceived by German professors, who find fault with everything in the Bible which does not savour of the sentiments of a German professor, and cannot be brought down to the very low level of human reason. Reason is their idol—the image which they have set up—which they to-day worship, and which is to-morrow pulled down by one of their own followers, who worships the same image in a new form. There is a great philosophy and a depth of the human heart betrayed, and a knowledge of history, in the words of Ezekiel, when he says, "Overturn, overturn, overturn;" and in perusing his whole prophetic vision, one may easily be convinced that he does not merely speak of the political overturnings, but also the overturnings of intellectual phantoms!

Though Wolff was sometimes very much struck and pleased with the amiable disposition of the so-called Broad Church party, their tolerant spirit and humility, he, at the same time, could not but be shocked by a firm conviction, that if their system be not checked by the power of the Holy Spirit, and by the theological genius of good sound orthodox divines, we shall see, in England even, teachers at the Universities who will be the followers of the writer of the Wolffenbüttelsche Fragments, and of Stephani, who com-

pared our blessed Lord (may I dare to say it?) with Catiline, the Roman conspirator, and with the followers of Strauss. Wolff trembles for the approach of that time, and come it will. Oh, that philosophers may never forget what the great Johannes von Müller said, in his History of Switzerland. "Mark well, friends, true enlightenment does not consist in the adoption of new sentiments, which have newly come from foreign countries; but in believing those things which have been sacred to our ancestors, more firmly than ever before; and in being able to assign new reasons, and more clearly than ever before, for believing those things."

A few words more about Rhenius, with whom Wolff lived for some weeks. One after another there would come to the room of this good man, before, during, and after dinner, both poor and rich Hindoos, English, and half Indians, to consult with him who was their spiritual father. It was not with him as in Abyssinia, where the poor were not admitted to the presence of some miserable missionaries. Rhenius had established 111 schools, and in those schools 2553 boys and 146 girls received Christian instruction. In his own seminary, in the Mission premises, forty native youths were boarded, and instructed in theology and various sciences. Poor converts were always chosen for teachers. John Dewa Saghaym, whose grandfather had been converted from Hindooism, was ordained by Bishop Turner, and superintended the native congregation; and yet, notwithstanding his labours and success, this Rhenius was dismissed by the Society for the following reason. The Church Missionary Society took him into their service, when they were well aware that he belonged to the Lutheran congregation; and after he had succeeded in converting thousands, and baptizing them after the Lutheran manner, Bishop Heber wrote to him a letter, charging him to prepare his converts for confirmation. Rhenius replied, that "his Lordship need not take the trouble; for he had himself done all that was requisite. He had been engaged by the Church Missionary Society as a Lutheran, and without making the slightest conditions, to the effect that he should bring up his converts as members of the Church of England; which he could not have conscientiously done, as he was opposed to it." Unfortunately, Rhenius was not satisfied with merely declaring this to Bishop Heber (who very wisely withdrew his demand of coming to confirm his converts), but he published a pamphlet declaring the Church of England to be an Anti-Christian Church, whereupon they instantly dismissed him.

Now Wolff says, though he *in toto* disagreed with Rhenius in his views of the Church of England; and though he prefers —(and let not Wolff be misunderstood)—though he prefers the Church of England, with regard to her homilies, and liturgy, and episcopal regulations, to the Lutheran community; the Society had no right to expect from a *Lutheran* Christian that he should instruct his converts in the principles of their own church, to which he was opposed, and had always avowed himself the enemy. They did very well in sending him as a missionary among poor Hindoos, rather than leaving them untaught; and they should have allowed him to continue to act according to his conscience, without any conditions. Wolff cannot bear the stiffness of those High Churchmen, who maintain that the Church Missionary Society ought never to have sent Lutherans among Hindoos. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge sent out Schwarz and Kohlhof, both of whom were Lutherans! Rhenius introduced Wolff to an interesting young man, whose name was Congreve, a son of the famous discoverer of the "Congreve Rockets."

After preaching at Nagercoil, Wolff arrived at Trevanderam, the capital of the Rajah of Travancore, who was a mild and amiable young man, and a great favourite with the British Government. Wolff received, as usual, the greatest hospitality from the British Resident, Colonel Cadogan, when he reached Travancore; and in his house he lectured and preached the Gospel of Christ; as he did also at Kotiam, where he next went, and which is on the coast of Malabar. The Church Missionary Society never ought to allow their missionaries to act as magistrates, as they did in Aleppie; for the heathens observe it, and are scandalized.

At Kotiam are the Syrian Christians, or the so-called St. Thomas Christians; and when Wolff was in Mesopotamia, in the year 1824, the Jacobite Christians at Merdeen, and upon Mount Tor, claimed the Syrians in India as an offset from their own church. And when, in 1825, at Oormia and Salmast, the Chaldean Christians (commonly called the Nestorians) claimed that honour; Archdeacon Robinson, at Madras, who is now Master of the Temple in London, wrote a long and interesting dissertation about them. It appears that they were at some period Nestorians; but it is certain that they are now (like the Syrians at Merdeen) followers of Dioscorus; believing that the human nature of Christ is absorbed in the Divine, as sand is absorbed in glass; so that Christ has one nature only, *i.e.* the Divine nature.

Wolff called with Mr. Ridsdale, the missionary of the Church Missionary Society at Kotiam, on Mar Dionysius, the metropolitan of the Syrians, a venerable old man. Wolff heard from him that the number of them amounted to 50,000, and that they had seventy churches on the Malabar coast, and they hold the patriarch of Antioch in high veneration. In the year 1825, Mar Athanasius, from Merdeen (the same who afterwards paid a visit to Wolff while he was at High Hoyland), was sent to them by the patriarch of Merdeen, that he might set in order what was wanting, and remove all abuses. He was received with joy by the Syrians of Kotiam; but when with great zeal he attempted to take down the Hindoo idols which they had in their churches, Wolff is sorry to say that they exiled him with the aid of the British Resident, and also, alas! that of some of the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society.

Mr. Baillie, the missionary formerly at Kotiam, has translated the New Testament into the Malayalim language (which is spoken by them), and he taught them the art of printing.

The Syrians at Kotiam hold in high veneration Ephrem Sirus, and Jacob of Nisibin; and they abstain, like their brethren in Mesopotamia, from pork, and every other meat which is prohibited in the law of Moses. The Jews themselves say that St. Thomas arrived in India in the year 52 after Christ, and that he converted the Hindoos to the knowledge of Christ; and this is supposed to be the origin of the St. Thomas Christians; and they are also called Syrian Christians, because they are united with the Syrian Christians in Mesopotamia, and are under the Syrian patriarch in Antioch. They are a mild and kind-hearted people.

Wolff then went on from Kotiam to Cochin, on the 4th of October, 1833. He assembled there the white and black Jews, and spoke to them, saying, "I am one of your brethren, a child of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and I believe in Moses and the Prophets, who predicted that seed of Abraham, by whom all the nations of the earth were to be blessed, and who shall be the glory of the children of Israel; who came in the fulness of time, and was brought as a lamb to the slaughter for the iniquities of his people; who was cut off, but not for Himself; who was pierced for our iniquities, and of whom it was said, 'Awake, oh, sword, against my shepherd, against the man who was my fellow.' Twenty years are now passed since I have found him to be my Saviour, and now, for more than twelve years, I have preached

A book was read in the Propaganda by the students, written originally in German by Father März, and extracts of it were translated into Latin. The title of the book was, "*Method of confuting a Protestant in Arguments.*" Some of the rules laid down in it were that the Roman Catholic opponent should sit opposite the Protestant, and take the whole matter very easy; but, should it happen that the Protestant produced a powerful argument, the Roman Catholic was not to attempt to answer it, but, laughing, "Ha! ha! ha! ha!" he should look into the face of the other, folding his arms, and say, "Sir, look into my face, and see whether, with open countenance, and without blushing, you can dare to produce such a silly argument." Father März goes on to say, "this will discourage the Protestant, and, seeing that you have discouraged him, then you must try to overpower him with eloquence." This *trick* (Wolff cannot call it otherwise) was attempted to be made use of against Wolff when he was arguing in the year 1822 with Père Renard in Mount Lebanon; and now again it was resorted to at Cochin, by the Archbishop of Verapula. But Wolff answered the prelate in the same manner as he did Père Renard; he said to him, whilst he was staring at him, "My lord, I have been in the Propaganda, and have read Father März. Oh! oh! oh!"

It must be said, however, to the honour of Roman controversialists, that such an unfair way of silencing an opponent was not used either by Bellarmine, or Sardagna, or Tournelly; and such arguments always show ignorance in those who use them.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Monks at Goa; Jews at Poonah; Conversation in a Palanquin; Fat Jew at Bombay; Mocha; Travels in Abyssinia; Arrives again at Malta.

WOLFF then left Cochin, and preached for some days at Calicut; and then he arrived at Connamore, and preached and lectured to the military station of British officers there, being the guest of Captain Butcher; the whole station treated Wolff with great kindness; but one newspaper afforded him much amusement; an extract will show

to the public that he did not always receive sugar-plums for his lectures. It published the following paragraph:—

"Joseph Wolff, *alias* Salathiel, lectures now at Connamore! His arguments are as clear as mud."

Wolff laughed heartily at this, but Colonel Cramer wrote a powerful refutation of it.

Wolff proceeded from thence to Combaconum, where he was most hospitably entertained by the Portuguese commander; for this place belongs to the territory of Goa. The priest of the place, Father Antonius Cajetanus, an enlightened gentleman, received him with the greatest kindness. Wolff presented him with a Portuguese Bible, and it must be said, to the honour of that priest and his whole congregation, that they informed Wolff, with delight, that the Inquisition was abolished.

He then left Combaconum, and arrived, on the 31st of October, 1833, at Goa. Wolff cannot conceal his feeling of joy, when he saw on the highroad there the cross of Christ planted; and heard the bells of the churches ringing in every village; and beheld Christian churches erected instead of the idols of Hindoostan. He could not help exclaiming, "Behold! the triumph of the cross over idolatry,"—recollecting, at the same time, that these churches were established through the flaming words of the Gospel, preached by the great Francis Xavier (as he was informed by the priests of and around Goa), and not by a sword of steel! nor by an *auto-da-fe!* in which the body is given to the flames of fire, and the soul to the eternal flames of hell.

Wolff then took a boat, and went on the river to Pangim, which is the place of residence of the Viceroy of Goa. The Secretary of Government, Nunez by name, and of Jewish descent, gave to Wolff a letter to the Provincial of the Augustinian Monastery in New Goa. Whilst he was writing this letter, some officers of the Portuguese army entered the room, and asked the secretary, "When will that extraordinary man, Wolff, come, the Protestant Xavier?" Nunez replied, "Here he stands before you, alive!" They all took off their caps (for the Portuguese officers wear caps), and expressed their joy at seeing him "whom they had admired for years."

Wolff then went with the letter to the Augustinian Monastery, when the Provincial, who was of the Jewish family of Picciotto, with the rest of the monks, received him with the greatest kindness, and assigned him a most beautiful room. The first observation made to him by the Father Provincial,

was, "I hope, Senhor Wolff, that you will give a more favourable account of us than Claudius Buchanan did (though he spoke with justice)—for the Inquisition is now abolished." Then he proceeded, "Oh! I can see before me that great man, Buchanan, intruding himself into the very tribunal-room of the Inquisition, just at the very moment when Joseph a Dolorosis, was pronouncing a death-sentence on a poor old woman. There Buchanan stood, with arms folded over his breast, undaunted, and said, 'I am sent here by Government to watch your proceedings, and I have to report all I see. This woman is your victim!'"

Now, it is very remarkable that Mr. Simeon, though an intimate friend of Buchanan, believed that he had over-coloured his account. Yet, at Goa, Wolff heard an account condemnatory of the Inquisition, given by the monks themselves, in even stronger terms than Buchanan has given in his *Researches.*

The Provincial then made this just remark, that "It was right that the Church should watch over the integrity of her faith, being, at the same time, helped by her members; but, allowing all this, judicial proceedings ought to be public; the accusers ought to be known; and none ought to be put to death on account of their religion. Thanks be to God," continued the Provincial, "the Inquisition was abolished in 1812; and the man, with a heart hard as stone, has left Goa, and we are now free."

Wolff then went with the monks to church, where he heard them praying in Latin the beautiful Litany of St. Bernard. "Oh! sweet Jesus, betrayed with the kiss of the traitor, and taken like a thief, and bound and forsaken by thy disciples, have mercy upon us, O Lord!" The strictest community of property was observed amongst these monks, and the Provincial observed, "St. Augustine said, 'If in the Republic of Plato such a community of property was established, merely for the sake of peace, how much more ought it to prevail in a house which is devoted to Christ, in order to obtain tranquillity of mind, and for the purpose of imitating the poverty of the Father of the poor! The expression of *mine,* and *thine,* will not be heard in heaven, where all things will be in common. We ought, therefore to anticipate this heavenly life, by exercising and preparing ourselves beforehand; and by rejecting the distinctions of property.'"

Wolff then explained to the monks, at their request, his views respecting the different doctrines of the Gospel; and they remained up with him till 1 o'clock in the morning. They

showed him the library; and he went with them to their seminaries, in which they taught the history of the Church, according to Bossuet; and the history of the Reformation, according to Cobbett; and Andrews' refutation of Fox's History of Martyrs. Both Andrews and Cobbett were translated into Portuguese. Wolff was also informed that there had been Jews at Goa, until they were exiled by the Inquisition. During his stay there, he received a letter from the Viceroy of Goa, nephew to the Don Pedro; and one from Monsieur Nunez, secretary to Government, which he subjoins. The first letter will show how unguarded Wolff was in attempting to fix the date of Christ's coming. It was addressed by the Viceroy to Wolff, and was written in English.

"SIR,—I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your kind letter of the 1st instant, accompanying a Portuguese translation, by Father Almeida, missionary at Batavia, containing the Old and New Testament; and on knowing that you have gone safe through so many troubles, inconveniences, and dangers, I cannot forbear from congratulating you upon the success of your mission to the Jews and Muhammadans; and God Almighty grant it may be such as ought to be wished for by every good Christian.

"You assure me that the said Old and New Testament, which contain the glorious news of the establishment of our Lord Jesus Christ's personal reign on earth, in the city of Jerusalem, fourteen years hence, is presented for my edification. If, however, I cannot but request you to accept of my warmest acknowledgments for this token of your kindness to me, yet I beg to inform you, that, being born of Roman Catholic Christians, my parents very carefully, and when of proper age, caused me to read very often the Bible, and to have it explained, by enlightened and learned men, in those places where it was requisite; such explanation I could not easily obtain through a Bible like that of Father Almeida, which, begging your pardon, I can positively assure you, is very badly translated; this, however, does not diminish my sincere feelings of gratitude towards you.

"I remain, yours affectionately,

(Signed) "D. MANOEL DE PORTUGAL CASTRO.

"Pangim, 6th Nov., 1833."

Letter from the Secretary of the Government at Goa.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I shall be extremely flattered by paying you my personal regards; your apostolic toils and extraordinary exertions in the most holy of enterprises, being already known to me from the perusal of the newspapers in India.

"As my situation does not allow me many hours of leisure to be at home, I beg to inform you, that I will be back from the Secretary's Office at 3 o'clock P.M.; and after that period I shall be very happy to enjoy your presence.

"I have the honour to be, my dear Sir, yours sincerely,

(Signed) "C. S. R. NUNEZ.

"Pangim, 4th Nov., 1833."

These letters show clearly that the Roman Catholics in Goa are not quite such brutes as they are frequently represented. The Provincial, also, gave to Wolff some statistics of the city of Goa. Alphonsus Albukerki, Viceroy of Goa, in the time of King John the Tenth of Portugal, built New Goa (Old Goa is destroyed). Franciscus Xaverius came soon after to Goa, when it was in the hands of the Spaniards, and then the Inquisition was established. The clergy of Goa divide themselves into real Portuguese, and those of Portuguese parents born in India. The archbishop must always be a real Portuguese. Wolff conversed with the monks freely on the joviality he met with among the monks in Bohemia, and, as no class of people are more fond of anecdotes than monks, he offered to relate to them the following story of a Benedictine friar in Bohemia. "There!" said Father Nunez, the Provincial, to the rest of the monks; "now, let us hear Don José Wolff tell the story of a jovial friar of the Benedictine order;" and Wolff at once began. "When I was at Klattau, in Bohemia, I lived in the monastery of the Benedictine Friars; and on one occasion I remained up with one of the cleverest monks I ever met with till late in the night, in order to hear his learned conversation. And it was just at the very time, when he had got as drunk as a fiddler, that he told me about the learned Rosenmüller, and other learned men of Leipzig and Halle; for he kept drinking beer all the time that he was talking. Unfortunately, about 12 o'clock, all the bottles of beer which were in the refectory were emptied. So he wished to get some more beer; and, therefore, both of us went down into the cellar, when the monk drew the spigot out of an immensely large barrel, which, during the operation, fell to the ground. The beer ran out like water from a pump, and the fellow actually stooped it up, and drank it from his hand. Inasmuch, however, as we could not find the spigot, all the beer for a whole year was lost. As for the fellow himself, I dragged him upstairs, and he went to bed; but at last he was dismissed the monastery as a hopeless drunkard."

Wolff paid a visit to the Viceroy, and dined with his Ex-

cellency; and then he left Goa on the 4th of November, and arrived at Belgaum on the 6th; where he met with Captain Pouget, and the missionaries Taylor and Gandy; and he preached on the final destiny of Israel, from Ezekiel, chapter xxxvii., verses 21 and 22. On the 14th he left Belgaum, and arrived on the 17th November at Sattarah, in the Mahratta country, where he preached on the evidences of Christianity.

On the 21st he arrived at Poonah, where he met with a most cordial reception in the house of Colonel Wood. Sir James Barnes, the commander of the station, kindly invited him to preach in the cantonment to the soldiers; but when Colonel Mountain wished to introduce him to Sir Colin Halkett, the Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Presidency, his Excellency said to him, "You had better not introduce Wolff to me, for I have been a good deal in Germany, and have seen a good deal of German Jews; and all the Jews I have ever seen have been 'damned' rascals, and, therefore, Wolff must be a damned rascal too." When Wolff came to Bombay, Lord Clare, the Governor of Bombay, invited him to dinner, and asked all the gentlemen composing the Government of Bombay to dine with him that they might meet Wolff. And when his Lordship asked Wolff at table, "Did you see Sir Colin Halkett at Poonah?" Wolff answered, "No; for he said all the Jews in Germany that he had ever seen were rascals, and therefore he did not doubt that I must be a rascal." There was such laughter at this reply as Wolff never heard before, for some of the party actually got up from their chairs, and rolled on the ground, convulsed by the joke.

Before we leave Poonah, Wolff must make mention of the *Benee Israel*, *i. e.* "Children of Israel," who are resident there, for they are totally distinct from the rest of the Jews in Europe and Hindoostan. After the destruction of the first temple in Jerusalem, their ancestors went first to Arabia, and then to Hindoostan, where they have since forgotten their law, but they continue to repeat, in Hebrew, certain prayers which they have learned from the other Jews. Great praise must be given to the Scotch missionaries, Drs. Stevenson and Wilson, for having revived among this interesting remnant of the children of Israel the knowledge of the Hebrew language. How wonderful is this, that Gentiles from Scotland should be the instruments of re-teaching the children of Israel their ancient language! They serve the English as volunteers, in their armies, and are esteemed the best native soldiers. They possess great simplicity and honesty of character, are faithful to their wives, and, by far, more moral

than the Jews of Cochin. They keep in their houses idols of wood and stone, and thus the prophecy is fulfilled, "And there ye shall serve other gods, even wood and stone."

They produced to Wolff objections against the genealogy of Jesus, which objections they had evidently heard from other Jews. For instance, they said:—

"You call Jesus the son of David, because he was the son of Mary, who was of the House of David; but you ought to know," they continued, "that a woman does not count in genealogy, only a man."

Wolff replied, "If you read 1 Chron. chap. ii. 16 and 17 verses, you will perceive that Joab, David's general, was considered to be of the family of David, because Zeruiah, his *mother*, was of the House of David: and in the 34th and 35th verses of the same chapter, you will observe, that sometimes the father is not at all taken into consideration. And this is also the case in many places of the Himalaya mountains, and at many courts of the Rajahs, as at Travancore, &c."

Another objection, which one of them produced, was rather amusing. He said to Wolff,

"I wish to remain what my father was."

Wolff asked him,

"What position do you hold in the army?"

He replied, "I am a captain."

Wolff then said, "Now, if your father had been a lieutenant, would you like to die a lieutenant?"

He replied, "But my father was a colonel!"

And so Wolff was entirely foiled in his Socratic method of arguing.

Before his departure from Poonah, Wolff received a letter from an Augustinian friar at Goa, from which one can see that Wolff's open-hearted discussion on the differences of their religion had not given any offence. He wrote:—

"REVEREND FATHER JOSEPH WOLFF,—I hope that your reverence will have arrived safely and in health. Your absence caused me great sorrow, for your Reverence's company entertained me very much by your learning. I enclose herewith the paper which you asked me for, and, after it has been translated, you will please to return it, and you may be assured that I will send you the other curious document. May Almighty God keep you for many years.

(Signed) "FRA. JOSEPH, of St. Augustin.

"GOA, Nov. 6, 1833."

The paper thus mentioned contained the regulations of the

Inquisition; and it is really astonishing to perceive the striking resemblance between the regulations of the Spanish Inquisition and those of the Jewish Inquisition in the time of our Lord.

Wolff then left Poonah from Bombay in a palanquin. The road to Bombay was beautiful; and a lady coming from Bombay in a palanquin met Wolff, who ordered his bearers to stop, in order that he might speak to her. She also stopped, and the following conversation took place:—

Wolff.—"Pray, do you come from Bombay?"

Lady.—"Yes."

Wolff.—"Where are you going?"

Lady.—"To Poonah."

Wolff.—"What is your name?"

Lady.—"I don't want to be questioned in this way;" and she ordered her palanquin to move forward. But Wolff called after her, "I beg your pardon, my name is Wolff." She then immediately stopped her palanquin, and said, "Why did you not tell me your name at first? How foolish I am, that I did not recollect you were coming this way to-day. My name is Mrs. Jacob, and I said only this morning to my husband, Colonel Jacob, 'I hope I shall shake hands with Wolff on the road;' but I had forgotten all about it. Do you know Colonel Morse?"

Wolff said, "Yes; and I have got letters from him for his wife, who is at Bombay." She then laughed most heartily, upon which Wolff asked her, "Why do you laugh so?" She replied, "Now, as you ask me, I must tell you the truth. A letter has already gone from Colonel Morse to his wife, in which he said, 'Wolff will come to Bombay and deliver a letter from me to you; but mind what I tell you; you may give him one kiss, but no more.'" After this they parted, and went forward on their separate routes; but Wolff kept up a sort of friendship with Colonel Jacob and his wife, and has since had the pleasure of meeting them at Addiscombe, and has stopped with them for many days in their own house.

Wolff arrived in Bombay on the 29th of November, and was received by all classes and denominations of Christians there with true cordiality and love. He was the guest of Mr. James Farish, who was several times Deputy Governor of Bombay. Lord Clare, the Governor, called, and heard a lecture which was delivered before a large audience; and Wolff also lectured in Farish's house, as well as in the Town Hall of Bombay, when English, Parsees, Armenians, Mussulmans, Portuguese, and Hindoos were present.

One of the Parsees announced a lecture on the principles of the Parsees, in which he tried to adopt the style and actions of Joseph Wolff; but he was dreadfully cut up in the papers, which said, among other things, that before he would interest the public, he must not merely have the power of imitating the eccentricities of Wolff, but must also unite with that his talents and genius.

Wolff had a public discussion with the Muhammadans at Bombay, when the most distinguished members of the British Government were present, both of the military and civil departments, including Farish, Robert Money, and the missionaries Wilson and Nisbet, and also Parsees. Whilst arguing with the Muhammadans, Wolff patted the shoulders of the Muhammadan Moollahs; but the Mussulmans of Bombay are very bigoted, being Sheahs, who consider it a pollution to be touched by a Christian; still, as they could not help themselves, they said, "When we go home we shall all perform ablutions."

There was one great difficulty in Bombay. Wolff wished to see the synagogues, and the congregation of the *Benee Israel, i. e.* "the Children of Israel," a portion of whom he had met at Poonah. But the whole body of that people at Bombay were dreadfully prejudiced against Wolff, for they had been informed that he made Christians by witchcraft; and one of them was especially averse, whose name was *Daood Captaan i. e.* "Captain David," a very fat man, and chief of the Benee Israel. He had actually issued an order that none of his people should even talk to Wolff, for fear of being overpowered by his black art, when a breach would be made in Israel. Archdeacon Carr, afterwards Bishop Carr, the missionaries, Wilson, Mitchell, and Stone, as well as the American missionaries, and even Robert Money, the government secretary, all advised Wolff not to call upon Captain David, but simply try to find individuals in the street who would give him information. Wolff replied, "You must let me go my own way; so let us come and call at once on Captain David." They smiled incredulously, but went with him to that fat gentleman. He was sitting at the gate of his house, looking very fierce. They said to him, "Here is Joseph Wolff, who wishes to see your synagogue, and to talk with you."

Fat Captain David said to Wolff, "You shall neither see the synagogue, nor talk with my people, because you are a magician."

Wolff said, "Be not foolish, Captain David, but show me your synagogue, and bring me the people."

Captain David replied, "I won't; you are a magician." Wolff took no notice of his statements, but stared at him with all his eyes, muttered with his lips, and pointing sternly at him with his finger, said, "You are very fat."

Captain David began to tremble, for he was afraid that he would get the evil eye,* which all over the East they say people will get whenever they are praised, without its being said, "O, that thou mayest be preserved!"

Captain David.—"Let my fatness alone."

Wolff again.—"You are very fat."

David.—"What have you to do with my fatness?"—holding his sides with his hands—"let my fatness alone!"

Wolff then said, "Then show me your synagogue, and bring your people."

He now said, "I will do so immediately."

So the key was brought, the synagogue opened, and the children of Israel were assembled.

Wolff then spoke to them of their folly in believing him to be a magician, and convinced them of the contrary. For, it must be observed, that the word *magic*, in Hebrew, means properly "overlook;" and the very word is also used in Somersetshire, among country people, who believe that their butter and other things can be "overlooked."

One word on the "Evil Eye!" or, more literally, "The Eye of the Evil One!" For is it not true, that one should acknowledge and proclaim every pleasure and beauty to be God's gift; in order that the "Eye of the Evil One" may not deface it by the Eye of Envy?

Wolff went also, with Dr. Wilson, to see one of the celebrated Yoghees, who was lying in the sun in the street; the nails of whose hand were grown into his cheek, and a bird's nest was upon his head. Wolff asked him, "How can one obtain the knowledge of God?" He replied, "Do not ask me questions; you may look at me, for I am God!" Wolff indignantly said to him, "You will go to hell, if you speak in such a way."

On the 11th of December, Wolff left all his dear friends at Bombay, and started in the H. E. I. Company's steamer "Coot," for Mocha and Suez. All his friends accompanied him on board; whilst Colonel Thomas, of the 20th Regiment, whom Wolff had seen in Cawnpore, and Mr. Walter Elliot, government secretary in Madras, took brotherly care of him. On the 23rd of December, they anchored near Macullah, on the

* "Evil Eye;" it ought rather to be called "The Eye of the Evil One!"

Arabian coast, in the land of Hatramawt, the Hazarmaveth of Genesis, chapter x. verse 26. This place is inhabited by Bedouins, of the tribe of Yaafa, who are perfect savages. Wolff preached to them, but they listened with barbarian indifference.

Colonel Thomas, and Walter Elliot, Wolff's two fellow-passengers, continued to show him the greatest attention. The former of these was a straightforward British officer; and both were gentlemen of the olden time. Colonel Thomas said to Wolff, "You probably know, at Poonah, my friend Colonel Wood; and I see that you are also a great friend of Archdeacon Carr, who is a relation of mine. I conclude that you know them, from this circumstance, that they belong to the 'saints;' and you saints smell each other out, like free-masons! what are your signs?" However, Thomas, though not pretending to be a saint, could not have been kinder to Wolff even if he had been one; so that Wolff jokingly remarked to Elliot, "I am very agreeably disappointed with Thomas, because I heard in Bombay that he could not bear the saints, and my friends warned me to be cautious with him." So while they were all at dinner, Colonel Thomas began, "Now, Wolff, tell me candidly who it was in Bombay that told you I could not bear the saints? was it not my friend and relation, Archdeacon Carr? I believe it was, but his coat saves him from a challenge." They all laughed very heartily at this, for Colonel Thomas had guessed rightly.

Wolff arrived, on the 28th of December, at Mocha, where a good many Jews resided, as they did in all the villages round Mocha. He also met Jews of that famous place, Sanaa, the Uzal of Genesis, chapter x. verse 27, which was the place of residence of Shem, the son of Noah. The high priest of Sanaa has the title of "The Father of the Court of Law."

Eighty years ago, the Jews at Sanaa pretended that they could ascertain their genealogy, and were in possession of ancient documents; but a dispute having arisen among them as to whom the superiority ought to belong, the respectable princes of that nation came forward, and said, "Children of Israel, hear the words of your elders, and listen to the advice of your old men. Through the jealousy, hatred, and enmity among ourselves, and on account of our impiety, our ancestors lost all their privileges, and were driven away from the land of Israel, and we, their children, are sighing in captivity; but why should we now quarrel among ourselves? Have we not trouble and tribulation enough? We live in the midst of Ishmaelites; of what use then is it, that one should pre-

tend to be of the tribe of Judah, and another of the tribe of Reuben? This only excites hatred; let us cast into the fire our doubtful documents; for, when the Lord shall be pleased to gather the scattered sheep of Israel, then every one of us will know of what tribe he is; Jehovah Himself will reveal it to us; and Messiah, the Son of David, will reign among us, even at Jerusalem, and upon His holy hill of Zion. No disputes will then take place among us; but there will be peace, quiet, and harmony."

They had scarcely finished, when the whole congregation of Israel at Sanaa burnt the genealogies of their tribes, and exclaimed, "Peace! peace! for ever in Israel!"

As Captain Rose, the commander of the "Coot," was obliged to remain in Mocha, he sent on a cutter with despatches to the Captain of the surveying ship, "Benares," of which cutter Lieutenant Wood had the command. Colonel Thomas, Elliott, the midshipman Grieve, and Wolff, went in it; and arrived at Loheyah, which is inhabited by a tribe of Arabs called *Kahtan*, and in scripture, "Children of Joktan," Genesis, chapter x., verse 26. A Muhammadan Moollah, from Bussorah, attempted to convert Wolff to Muhammadanism. A conversation of three hours took place between them; and Wolff's opponent was completely silenced. All the Muhammadans, who were standing by, acknowledged that Wolff had the advantage in the argument.

Wolff arrived, on the 16th of January, 1834, at Massowah, on the Abyssinian coast, where he met a great many Abyssinian Christians from Gondar, to whom he gave Abyssinian Psalters and Testaments. All Eastern people give to their sacred books a fine exterior. The Bible Society, therefore, does quite right, in circulating the Bible and Testament in handsome bindings; for they are received by the people with the greater willingness. Wolff met at Massowah with the Englishman Coffin, who was a servant of the famous Lord Mountnorris, who travelled as far as Massowah, and there remained and collected notices about Abyssinia. Yet that noble Lord had the hardihood to find fault, in his travels, with Bruce, the most veracious traveller that ever existed. Coffin, his servant, came on board the "Benares," "to see Wolff and his friends;" so Wolff asked him if it was true that there were Abyssinians who were able to change themselves into hyenas? Coffin replied, with great seriousness, "Certainly." Wolff then said, "Have you ever seen such a thing done?" Coffin replied, "Yes, my own servant did that very thing." Wolff then asked him to tell him the whole story, when he gave the following account.

"My servant was once away for several days, and I did not know what had become of him. One day, however, a hyena passed my house, and, looking at me, nodded with his head, just as if he wished to say, 'How do you do?' and a few days after my servant came back in his human form."

Wolff asked him, "Did you inquire why he had changed himself?"

He replied, "I took very good care not to do that, for he would have made my whole face swell at a tremendous rate!"

Wolff also met, at Arkiko, which is near Massowah, with an Abyssinian Christian, who informed him that the Queen of Sheba, called by the Abyssinians Nikestasiab, was born at Aksom, and her father's name was Agaws. She had legs like those of an ass, and went to Jerusalem to King Solomon, who cured the deformity. (There are men and women in Abyssinia with tails like dogs and horses!!). She afterwards became a Jewess, married Solomon, and had a son by him, called Menelik, who became King of Abyssinia. Salama, a Christian of Dalak, an island near Abyssinia, came to Abyssinia and preached the gospel, and baptized the Abyssinians in the city of Aksom.

Wolff heard also from a great many Abyssinians and Armenians (and Wolff is convinced of the truth of it) that there are near Narea, in Abyssinia, people—men and women—with large tails, with which they are able to knock down a horse!* and there are also such people near China!

Wolff heard an extraordinary story at Massowah, about Mecca. A Russian had recently entered Mecca *incognito*, but was recognized as being a Christian. He refused, however, to become a Muhammadan, and yet the Shereef of Mecca was afraid to put him to death because he was a Russian nobleman; and the Shereef being a creature of Muhammad Ali, was afraid to kill him without his master's permission. So he reported the circumstance to Muhammad Ali, who diplomatically replied, "Send him to me, and I shall know how to punish him." The Shereef sent him, and Muhammad Ali, wishing to conciliate Russia, let him go his way into Russia again.

The Governor of Massowah gravely related to Wolff the following marvel as a fact. At the time when the plague raged at Mecca, a woman died of it. The body was washed

* In the College of Surgeons at Dublin may still be seen a human skeleton, with a tail seven inches long! There are many known instances of this elongation of the caudal vertebra, as in the Poonangs in Borneo!

and put into a coffin, but, after being dead two days the woman rose again, and said, "This plague is on account of our sins. Repent, and cease from tyranny." The Shereef of Mecca proclaimed this marvel over all the country.

On the 20th of January, 1834, Wolff took leave of the good and kind-hearted officers and midshipmen of the "Benares," and arrived at Confoodah, on the Arabian coast, where he again visited a kind Albanian, of Belgrade, and the Arabs of the tribe of Joktan. On the 2nd of February, the little cutter in which he was sailing struck upon shoals, when Wolff was so much afraid, that he is ashamed at this day to think of it.

On the 9th of February he arrived in Jiddah, where our grandmother, Eve, was buried, who left Adam in Ceylon, and then came to Jiddah, where she is still remembered by the Jews with affection—but little cause they have for it. Wolff met at Jiddah the St. Simonians, from France, who had left their native country for having preached "*Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,*" which Wolff over and over will say is nothing but "*Tyranny, Beggary, and Butchery;*" and in Arabia the St. Simonians and other revolutionists were helping that horrid despot, Muhammad Ali, to tyrannize over the poor inhabitants of the villages. Wolff prefers Rundjud Singh in every respect to Muhammad Ali; for the former showed far more taste and discretion in his choice of European servants, for he chose gentlemen, *i. e.* such as Generals Ventura, Allard, &c., whilst Muhammad Ali only gathered around him French and Italian blackguards.

The Honourable East India Company's steamer the "Hugh Lindsay," arrived at Jiddah, with Colonel Groundwater and a brother of Alexander Burnes, Dr. James Burnes, &c., as passengers. They were surprised at seeing Wolff sitting at the gate which leads to Mecca, chanting, in the Arabic language, portions of the Psalms of David, and the prophet Isaiah, from the 34th chapter, beginning, "Come near, ye nations, to hear; and hearken, ye people; let the earth hear, and all that is therein; the world, and all things that come forth of it," &c.

Wolff chanted these words, and moved his head about, like a dervish; so that Colonel Thomas, as he passed the gate with the other officers that came in the steamer, said to Wolff, for a joke, "Now, you fellow, who shake in your shoes at the least breath of wind when you are in a steamer, can sit there among savages, who are ready to tear you in pieces. I should not like you to be killed; but what a sound flogging you deserve!"

Whilst Wolff now gives this account, he smiles, and says to himself, "Oh! how I should like to see you again, my dear friends! some of you I have seen again in England; others I have not seen; and some of you are gone, where I hope to see you again."

But to return. Wolff then went to the coffeehouse, where an Arabian beggar entered, trembling. His hair and beard were completely grey; he had a timbrel in his hand; and he sang, whilst he danced,—

"The world is bad;
The world is bad;
Repent, for you shall be laid in the grave.
Do good, and God will do you good."

Wolff spoke to him about the coming of our Lord in the clouds of heaven. Whilst he was in the coffee-house, an Arab Sheikh came in, and looked sternly at him, and said, but without abuse, "I know thee; thou didst make such a stir in Egypt by proclaiming the coming of Christ, when you were there in the year of our Hejrah 1245. If you had not left Egypt at that time they would have cut you to pieces. Take care while you are at Jiddah." He then gave him the following notice:—"That the three pilgrims from Yarkand, who went with Wolff from Cashmere to Delhi, and whose expenses he paid, had safely arrived at Mecca; and that they showed about there the Persian New Testament which he had given them; and related, sitting at the Caaba of Mecca, the kindness they had received from Wolff. And the Muhammadans exclaimed, 'The Christians, in our days, have often more pity and compassion than the followers of Islam!'"

The Muhammadans in the coffee-house told Wolff that, every year, 72,000 pilgrims go to Mecca; and that if there is one less, an angel from heaven supplies his place. Every pilgrim casts his seven little stones at the devil, and sixteen at the devil's two children.

Wolff met also at Jiddah several of the Borahs from Soorat, who were Mussulmans; but their ancestors were Jews, and they are the most stingy people in India. The following anecdote was told Wolff of them, which gives an idea of their stinginess:—"One of the Borahs set out on a journey three days' distance from his house. He had already travelled a whole day, when he came back to tell his wife, that she should take good care to gather up the remains of the tallow from the candle! His wife replied, 'Now, how foolish you have been to come back such an immense way; for you have

spent on your shoes more than the remnants of the tallow were worth.' But her husband said, 'I took good care that that should not happen, for I carried my shoes in my hand!'"

On the 25th of February, Wolff embarked on board the "Hugh Lindsay," for Cosseir and Suez. Captain Wilson, and every one of the passengers, overwhelmed him with kindness; and the mention of their names here must be given as a small acknowledgment to them from Wolff, for whose eccentricities and weaknesses they showed the kindest indulgence. First, Captain Wilson; second, Dr. James Burnes; third, Major Groundwater, whom Wolff lately saw again in Devonshire; fourth, Captain Jackson; fifth, Captain Pearson; sixth, Lieutenant Macdonald; seventh, Mr. Finlay; eighth, the Honourable Hugh Lindsay from China; ninth, Mr. Green; tenth, Captain Pottinger, afterwards the brave defender of Herat; eleventh, Colonel Hardy; twelfth, Mr. Pringle and Walter Elliot.

Captain Wilson once said to Wolff, "Your memory is astonishing! I see that you recollect having seen me in Bushire, nine years ago; and you even recollect the toast I gave you in the house of Colonel Stannes. I hope, therefore, that you feel towards me as a friend. So if you should ever write against me, I shall break your neck the next time I see you."

Wolff reached Cosseir in the evening of the 2nd of March, and preached the same evening to his friends. On the 15th he arrived at Alexandria, just three years and one month after he had left it on his great journey to Bokhara. All the Jews, and many Muhammadans, and every one of the consuls called upon him in the house of his old friend Gliddon, the American, where he was staying. He lectured again in the Methodist chapel on the 18th, and then he sailed for Malta, where he arrived on the 4th of April, 1834, and met his dear wife, whom he shall see in heaven again. It would be too much for Wolff to give a description of how they both felt. All his friends rallied around him, ladies as well as gentlemen; and he employed himself in arranging his notes of his late journey to Bokhara. He remained in the house of that excellent man, the Right Honourable J. H. Frere, who not only granted to him, on his return, the rites of hospitality, but it was also with his help that Wolff had been enabled to get to Bokhara; and, during his absence, Frere and his whole family had treated with the utmost kindness those who were dearest to him. Frere was an excellent man; by the native poor he was looked upon as a blessing.

Wolff, whilst in Malta, gave an account of his travels, chiefly

to the English inhabitants; and Mrs. Sheddon, a lady whom he had never seen, sent him £120, in order to enable him to publish an account of them, which he did before he left Malta.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Summary of Eastern Missions; What Wolff has done, and tried to do; Retrospect of India; Religious Societies and their Secretaries; Return to Syria; Abyssinian Mission; Mistaken for the Aboona.

BEFORE Wolff proceeds to England, he must be allowed to sum up the results of his expedition to Bokhara, Balkh, Cabul, &c. And, first of all, Wolff has obtained, and given to the world, a more clear insight into the state of the Jews, from Constantinople to the utmost bounds of Turkey, Persia, Khorassan, and Tartary, than had before been given. Secondly, Henry Leeves and others have testified that several hundred Jews in Constantinople and Adrianople were convinced of the truth of the Gospel by Joseph Wolff, and were baptized by the Armenian Christians, and did afterwards confess the name of Jesus Christ amidst stripes and imprisonment, from which persecutions they were rescued through the influence of Sir Stratford Canning. Jews in Bokhara, above twenty in number, were also baptized in that place by Wolff himself. Thirdly: He has given a full insight into the state of Muhammadism, as far as the utmost boundaries of Turkey, Persia, and even to Chinese Tartary. Wolff was the first to give an insight also into the state of the Christian churches from Alexandria to Anatolia, Armenia, and Persia.* Fourthly: Wolff has given an idea of the creed of the *Ali*

* Dr. Wolff recently met, at the house of Mr. Elliott, the Apocalyptic writer, Dr. Perkins, the American Missionary from Chaldea, who favoured him with the subjoined note in his own handwriting, which is now quoted in testimony of one result of Dr. Wolff's Eastern Missions. "Messrs. Smith and Dwight visited the Nestorians in the spring of 1830, induced to do so by a paragraph in a paper from the pen of Dr. Walsh, embodying facts communicated to him by Dr. Wolff, who had visited them several years before. In consequence of the report of Messrs. Smith and Dwight, I was sent out as the first missionary to the Nestorians in 1833. From that time to the present the American Board for Foreign Missions have had from four to ten missionaries among the people: have reduced the language of the Nestorians, which is modern Syriac, to writing: translated the Scriptures into it, and many good books: have given them 80,000 volumes in all; and many of the clergy, and thousands of the people, have become intelligent Christians.—J. PERKINS."

Ullahi, i. e. "Believers in the Divinity of Ali," in Persia, such as was never given before. Fifthly: By having circulated the word of God at Burchund, and among the Pooluj, and by having conversed openly with the Muhammadans, even in the most bigoted towns, yea, in Meshed itself (as was testified by Mirza Baba, the chief physician of Abbas Mirza), Wolff solved the problem, whether it is possible for a missionary to preach the gospel in barbarian Muhammadan countries? Sixthly: The churches in England and the United States of North America have been incited to follow in Wolff's steps, sending missionaries to Cashmere and Lahore. Seventhly: The most intellectual Jews of Meshed, who never saw the gospel before, have not only read it through his instrumentality, but have since translated it into Hebrew, with Perso-Jewish characters. The celebrated Moollah Yakoob, at Sarakhs, avowed his belief in the Lord Jesus Christ in the midst of the Turcomauns; and the pious Joseph of Talkhtoon, in the kingdom of Khiva, with all his followers, became readers of the gospel, at the same time lifting up their eyes to God, asking Him to guide them into truth. Eighthly: All the Jews, everywhere, were astonished and amazed to see one of their nation going about preaching Jesus as the Messiah and Son of God. And there certainly are hundreds of believers among them who have since confessed the name of Jesus, as Wolff ascertained in his last journey to Bokhara. And his name was remembered, not only among the Jews there, but also by the Turcomauns, as he found in the year 1844, when he made his last journey to Bokhara. Ninthly: The Muhammadans in Khorassan and Turkistaun, and the Sikhs in the Punjaub, were, by his missionary labours, convinced that there are Europeans who fear God, which before they could not be persuaded of. Tenthly: Wolff hopes to have proved, by the simple statement of a Brahmin in the Himalaya mountains, situated beyond the reach of British influence, whom he found reading the gospel of St. Luke, in the Nagree character, with crowds of his disciples around him, that the exertions of the British and Foreign Bible Society are not in vain; and he has also proved that, if the Bible Society had not existed, many of the Eastern churches, the Armenians excepted, would have ere long been without a single copy of the word of God. Therefore, the Church at home ought not to quarrel whether the work shall be done by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, or by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The reasons for which Wolff has himself an objection to attending the meetings of the British and Foreign Bible

Society are simply these—firstly, he does not wish to be complimented by Dissenters for his liberality; secondly, as he believes in the doctrine of apostolic succession, and that it is a scriptural doctrine, he does not wish to hear on the platform, this doctrine styled "One of the minor points."

But further, with regard to the success of Wolff's missionary labours, Neander says, in one part of his Ecclesiastical History, that not those who have made individual conversions to Christianity, are to be considered as having had the most success, but those who have introduced into a country, amongst the generality of people, new lines of argument for the support of Christian sentiments. Now, wherever Wolff has been—in Shiraz, Ispahan, Meshed, Bokhara, and among the Maronites in Mount Lebanon and the Jews in Jerusalem, Constantinople, Persia, Merw, and Khiva—the conviction has been generally produced, that the Bible is worthy of examination. Moreover, Wolff has also found that his correspondence with the learned at Bagdad, has been sent to and copied by the learned in the desert of Yemen; and though he would be mad to compare himself with Plato, Pythagoras, and Aristotle, yet his name, like theirs, has been recorded in the writings and archives of the Eastern nations, as that of a holy Dervish from Europe. And if the reader will look at the travels of the talented Mason, he will find this account of Wolff confirmed; and that the Affghans consider him as a prophet, who came from Europe to warn the nations of great events which were to come; and that he introduced the Bible amongst them. And it would be found in Yarkand, Tashkand, and Khotan, that the conversations Wolff held in Bokhara, are remembered to this day, and that the name of Joseph Wolff is known there.

It ought also to be taken into consideration, that although Wolff took Saint Francis Xavier as his model, he had not the advantages which Xavier possessed. Saint Francis Xavier was an ordained priest of a church, which is the most powerful church that the world has ever seen; and he was backed, and protected, and countenanced, and supported, and seconded by the powerful governments of Portugal and Spain, in every plan which he proposed. Wolff, on the contrary, went forth guided only by the spirit within; and his only ostensible patrons, during the greater part of his mission, were neither the Church of Rome, which though far from persecuting him, yet opposed his mission; nor the Church of England; nor any society whatsoever; nor even the missionaries abroad, but a few individuals. These were Henry

Drummond, Esq., Banker, 49, Charing Cross, London; John Bayford, Esq., Proctor of Doctor's Commons, No. 12, Great Knight Rider Street, London; and he may also add the Right Hon. Hookham Frere of Malta. And the chief pecuniary support he received was from persons, whom neither Francis Xavier, nor any Protestant missionary, was ever assisted by—even from the pagan king, Rundjud Singh, and the Muhammadan despot, the king of Oude. And in after ages it will be proved, that, by God's infinite mercy, Wolff kindled a light from the Thames to the Oxus, and from the Oxus to the Ganges, which never went out, and which with God's grace will become a great flame; but the great consummation will take place neither by the labours of Francis Xavier, nor those of Joseph Wolff, but by the second coming of Christ in majesty and glory.

And, after all, Wolff has been a pioneer on Mount Sinai, where Lord carried His people, *He*, even *He*, He carried them on eagles' wings! where he was the first missionary from the Western Church; and where his bringing the Bible—for no printed Bible, in Hebrew or Arabic, had ever been seen there before—was the means of converting a Bulgarian Jew, and making the Greek monks there acquainted with prophecy. And his mission at Cairo induced the Church Missionary Society to send her missionaries there; and after he had conversed with the Jews at Jerusalem, the Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews established their mission at Jerusalem, by sending Dalton, Nicholayson, and Ewald; and although Francis Xavier arrived in Japan with all the authority with which the Roman Pontiff could invest him, yet in ten years he only converted 300 persons. The rest was done by his successors. And the missionary Perkins informed Wolff that the British and Foreign Bible Society has furnished the Nestorians with printed copies of the Bible from the manuscript copy which Wolff sent home from Chaldea in 1825.

And besides this, Joseph Wolff conquered the deep-rooted prejudices of the Jews. He is regarded by the Jews, all over the East, as a *sincere* convert to Christianity; and he has drawn the interest of the Christian Church to the cause of the Jews, all over England, Scotland, Ireland, and in America, more effectually than any other missionary; and this was acknowledged in the Reports of the Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, which only began to be silent when Wolff attacked the Committee.

Wolff has found on returning to places where he had been years before, that his doings were not forgotten, and that he was

venerated by very many there, and even called "a Dervish" and "the forerunner of Mehdee;" yea, even "a Prophet." And if the fruits do not at present appear sufficient to his friends at home, he begs to remind them that he may say, without vanity or depreciation of the merits of others, that the fruits of his missions have been at least as great as those produced by Henry Martyn, though he was an ordained clergyman of the Church of England, and Senior Wrangler of Cambridge. And it is also to be observed, that the Jews of Egypt, Palestine, Persia, Bokhara, and Yemen, have confessed that Joseph Wolff must be sincere in his belief in Jesus Christ; and Wolff can never forget with what emphasis one day the Jews entered his room at Bokhara, and said, "Are you not afraid of tempests and storms?" and Wolff answered, in the words of Frederick Spee, the holy Jesuit—

"Be silent, be silent of tempests and storms,
Of darts, arrows, and sword, be silent.
No true and real knight will ever mind such child's play—
Be silent, be silent of tempests and storms.

Dr. Wolff must here also take a slight retrospective view of the whole of India—so far as an autobiography will permit him to do this. And, first as to Lord William Bentinck himself, of whom Wolff boldly maintains, that there never appeared so great a Governor-General in India as Lord William Bentinck was! His moral character was remarkable; no oath ever escaped his mouth.

The abolition of suttee is one proof of his wonderfully high moral courage and feeling; and which act alone would stamp him as the greatest Governor-General India ever had. He would sit in his office, like a clerk, working from morning till night. His liberality, too, was not the contemptible liberalism of the present day; nor was it kindled by political motives; but it sprung from a real love of mankind.

Wolff has no desire to enter into political discussions; but he cannot, at the same time, conceal from the public, that he is pained to hear the Honourable East India Company harshly censured, after the misfortune of being deprived of their rule which they have sustained; for though he highly disapproves the conduct of many members of the Company against that truly great man, Sir Charles James Napier, yet it betrayed no small amount of talent to have been able to govern India successfully for 100 years; and it remains to be ascertained, whether the present change will bring about an improvement in the government. And certainly, in order

that an improvement may be produced, the British Government must not be satisfied with merely sending out some missionaries; but they ought also to send forth officers, for the civil and military service, who will adorn the Christian name by their life and conversation; and who will leave off sweazing at the natives; and who will not, for the slightest offence, strike the natives. Such conduct, however, is not to be attributed to the Company, but to the character of Englishmen. Sir Stratford Canning and Lord William Bentinck agreed on this point with Joseph Wolff.

There is one great fault committed by the English Government with regard to India, and this is, their ridiculous fear of Russia; on which account, they made alliances with that most brutal, and most contemptible of all nations, the inhabitants of Khiva; who, at the very time that they made an alliance with England against Russia, would have made one with Russia, if Russia would have entered into an alliance with them against England. And besides, by this paltry alliance the English have made themselves enemies of the king and inhabitants of Bokhara, who, with all their enormities and cruelties, are by far more respectable, and by far more powerful, and by far more civilized, than the inhabitants of Khiva. Moreover, by showing to the natives of India, and Affghanistan, and the Punjaub, that they are afraid of Russia, the English have made themselves a laughing-stock all over those countries. Wolff never met with a Russian spy in India, but he met with many French spies.

Wolff, having completed at Malta the account of his last journey, which was written in a rather rambling manner, and was filled with too many proper names, (so much so, that when Wolff asked an Irish gentleman to purchase his book, he replied, "I cannot read half of it; for the names are so very difficult:" whilst another friend said to him, after he had sold a good many copies on Wolff's account, "I can sell no more, for the *flats* have got it, and the *sharps* won't have it!") set out again for England. He had received letters of invitation from a friend, who is as dear to him as Stolberg, Simeon, or Denison—he means the holy, good, and excellent Sir Thomas Baring, who was the president of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. He was also invited by his dear friends Charles Simeon, Sir George Rose, and Drummond, all of whom have since departed this life. Dear Irving had already departed from this world. His last words were, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters, &c., and having

repeated the whole psalm, he expired. Wolff, on reflection, freqently exclaims:—Sainted spirits of Irving and Drummond, God forbid that I should now say anything about some differences which began to subsist between us; for never, for one moment, did these give a shock to the affection which I always felt towards you both!

Wolff stayed with that dear man, Sir Thomas Baring, for some time; and he visited his other friends. He travelled about, all over England, Scotland, and Ireland, for the benefit of the London Society. But, whenever he had anything to do with that society, although they were very kind to him, there was always a *rumpus*. He travelled about with the secretary, a young man, who, whenever he was asked by persons, "What do you think about the restoration of the Jews and the personal reign of Christ?" would reply, "I am a secretary, and I must be cautious in such things, so as not to hurt the cause." One day this young gentleman came up to Wolff, and said, "Here is a letter from Carlisle; and the ladies wish you to go there: but they want you to keep in the background all that you have to say about the millennium, and the restoration of the Jews; and to speak only upon justification by faith." Wolff replied, "Give my compliments to the ladies of Carlisle, and tell them they must get somebody else; for, if I come, I shall want to convert them to my views, not that they should convert me to theirs. And you may add, that I am no secretary, who accommodates his views to the tastes of the subscribers." Wolff's determination was so given, and the ladies wrote that he must still come; and, after all, Wolff converted a good many of them.

The same secretary went with Wolff to another place, when again he came up to him, and said, "Here, you must be on your guard; for, if you begin to speak about the personal reign, they will believe you to be an Irvingite." Wolff wrote to Sir Thomas Baring, "What a fellow you have sent me! I could kick him behind!" Sir Thomas Baring answered, "Well, then, come to me at Stratton Park," and so Wolff went. The clergy of Gloucester would not see Wolff, for they said, "The fellow has run wild!" However, there are excellent people at Gloucester; and Wolff hopes, after all, to see them in heaven, though they did not wish to see him here upon earth.

Wolff returned to Malta in the month of October; and, in January, 1836, he set out again for Alexandria, and thence to Suez, where he found an Arab Christian, who had become acquainted ,through his conversations, with the natural

historian Schümber; also with the writings of Kant, Fichte, Schelling; and with the poets Schiller and Goethe. In Suez he also met with Dr. Hovenden, a nice fine young Irish gentleman, who was entering the service of Muhammad Ali, as a surgeon in his army. Wolff advised him not to do this; for he told him that he certainly would be killed amongst the European blackguards, who were in the service of the Egyptian tyrant.

The only Europeans whose company Wolff could enjoy in Egypt were, Fresnel, the greatest Arabian scholar in Europe, and Botta, son of the famous historian Botta, who heard his sermons on the restoration of the earth. Mr. Lieder, the missionary, was also kind to Wolff.

Wolff made a second visit to the monks upon Mount Sinai, where he met with an astonishing proof that there is no calculating the effect which the circulation of the word of God can produce. When Wolff was in Mount Sinai the first time, in the year 1821, he left there Hebrew Bibles and Testaments. In the year 1836, he found there a book, written by a Jew from Smyrna, containing his motives for having embraced the Christian religion. In this, he stated that the New Testament, which had been left upon Mount Sinai by Wolff, had convinced him of the truth of Christianity; and he had been baptized there, in the monastery, by Father Ignatius. Wolff again convinced the monks of Mount Sinai that Jesus Christ, on His second coming in majesty and glory, will again display marvellous deeds upon the very spots of Mount Horeb and Mount Sinai; and Father Ignatius, who was still alive when Wolff went there the second time, said to him,—

"Yes, the Jew is right, for Habakkuk says, 'The Lord shall come from Sinai, and the Holy One from Mount Paran,' which you see when you look out of the window; and the Jew, who became our teacher, told us that the 13th verse of chapter iii. of Habukkuk ought to be translated, *Thou shalt go forth to save Thy people through Jesus Thy Christ;* and the 18th verse ought to be translated, *I will rejoice in God my Jesus.* And Origen translates the 13th verse entirely the same as our converted Jew does."

Then Wolff remarked, "The translation of the 18th verse agrees with the one given by St. Jerome."

The name of the monastery upon Mount Horeb is St. Catherine, for Catherine suffered martyrdom at Alexandria; and as she had frequently expressed a desire to be buried on Mount Sinai, her body was carried to that place by angels,

where, to this day, miracles are performed at her tomb. And Wolff believes this, for it harmonizes with Scripture. It was in the wilderness of Sinai where the Lord—HE, even HE—carried my nation on eagles' wings!!! Papas Neophytos, the head of the monastery, introduced to Wolff a monk, named Gideon, who was one hundred and five years of age, and who had lived above sixty years in the monastery; the good old man was quite childish, but his holy appearance made Wolff kneel down before him and ask his blessing. The superior made Wolff a present of the History of the Monastery, by which we learn that many Christians lived around Mount Sinai, either in the caves of rocks, or in tents, a long time before the reign of the Emperor Justinian; but on account of the vexations they frequently had to suffer from the Arabs, they wrote to the Emperor Justinian, to ask him to assist them in building a monastery. The Emperor sent them 1000 Servian Christians, with their wives and children, who were called by the Arabs *Soobeān*, *i.e.* "boys, or slaves," who built the monastery A.D. 527. In course of time they became Muhammadans; but since Wolff introduced the Bible there in 1821, a good number of them have become Christians. Several years ago the Soobean rebelled against the monks of the monastery, but, when their camels and wives died in great numbers, they considered it as a punishment from heaven in consequence of their rebellion, and they returned to their former obedience.

Wolff also visited the cemetery of the monks of Mount Sinai. To reach this, one has to go through a dark subterranean passage, where are preserved, and shown to the visitors, the skulls of venerable archbishops, and one of Nemaaica, a Servian prince. That great number of skulls reminded Wolff of the words put into the mouth of the Wandering Jew by Schubart, the German poet. That awful person had refused to our Saviour a resting-place when He was led away to be crucified, and was almost weighed down by the burden of the cross, which He Himself, our blessed Saviour, had to carry. So the Angel of Death appeared to the Wandering Jew, and said to him, in fierce anger, "*Thou hast denied rest to the Son of Man, and to thee, monster, it will be denied until He shall come.*" In consequence of this declaration, a black demon escaped from hell, and whipped the Wandering Jew from land to land. And when he stood near a dark cave of Mount Carmel, and shook off the dust from his beard, he took one of the skulls of the dead and rolled it down Mount Carmel, so that it sounded,

and resounded, as it rolled down the mountain, and was broken to pieces, when he said, "This was my father." Then again he took another skull, and seven others, and he rolled them all down, from rock to rock, in the same manner, saying, with hollow eyes, "These and these were my wives." And, still continuing to roll skulls down the mountain, he exclaimed, "These are my children; ah, alas! alas! all these were able to die; but I, rejected by God, I am not able to die. Woe! woe! the most terrible judgment hangs over me eternally, even roaring terror."*

Wolff then conversed with the monks on the danger of forgetting God and Christ, and worshipping pictures; and it is remarkable that there is in the monastery a Muhammadan mosque also. When Muhammad was a youth, he came near the monastery of Mount Sinai, lay down in the road, and slept in the sun. The monks observed that a large bird, spreading his wings over him, protected him from the sun. The monks augured from this that he would one day become a great man. So they invited him to the monastery, and said as they perceived that he would one day become a great man, they requested that he would leave behind him a mark of his favour and protection; on which he stamped the impression of his hand upon a piece of wood. When Muhammad made his appearance as the Prophet of God, many years afterwards, and again passed by that monastery, the monks produced the mark of his hand, and he granted to them a firman.

In the time of Sultan Selim, Melindar, one of his generals destroyed 360 monasteries which were built around Mount Sinai. And this Sultan seems to have been the very prototype of Victor Emmanuel, the boasted reformer of Piedmont; who has begun his reformation by abolishing the monasteries, instead of making their inmates useful. On Selim's approaching Mount Horeb, the monks went out to meet him, and besought him to spare them; and when they produced the hand and firman of Muhammad, he granted protection to the monastery, on the condition of their building a mosque in the monastery, which they agreed to do. This mosque Wolff saw; and even now the Muhammadans perform their devotions there whenever they pass the monastery.

* It is remarkable that the history of the Wandering Jew is known among the Muhammadans all over the world; and Wolff met with Roman Catholic friends, of high respectability in Bohemia and Vienna, who assured him that they had seen this Jew, when he conversed with them about the good sound common sense which he had observed in Nero when he conversed with him.

The Superior told Wolff that the Arabs frequently leave their merchandise in the desert for three days, visit their families, and then return without being afraid of its being stolen.

Wolff then visited also Tor, the ancient Elim: Exodus, chapter xv. 27th verse. The Christians there were originally descendants of the Arabs. Wolff left Tor and passed a place where a horse was buried; the Bedouins cast dust upon it, and said, "Eat, thou father of the tail." Wolff returned to Suez, and lived in the house of Nicola, waiting for the steamer, "Hugh Lindsay," from Bombay, which was going back to Jiddah; at last it came, and Wolff arrived again at Jiddah. Here he went to the gate which leads to Mecca, and preached to the Muhammadans. He then set out for Abyssinia, in company of two servants, Hadara and Müller, who had been sent from Abyssinia to Jiddah, by Mr. Gobat, the missionary, for the purpose of drawing money on the Society. They sailed from Jiddah for Mosawah, on board a small Arab ship, and Wolff learned from Hadara the Amharic language, in which he made so much progress, that, on his arrival at Adwah, he was able to preach in that language.

Hadara and Müller told Wolff the following story; that Girgis, an Abyssinian Christian, was converted by Gobat to the Protestant faith. When Girgis went from Abyssinia to Egypt, Hadara and Kiddana Miryam (both of whom were Gobat's servants) accompanied him, but in a most treacherous manner, Girgis sold both of them to a Muhammadan, and they were released again by order of the Governor, on account of their being known to be Mr. Gobat's servants. This same Girgis became, afterwards, a Muhammadan.

The Muhammadan chief of Mosawah informed Wolff that there are four great *Sheikhs* (which may be translated "Patron saints," or more literally, "Grey-haired men,") in the world; just as there are four quarters of the world. Every Sheikh has forty bodies; and thirty-nine of them go for nothing, and he may commit with them every fault, and every crime he likes; but with the fortieth body he serves God.

Wolff left Mosawah, and crossed the sea in a boat for four miles, when they reached and alighted at a camp of Bedouins, called Sahate, where the heat of the drinking water was almost insupportable. The natives of that place produce fire for cooking in a very primitive manner; they take two pieces of wood, and rub the ends together, until both pieces begin to burn. One of Wolff's guides had an attack of cholera, and he cured himself by eating pepper.

Wolff conversed with some Abyssinian Christians about religion, when they were interrupted by a wolf, which came howling towards them. Hadara fired at him, and he ran off. Elephants were there wandering about in abundance, in the plains and upon the mountains. There were also tigers, which are caught in the following manner. A trap of iron is made, to which a cow is bound; and when the tiger hastens to eat her, the Abyssinian, who is waiting concealed, kills the tiger the moment he is entangled in the trap. Elephants are generally killed near the rivers while they are drinking.

Wolff learnt on the road that the cholera was at Adwah, the place where Gobat was residing with his family. Wolff confesses that, at the first moment, he was horrified at the news; but the example of the Roman Catholic missionaries at Cairo induced him, more than anything else, to prosecute his journey. For, whilst the plague was in Egypt, the Lutheran missionaries shut themselves up, as Wolff himself did (he says it to his shame) at Beyroot, with his wife and little daughter (the latter of whom died in Cyprus); but the missionaries of the Propaganda of Rome visited those who were infected with the disease; and six out of seven of these Roman missionaries died.

They next arrived at a little village, inhabited by the tribe Shiho, who are shepherds; and Wolff and his companions remained with them for two nights, and slept with them under the trees, where they heard the lions roaring around, and entering the sheep-folds; and the noise of the shepherds, in their attempts to expel them, was awful! The force of the description of Isaiah, chapter xxxi. verse 4, could be easily felt, where he says:—"Like as the lion and the young lion roaring on his prey, when a multitude of shepherds is called forth against him, he will not be afraid of their voice, nor abase himself for the noise of them: so shall the Lord of Hosts come down to fight for Mount Zion, and for the hill thereof."

Wolff then ascended the rugged mountain of Hamazien, which is a district in Abyssinia, and the whole place abounds with forests and morasses, interspersed with valleys and beautiful plains, well fitted for shepherds. He arrived at a place called Jueeda, where half-naked women were grinding corn for their families by means of hand-mills.

From thence Wolff proceeded to Ser Aroot, which is inhabited by Abyssinian Christians. The tradition of the Christians throughout all Abyssinia is, that the Queen of Sheba, with her whole party, were converted to Judaism by

King Solomon; and that he married her, and she had a son by Solomon, who came back to Abyssinia with his mother, when he ascended the throne of Abyssinia, and established the Jewish religion. And the very fact that the Abyssinians, though Christians at present, observe the Jewish religion with more exactness than all the Jews throughout all the world do, proves the truth of their history. Wolff was at once struck, on his arrival in Hamazien, by the Christians there distinguishing themselves from the Muhammadans, by wearing a string of blue silk or cotton round their neck. We read in Numbers, chapter xv. verse 38, "Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a rib-band of blue." Scapularies are therefore authorized by Scripture, for they are the *fringes* commanded by Moses.

When Wolff desired the landlord to give him a warm place to sleep upon, he good-naturedly told him, "Here, you may sleep comfortably upon the heap of cow-dung!"

On the 9th of June, Wolff went over the mountains which were covered with trees; and he reached, after a seven hours' ride, a village called Asmara, containing about 150 inhabitants. He alighted near the church, situated, as most of the churches in Abyssinia are, near a rivulet, for the convenience of their purifications. In this respect they are like the Jews! The inside of the church was just like the ancient Temple. In the first and outer circular apartment, the congregation sat and prayed, exactly as the Jews do; and there was another small division, answering to the Holy of Holies, into which the priest alone entered. The laity peformed their prayers at a distance from the Holy of Holies. The women also sat apart. Those who entered the church, kissed the door-posts as they came in, and put off the shoes from their feet, and performed a silent prayer, prescribed by their Church. The Abyssinian priests are dressed all in white, like the Levites of old.

Wolff circulated there the word of God, in the Amharic language; and preached to them the gospel of Christ. Hyloo, their chief, asked him, "Do you know Theodorus?" Wolff asked, "Who was Theodorus?" One of the Abyssinians replied, "His father was St. John, and his mother was a fish."*

Wolff then saw the women grind meal. They make bare the leg, and uncover the thigh, and have their children upon their backs while they are working at this employment:

* This reminds one of the worship of DAGON, which means *Fish*.

which reminds one of St. Matthew, chapter xxiv. verse 41; "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left:"—and in Isaiah, chapter xlvii. verse 2, "Take the millstones, and grind meal: uncover thy locks, make bare the leg, uncover the thigh, pass over the rivers."

As Wolff had no victuals, he requested Hyloo to give him something to eat. He gave him a live cow, which some assisted him in killing; after which every one (Wolff excepted) took a raw piece, peppered it well, and ate it; but he had his a little roasted.

It is asserted by some that the Abyssinians have no marriage, but this is not the case; for, on the contrary, every Abyssinian is permitted to have only one wife, whom he leads to the altar, and takes the Sacrament of Holy Communion with her, and she is then his wedded wife, whom he is not allowed to divorce. However, the chiefs take more than one; but from the moment they do so, they are not admitted any longer to the Lord's table. The Hierarchy in Abyssinia consists first of an *Aboona,* or, the archbishop of the nation; who is always a Copt, and is sent there by the Coptic patriarch of Cairo. He ordains the priests and deacons of the church. However, the Coptic patriarch of Cairo, who is the successor of St. Mark, is styled by the Abyssinian Church, *Leeka Papas, i. e.* "Great Father;" secondly, *Etcheque,* the "Superior of all the monks;" thirdly *Leeka Kahnat, i. e.* "Superior priest over a province;" fourthly, *Halaka,* which corresponds with a rector of the English Church. He is always a learned man, but not always a priest; fifthly, *Kyes, i. e.* "Priest;" sixthly, *Shemas, i. e.* "Deacon."

There is a monastery near Zaasega, called Debora Bezeym, in which there is a silver cup, which walks about by itself, and moves about in the air.

The Abyssinians baptize by immersion; and in the case of a boy, after forty days. Immediately after baptism, the child receives the *Korban, i. e.* "Commemorative sacrifice," or "The Body and Blood of Christ." The boy is circumcised on the eighth day, generally by a woman, which reminded Wolff of Exodus, chapter iv. verse 25.

A most extraordinary adventure happened to Wolff. Six years had already elapsed, since Kyrillos, the Aboona of Abyssinia, had died, and the people were just expecting another from Cairo. Whenever the new Aboona arrives, he comes in disguise; for the shouts of joy from the people, all over the country, would be too great to be endured. They

carry him upon their shoulders, bring to him hundreds of cows, and great barrels of wine, and honey, as offerings; thousands fall down to be blessed by him, and to be spit upon by him; so that if he did not come privately, he would not be able, in a year's time, to reach the capital of Abyssinia, which is Gondar, the capital of Amhara, a chief province of Abyssinia. During Wolff's conversation one day with Hyloo and the priests about religion, Hyloo, the priests, and the people around him, suddenly shouted, "HE IS OUR ABOONA IN DISGUISE!" At once they fell down at Wolff's feet, kissed them, implored his blessing, and desired him to spit at and upon them. They compelled him to submit to their washing his feet, and then they drank the water! All his protestations against these oblations were in vain; and, as it is a great crime for an Aboona to smoke, Wolff brought forth his pipe, and began to smoke; but they declared that this was only a stratagem to deceive them. Hundreds of cows were brought to him as a present, so that Wolff was quite *over-cowed!* and corn, milk, &c., and Wolff had to spit at them until his very mouth was dry. This absurd triumph continued till he reached Adwah, when the people were undeceived; for Wolff immediately went to Mr. Gobat, who was known to them as a missionary who had tried to convert them.

Before Wolff arrived at Mr. Gobat's, he received much useful information from the Abyssinians, which he will here relate. The Abyssinians reckon from the creation of the world to the year 1859, as 7350 years; and from the time of our Lord as 1852 years. They ascribe the translation of their Bible to Abba Salama, who was the first Abyssinian apostle. They believe that after death man goes to a separated place; the good to the paradise of Adam, and the wicked to a place called Sheol. After the coming of the Lord, the believers shall be with Christ; and the unbelievers shall be carried to the valley of Hinnom. Adam and Eve were driven to a land called Feyt. Enoch and Elijah are now hid in paradise; and both shall appear again, before the coming of the Lord. They believe in baptismal regeneration and the real presence. Wolff saw here a missionary sneering at a poor priest, for asserting that it was a good work to support the priest (which is indeed a good work). The priest turned round to him, and said, "We poor priests, after all, do not get as much money as you do; and this enables you to smoke tobacco the whole day long, and to go about without doing anything. The pipe at home, the cigar in the street." That was a capital remark of the Abyssinian priest; and

Wolff doubts whether many of the German tinmen (for that missionary had been a tinman) would have left their trade, if the leaders of the Church Missionary Society had sneeringly told them, "Go and preach the gospel; but you must not expect money, as the Eastern priests do."

On the road to Adwah, the relations and friends were mourning and howling over a dead body, which had just been buried, and were exclaiming, "She was my mother's daughter!" And other people were called from the villages around, to weep in the house of the dead; which explains the words of Amos, chapter v. verse 16, "They shall call the husbandman to mourning, and such as are skilful of lamentation to wailing."

Wolff left Kudus Michael Onamtay (which is the name of a place where he had been staying), and the people accompanied him a great stretch of distance, and carried him upon their shoulders. Wolff blessed them, saying, "The Lord bless you, and give you the desire to be blessed of Him."

A mighty chief of Adukhala, whose name was *Ghebra Amlak*, which means, "Servant of the Lord," called on Wolff, when he was resting in a field, outside Adukhala. Wolff was fast asleep, and, when he awoke, he saw before him a warrior, with a sword hanging by his side, and a silver shield covered his breast. He was kneeling before Wolff, asking his blessing. Wolff said to him, "I am not your Aboona."

Ghebra Amlak replied, "I know that, father; but bless me, bless me, for you are a servant of Christ." And then he asked Wolff to spit at him, for he said, "Christ made clay of spittle, with which He healed the blind." Here we see the origin of this custom among the Abyssinians, of wishing to be spit upon, because every movement of Christ is precious to them.

Wolff continued his journey south-west, and arrived near the monastery called *Kudus Gabriel, i. e.* "St. Gabriel;" and were it not for the holy monks in the monasteries of Abyssinia, the name of Christ would have been forgotten there long ago. There the psalters of David are sung early in the morning, and late in the evening; and from thence the Abyssinians are reminded of their great queen, the Queen of Sheba, and the high birth of Menelik, her son. In those monasteries, the name of Jesus Christ is adored; and many a monk wanders about, from time to time, to remind people that Jesus, the son of the blessed lady, Mary, is the Son of the Highest. Those holy men, such as Abba Salame, Teckla Haymanot, and Abba Gareema, are brought to remembrance,

who preached the name of Christ after it had been already established by the eunuch of Candace, the queen. Who will not have a partiality for monks like Teckla Haymanot, of Abyssinia; Nersus, of Armenia; Ephrem Syrus; Maron, of Lebanon; Friederich Spee, Thaulerus, Kempis, Sailer, and Overberg, of Germany, and Nikolas von der Flue in Switzerland?

They arrived at last at a village called B'Hesa, belonging to the chief, Wald Raphael, which had been plundered a few days before their arrival by order of Oubea, the mighty chief of Simean, in the Amhara country. This man, after the death of the celebrated Sabagadees, chief of Tigrè, subdued all the chiefs around; and as Wald Raphael refused to pay tribute to him, he was plundered by that chief.

Wald Raphael brought to Wolff a goat and an Abyssinian dish called Sherro, consisting of powdered lentils, well peppered, and bread prepared of *Teff*, *i. e.* "wheat," made into flat cakes. In Abyssinia, victuals are conveyed to the mouth by servants, whilst others hold a table-cloth before those who eat, in order that they may not be seen by strangers. The Abyssinians punish crimes by hanging, crucifying, and stoning to death, and inflicting forty stripes save one; and the bodies of criminals are not committed to the grave, but hyenas devour their bodies, and dogs lick their blood. Besides this, the avengers of blood prevail in Abyssinia, so that many are not allowed to go from one province to another, because they are guilty of blood.

It is a striking fact, that the Abyssinian Christians are more fond of the Psalms of David than of the New Testament.

All this information respecting the Abyssinians Wolff got while at Wald Raphael's village, and also as he travelled along.

It is worth while that Wolff should notice their great saint Teckla Haymanot, for every one who reads Wolff's autobiography will observe that he only wandered about to see men—sinners, to preach to them, and saints to be edified and taught by them; and, therefore, his autobiography contains nothing else but his conduct and proceedings when among sinners, and also when among holy men—how he taught the one, and was taught by the other. He delighted, also, in hearing the history of saints, who had slept for centuries in the grave.

Now let Wolff present to the reader's view the great Teckla Haymanot, who has slept in the grave already 1100 years. His name conveys the idea of "Planter of the Faith," his original name being *Feesahat Zioon*, *i. e.* "Joy of

Zion." He was born in Shoah. He replaced the royal family upon the throne, and was zealous in converting the Galas, a tribe on the borders of Abyssinia. These Galas say of themselves that they came from Europe. They are of a yellow complexion, and Wolff has not the slightest doubt that they are descendants of the Gauls. Teckla Haymanot is said to have been so successful in his preaching, as to have made such an impression on the devil, that he (the devil) determined to become a monk for forty years. The same Teckla Haymanot stood for forty years upon one place praying, until he broke his leg. There are twenty-four elders around the throne of God, with censers in their hands, serving God, and Teckla Haymanot is the twenty-fifth. He has six wings like an angel's.

CHAPTER XXX.

Detained in Abyssinia by the illness of Gobat; Returns to Jiddah; Ibrahim Pasha; Rechabites; Jews of Yemen.

ON the 26th of June, 1836, Wolff arrived at Adwah, the capital of Tigrè, where he found Gobat, who had been already ill in bed for several months, and was, of course, in the greatest distress. His wife had a little child with her, and was in the family way, and there were none to comfort them. There was a German carpenter there, Christian Aichinger by name, a faithless hypocrite, of the sect of the Separatists in Wirtemberg, who gave to poor Gobat but little assistance. The faithful Andreas Müller (Wolff's fellow-traveller from Jiddah to Mosawah) knew not one word of the Amharic or Tigrè languages, and for these reasons Gobat could not venture to undertake his journey back to Switzerland, as he wished to do; Wolff, therefore, offered to postpone his own journey to Gondar, and from thence into the interior of Africa, until he had conveyed Gobat and his family safely back as far as Jiddah. And he also promised Gobat that, if he should die on the way, he would go with his wife and child as far as Switzerland.

As in the month of July the rainy season commences, Wolff was obliged to remain at Adwah until September. During his stay there he continued his study of Amharic, under Hadara, and made the acquaintance of certain learned

people and priests; and he sent an Abyssinian, Warka by name, with his two sons, to Bombay, and recommended them to Dr. Wilson. There they learned English, and the sciences which would be useful in their own country; and Wolff had the satisfaction of hearing afterwards that they turned out exceedingly well. The learned man, Deftera Gualoo by name, who had been interpreter to the late Aboona Kyrillos, informed Wolff that the Queen of Sheba had, on her return to Abyssinia, composed her court of Jews, and that thus the first Jews were settled in Abyssinia. Some Abyssinians, at the time they became Jews, worshipped the serpent, which is another proof that their history is correct, for the worship of the serpent was evidently an abuse of Moses's brazen serpent. Salamé was consecrated bishop by Athanasius, a patriarch of Alexandria; and the Abyssinians have kept uninterruptedly the apostolic succession.

It is related of Menelik, that he brought the Bible and the ark of the covenant to Axum, where the latter, they say, still extsts, but is seen by nobody except the priest. The Bible was translated from the Hebrew into Ethiopic, by Salamé the Second. Abba Georgis, who was an original writer among the Abyssinians, was the compiler of their liturgy. Tikri, brother of Paul, was the translator of the book of Enoch from the Hebrew into Ethiopic. In that book Wolff read the prophecy of Enoch, which is given in the Epistle of St. Jude, verse 14. "And Enoch, also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these, saying, Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of His saints," &c.

Wolff visited Axum, the holy city of the Abyssinians, which is venerated not only by Christians, but also by the heathen, and the Galas; so that when the chief of the Galas, several years before, invaded Tigrè, and approached the city of Axum, he dismounted his horse, and fell upon his face, and dared not to enter the holy city, where the Queen of Sheba, and her son Menelik, had once resided. Axum is built between two mountains; one mountain is called *Beyt Ghirghis, i.e.* "House of George;" the other, *Beyt Egzie, i.e.* "House of God." Three columns of an immense height are standing at the foot of those mountains, which are called Hawlt by the Abyssinians. Near each pillar trees stretch their branches around, and produce an imposing effect.

Wolff inspected the magnificent church at Axum. The priests were just performing their worship, with all the musical instruments mentioned in the Psalms of David. The church at Axum is evidently an imitation of the Temple of

Jerusalem, with an outer and an inner court. Near the church is a little building, in which the *Korban, i. e.* the "Sacred bread," is baked. Fifty priests, and about two hundred monks, were reciting around the church; and Wolff conversed with an old blind priest.

Blind priest.—"We are in great affliction in this country; for our king is without power, and his servants rule over us. The time of Menelik is passed."

Wolff.—Repent, and trust in the Lord Jesus."

Blind priest.—"Woe unto us; we believe in the Lord Jesus, but our works are not according to our faith; hence our calamity has arisen."

Wolff then circulated the word of God among them.

The chief governor of the city and church of Axum, who is installed by the laying on of hands, by the presbytery, has the title "Nibreed." The treasurer of the priesthood invited Wolff to sleep in his house, and treated him kindly and hospitably. He spoke of Mr. Salt with respect, and also of Kugler the missinary. Wolff asked him, "Whether he could tell him who was the builder of the columns of Axum?" He replied, "Shem, Ham, and Japhet."

On Wolff's return, he went to Mey Gogo; where there is a waterfall about fifty feet high, which is considered sacred by the inhabitants thereof; and therefore they wash sick persons in it, believing that it has a miraculous power of healing.

Wolff ascertained the existence of the section of Jews called "Falasha." They reside around Simean and Gondar, and their number amounts to 200,000. The Rabbis in Cairo assert that the Jews in Abyssinia are of the tribe of Napthali. They are called *Falasha*, which means the "Exiled:" but as Wolff was not able, on account of Mr. Gobat's illness, to proceed to Simean, where they chiefly reside, he abstains from giving any judgment about them from mere report.

There is another sect in Abyssinia, called Kemaunt, who believe that the Lord will be born among them. The king of Hurrur, south of Abyssinia, is a powerful Muhammadan prince; and very jealous not only of the Christians, but also of the Turks. His people are Arabs, who came from Yemen. The Gala mothers expose their own children for sale; and Wolff, so far from believing the purchasing of those children to be cruel, considers it, on the contrary, to be an act of charity; for the Muhammadan purchasers have them educated in reading and writing, and (as the Muhammadans

expressed themselves to Wolff), "We make men of them." Whilst, if they are left in the hands of their mothers, they are in danger of being killed by them.

Before Wolff left Adwah, with Gobat and his family, he bought fifteen cows for about £3 10*s.*; and six measures of grain for about £5; and he assembled about 600 people, monks, widows, and orphans, blind, lame, maimed, and fed them in the streets. Shouts of thanks, and offerings of prayer, were heard from all sides as they feasted.

On the 1st of September, Gobat, his wife and servants, and Wolff and his servants, set out for Jiddah. Gobat was carried on a kind of bedstead over the mountain, by the faithful Hadara and Andreas Müller. Wolff had taken into his service Christian Aichinger, the above-mentioned hypocritical pietist from Wirtemberg; and he must confess, that all those servants of his who made least professions of religion were, in general, more faithful than those who professed a great deal. This is an awful fact.

They slept the first night at the foot of the monastery of Debra Damoo, situated upon a high and impregnable rock. Those who wish to ascend, the monks draw up by a large piece of leather. Then they arrived at Halay, situated upon the highest mountain in Tigré, 12,000 feet above the sea, the inhabitants of which place are the greatest beggars in all Abyssinia. They continually make sorrowful grimaces, and point to their mouths, as if they were starving. They were celebrating, just at that time, the feast of St. John the Baptist. Women, men, and children, and even animals, are always baptized by them on that day.

They next arrived at Mosawah, the governor of which place took Wolff to his country-house, but Gobat, of course, kept his room. Once the conversation turned upon Napoleon I., when his Excellency boasted of being well acquainted with the history of the French emperor. As a proof of this, he related the following story, whilst, like all Arabs, he addressed himself to his servants instead of his guests:—

"When Bonaparte was a general, he fell in love with a lady, who declined to marry him until her house, one day, got on fire, when Napoleon ran to her assistance. She was so much touched by this that she fell around his neck, and said, 'I am thy wife!' and through her influence he became emperor."

On the 27th of September Wolff arrived, with his party, in a boat, near Confoodah, where he met with dervishes from Bokhara, to whom he gave Persian Testaments, and preached

in the streets to Arabs. The dervishes continually moved their bodies about, as if they were fighting with some one, and in the greatest agonies; and they were continually shouting, "God is great! God is great! God is great! Merciful God! Merciful God!" Wolff asked what they were doing, and he received as a reply, that "they were wrestling with one of the heavenly hosts, who had injured their thighs." Here we have a full illustration of the wrestling of Jacob with the angel, when he prevailed with him.

Immediately on Wolff's arrival at Jiddah, he received a letter from an English gentleman, desiring him to come to him. Wolff arrived there, and found his friend Ovenden in his last hours. He gave to Wolff all his papers for his father, in Ireland, and also a diploma, by which he saw that he was a member of the Orangemen in Ireland. Wolff prayed with him, and shortly afterwards he expired. Wolff read over his grave the funeral service of the Church of England, in the Italian language, and preached at the grave, in the same language, to the Italian officers who had behaved so badly to him when he was at Jiddah before.

Gobat then embarked at Jiddah for Kosseyr, leaving Wolff behind, as his services were no longer necessary. Gobat heartily thanked him when they parted.

Wolff remained for a few days longer at Jiddah, where he met with a Muhammadan Moollah, who asserted that man may become God, and that there were twelve gospels, written by Peter, Paul, and Thomas. Wolff simply replied, that, "the Creator may become the creature; but that the creature should become the Creator is as absurd as if one was to assert that a table can become a carpenter. And with regard to the twelve gospels, there are only four of them authentic, and the rest are spurious."

Wolff left Jiddah in a small boat, and sailed for Hodeyah, as his intention was to see the Rechabites around Sanaa previously to his return to Abyssinia. Wolff arrived at Lit, where he left, in a burial-place, Arabic bibles, and a translation in Arabic of Robinson Crusoe. The Bible excited a terror among the Muhammadans there, and they exclaimed, "This is one of the signs of the times, that the Christian power will be prevailing everywhere."

Robinson Crusoe was admired, also, as a great prophet.

Wolff then entered into an argument with several Muhammadans, on the Divinity of Jesus Christ. Ahmed, one of the learned Muhammadans, said, "Oh, Joseph Wolff,

must not the Lord of the Age first come before the coming of Jesus?"

Wolff replied, "Elijah, the prophet, shall first come."

The conversation ended, for the drum beat, calling the soldiers to be drilled.

Wolff had also a most remarkable meeting with one of the Arab Sheikhs, of the tribe of Hobab, who was father-in-law to Moses (Numbers, chap. x. verse 29; Judges, chap. iv. verse 11).

He knew Hebrew exceedingly well, and even the Arabic dialect of the children of Hobab is mixed with Hebrew phrases out of the books of Moses. They observe, outwardly, the Muhammadan religion, but are attached to the law of Moses. He informed Wolff, that near Sanaa, the other branch of the children of Hobab were encamped, *i.e.* the *B'nee Arhab*, "children of Rechab," who observed the Jewish religion. A great number of the B'nee Hobab came down the mountain, and related to Wolff the history of Moses; how he wandered in the desert, under the guidance of Hobab, who at last refused to go on further with him. "Do you know," they said, "about Moosa (Moses), the prophet of God? The peace of God be upon him! Hobab, our father, was his father-in-law."

Shereef Ahmed Aboo Mesameer, of the tribe of Hobab, governed the mountain of the Aseer. He punished criminals by putting a nail in their foreheads, and therefore he received the name of *Aboo Mesameer*, "The Father of Nails." He was a mighty warrior, benevolent, and a despiser of riches.

One day, a merchant from Mozambique arrived at Hodeyah, with a cargo of slaves, which belonged to the Shereef. The ship was followed all the way by a shark, which killed one of the Shereef's subjects. Ahmed ordered the shark to be caught, and it was afterwards exposed as a trophy of this great man. One of the Hindoo merchants went one day by land from Hodeyah to Aboo Areesh, when he was attacked by robbers.

Robbers.—"Give up your property."

Hindoo Merchant.—"I am in possession of dollars, and they belong to Ahmed Aboo Mesameer."

The robbers, horror-struck, left him untouched, in such awe was his name held.

One of the Turkish officers called on Wolff, who offered him a copy of the Bible. The Turk replied that "he could not by any means touch anything which was forbidden by his religion." Immediately after this the Turkish officer re-

quested Wolff to give him a glass of brandy, but he replied, "You ought not to touch, by any means, anything which is forbidden by your religion; and spirits are prohibited in the Koran."

Wolff then set out for Hodeyah, and arrived the first day at Saydea, the governor of which place received him very kindly. After Wolff had given him, for his son, a "Pilgrim's Progress," and other books in Arabic, he desired him to stay the whole night. An Arab who was present said, "There is a great difference between this English dervish and our dervishes; for our dervishes go about begging, and he goes about doing good."

Wolff then went to Hodeydah the next day, where, at that time, Ibrahim Pasha (nephew of Muhammad Ali, and cousin to the great Ibrahim Pasha) was commander-in-chief. A very kind-hearted Frenchman, his physician, and, in many respects, a laudable exception to those French *canailles* in the service of Muhammad Ali, introduced Wolff to his Highness. The name of the physician was Monsieur Devaux.

Wolff spoke Persian with his Highness, and made him acquainted with the object of his wanderings; and he also made both him and his friend, Husseyn Effendi, a present of a map, published at Malta, by Schlienz, as well as of a translation of "Robinson Crusoe."

Ibrahim Pasha.—"Why do you not go to Constantinople to convert the Sultan, who shows a great tendency towards Christianity? He even dresses himself *à l'Européenne.*"

Wolff.—"Christianity does not consist in wearing an European dress. Christianity consists in bringing the heart, mind and reason from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; by believing in Jesus, and by being baptised in His name."

Ibrahim Pasha.—"What is divinity?" (*Illaheeyat?*)

Wolff.—"A systematic exposition of the existence, attributes, and counsels of God; of the relation of the whole created world to God, and of the relation of men to God."

Ibrahim Pasha.—"This definition is too general. What is Christian theology?"

Wolff.—"The systematic exposition of the knowledge of God in Jesus, and the design of His coming upon the earth."

Ibrahim Pasha.—"Do you believe everything which the Bible tells you?"

Wolff.—"Certainly; I am ready to die for the truth of it."

Ibrahim Pasha.—"Wonderful! A French physician whom I had, told me that there was no God."

Wolff.—"It must be said, to the honour of the French nation, that these are only exceptions; for the French Moollahs, such as Massillon, Bourdaloue, Fénélon, Bossuet, have written in defence of Christianity."

Ibrahim Pasha.—"Do you believe that Jesus was the Son of God?"

Wolff.—"Yes; for He was born by the Holy Spirit in the womb of the Virgin."

Ibrahim Pasha.—"Why do you not call Him otherwise?"

Wolff.—"Because the Scripture calls Him thus."

Ibrahim Pasha.—"What advantage will Lord Palmerston derive, and the whole British Government, from your converting a few Jews?"

Wolff.—"When Muhammad rose to preach that doctrine, which he believed to be true, he did not first consult the chiefs of the Koreish as to what advantage they would derive from it; and, in a similar way, neither Lord Palmerston, nor the whole of the British Government, have any concern in this matter; but I have the satisfaction of having been the instrument, in the hands of God, of bringing many souls into the right way, and of having obeyed the command of Christ, to 'Go into all the world to preach,'" &c.

Ibrahim Pasha.—"Why do you go chiefly to the Jews, and not to the Mussulmans?"

Wolff.—"I go chiefly to the Jews because I was a Jew myself, and they already believe in the Bible; but I have also always stated my belief to Muhammadans, and pagans, as well as to the Jews."

Ibrahim Pasha.—"If I should come with my army to Sanaa, *In sha Allah, i. e.* 'If God please,' I will give you every assistance and protection in converting the Jews. Where do you intend to go after you have been at Sanaa?"

Wolff.—"To Abyssinia and the interior of Africa."

Ibrahim Pasha.—"Pray do not go there, for there is great danger."

Wolff.—"For a good cause one must not shun danger, and *Allah kebeer, i. e.* 'God is great.'"

Ibrahim Pasha.—"It is true God is great; but God does not say, 'Cast thyself into the sea, and I will assist thee.'"

Wolff.—"For a great object one may expect the assistance of God in the time of danger. Your Highness exposes your life among the wild Arabs, with the object of bringing them to order, and subduing them to a more civilized government."

Ibrahim Pasha.—"Yes; but I am provided with arms."

Wolff.—"And I am equally provided with arms."

Ibrahim Pasha.—"With what kind of arms?"

Wolff.—"With prayer, zeal for Christ, and confidence in His help. The Koran justly says, *Allah koll shoye kadeer, i. e.* 'God is mighty above all things.' I am also provided with the love of God and my neighbour in my heart; and the Bible is in my hand!"

Ibrahim Pasha.—"I have no answer to that."

Monsieur Devaux and a good many Turks were present at this interview; and suddenly also a most respectable Greek, of high repute, and born in Salonica, made his appearance, who said—

"Is this *Yosef Wolff Ebraios? i. e.* 'Joseph Wolff the Hebrew,' who was taken by the pirates near Salonica? Vivante, the great robber in the forest near Mount Olympus, had heard of Wolff, and he said that he would have given anything if they had brought Wolff to him; for he would have honoured him with great honour, because he was such a great *philanthropos*, and had saved many Greeks in the island of Cyprus, in the year 1822, and had sent the children of the slain to England for education."

Before Wolff proceeds with his conversation with Ibrahim Pasha, he must give this short notice of Vivante. He was a great robber, of Catharina, near Salonica. He used to crouch down in the forest near Mount Olympus; and would thus sit alone, a musket at his side, waiting for the arrival of travellers, or Turkish soldiers, whose greatest enemy he was; and the moment he saw any of them, he made the sign of the cross, and whistled, when he was surrounded by 600 armed Greeks, and instantly made an attack.

Now let us return to the conversation with Ibrahim Pasha.

Ibrahim Pasha.—"If you could convert *Rothschild*, many would follow his example."

Wolff.—"Faith comes by the grace and Spirit of God, not by riches and temporal power."

Ibrahim Pasha.—"Why do you take so much trouble, if it is the grace of God and His Spirit that convert?"

Wolff.—"The Lord, the merciful and compassionate, pleases to act through the instrumentality of man."

The conversation then took another turn, and Ibrahim Pasha spoke about the Sultan. He said, "I have seen him, and his eyes are exactly the eyes of a fool. His reforms consist in little things; he offended, by adopting European clothes, the prejudices of his people; and his soldiers are

complete boys. During the battle of Hums, they continually exclaimed, *Ya umma! ya umma! i. e.* 'Oh, mamma! oh, mamma!' It was a great piece of impudence in him to call Muhammad Ali, my uncle, his servant. However, my uncle only obeys him as far as he pleases, and no more. What do you think is the natural cause of the fall, decline, degeneracy, and dissension among the Mussulmans of the present day?"

Wolff.—"This is the history of all nations; who, after they have reached the highest pitch of grandeur, become effeminate, and ungrateful to God."

Ibrahim Pasha.—"Especially under such a head as Mahmood; who, whilst he tried to form good soldiers, remained like a woman in his seraglio; and, therefore, his raising the *Sanjaak Shereef* (the 'Holy standard') against Muhammad Ali produced not the slightest effect upon the mind of the nation. For all the world knows Muhammad Ali to be a good Mussulman, and the Sultan to be a fool. When my cousin, Ibrahim Pasha the Great, was at Kiutaya, the Sultan sent ambassadors to him, inviting him to come to Constantinople; but the officers loudly protested against his obeying the Sultan's orders." Here the conversation ended.

Wolff then conversed with the learned Arabs, who came from Hatramawt; and from them he learned that, at Almaharra, between Muscat and Mucullah, the Arabs speak a language totally different from the Arabic. There is a volcano in the province of Hatramawt, called *Albeer Hud*, which means "Well of Eber;" for the sepulchre of the prophet Eber, mentioned in Genesis, chapter x. verses 21, 24, 25, is near it; and Prince Joktan, mentioned in Genesis, chapter x. verse 25, and Eber, were the first kings of Hatramawt. Sulkarneyn, one of their kings, who had two horns, opened the channel of Bab-el-Mandeb.

Johar, the former governor of Hodeyah, informed Wolff that there are people in Abyssinia who have tails, like dogs; and as Wolff had heard that before, from numbers of Abyssinian Christians and Mussulmans, he believes it. There is, even in England, a gentleman of dark complexion, and of great talents, whose name Wolff forbears from mentioning, who walks exactly as if he had a tail; and people of high rank told him that he and his family were known to have tails; and therefore, in his carriage, there is a hole in the seat where he sits, in order that he may be able to sit comfortably!

A peer of the realm has hired a house from this "Father

of the tail," as he may be styled; which is a title the Arabs give to their horses.

The Arabs of Hodeydah are in possession of a book, called "Seera," which gives notice of the second coming of Christ, and His reign in glory; and it says that great events would take place in the year 1840. Wolff then preached to the Arabs the renovation of the earth to its former beauty.

Wolff called one day again upon Ibrahim Pasha, but missed his way, and came to the hareem of the ladies. Ibrahim Pasha laughed, and said, "Oh wonderful! I am astonished that such an absent man as yourself should have been able to find his way to Bokhara, since he cannot find his way to my divan."

An old dervish called on the former governor of Hodeyah, and gave him his blessing, because he was sick; and the governor took a piece of paper, on which the dervish had been writing, and washed it in some water till he had got the ink off, and then he drank the water, and was cured!

Wolff arrived at Zabeed, which is one of the first places that embraced the Muhammadan religion, in the time of the Arabian prophet. The governor there introduced him to the chief priest, who has the title of Moofti. He was surrounded by about sixty learned men, and he asked Wolff's name.

"Joseph Wolff" was the reply; on which the Moofti then desired the servant to fetch two books from the shelf, which he accordingly did; and, to Wolff's greatest surprise, they were a Bible and a New Testament in Arabic, with his own name written in them. These he had given to a Muhammadan at Bagdad, who had sent them to the Muhammadans at Sanaa and Zabeed (which towns are in Yemen), for the purpose of giving them an idea of the books which the Christians were circulating among them, to try to spread the Christian religion.

The Moofti then made Wolff a present of the History of Zabeed, written in Arabic, in which the name of the German traveller, Seezen (a man of high talent), was written; and Wolff sent the manuscript to his beloved friend, Sir Thomas Baring.

He observed to the Moofti, that there are very wise men in Yemen; when the Moofti replied, "Praise be to God; wisdom has never departed from Yemen."

This reminded Wolff of Jeremiah, chapter xlix. verse 7, "Is wisdom no more in Teman?" *i. e.* "Yemen."

Wolff arrived again at Mocha, where he found the East India Company's ship "Euphrates," in which he twice

preached repentance, with the permission of Captain Rogers, a worthy and excellent gentleman. He then prosecuted his journey towards Sanaa, with unfriendly muleteers. He arrived at Beit Alfaké, where the news was spread, by the officers of Muhammad Ali, that his (Muhammad Ali's) beard, had of its accord become black again, which was a sure token that he was to live many years longer. However, the Bedouins of the desert, and their Sheikhs, called the governor of Beit Alfaké (who had been placed there by Muhammad Ali), "A pig," in his own house; in order to show that they did not care whether Muhammad Ali was to live a long or a short time. A dervish entered the room of the governor, when Wolff said to him, "Where is thy native country?"

Dervish.—"*Dust* is my native land, and to *dust* I shall return. Ho! ho! ho!"

The latter sound, "Ho!" he uttered in such a powerful voice, that it produced a kind of echo. Wolff asked him, "To what purpose is the sound 'Ho'?"

Dervish.—"It is the name of the Diety. I am overpowered by the overflowing of the Spirit."

Wolff has no doubt that the word "Ho!" is an abbreviation of the word "Yehovah."

Wolff then arrived at Saneef. The tribe of Arabs there is called *Naasraan, i. e.* "Christians," or *Moonasra, i. e.* "Christianized." Wolff desired them to give him the history of their tribe. They replied, "A disciple of Jesus, Bulus (Paul) by name, came to Yemen, and our ancestors, who were worshippers of idols, became Naasraan; and others of our ancestors, who went to Syria, heard the preaching of Simon the Pillar Man (who was thirty years upon a pillar), and so they became Christians also; and, therefore, we are called Naasraan, though we exclaim now, *God, and but God, and Muhammad the Prophet of God!*" Wolff needs not to remind his friends that Simon the Pillar Man is none else than Simon Stylites. Saneef is situated at the foot of the mountain of Borro, which is inhabited by the tribe of Aram, mentioned in Genesis, chapter x., verse 23. The inhabitants of this mountain are Wahabites, who wear no turbans, but a regular kind of European straw hat.

Wolff left Saneef on the 29th of November, and arrived at a miserable coffee-house, called Aboo-Kersh, where he met with the tribe of Hasheed, who refused to give Wolff anything to eat; and so they did, also, at a place called Sanfoor, so that actually, for three whole days, he was obliged to live on unleavened bread and herbs of the field, until he arrived

at Mafhak. Here the Arabs of his caravan came hurrying to him in consternation, and said:—

"We must all return in haste to Mocha."

Wolff asked, "Why?"

They replied, "The *B'nee Arhab* ('Rechabites') are besieging the town of Sanaa."

Wolff replied, "Remain here, and I will procure you entrance into the town."

One said to the other, "This man is a dervish; he can do many things."

Wolff then mounted a mule, and rode on towards Sanaa alone, when suddenly a swarm of Rechabites came towards him, tremendously hallooing and yelling, "Hoo! hoo! hoo!" Wolff held out his Bible towards them, when they shouted, "A Jew! a Jew! a Jew!"

Then both they and Wolff dismounted, and, sitting down with them, he told them that he had seen twelve years back, one of their nation in Mesopotamia, Moosa by name.

Rechabites.—"Is your name Joseph Wolff?"

Wolff.—"Yes."

They embraced him, and said they were still in possession of the Bible which he had given to Moosa.

Thus Wolff spent six days with the children of Rechab. They drink no wine, and plant no vineyards, and sow no seed, and live in tents, and remember good old Jonadab, the son of Rechab. And Wolff found in their company children of Israel, of the tribe of Dan, who reside in Hatramawt, and learn the Hebrew from the Jews of Sanaa, Tanaan, and Hadoram. The children of Rechab say, "We shall fight one day the battles of the Messiah."

Wolff then sent an Arab, who was a friend of the Rechabites, Sheikh Looloō by name, of the tribe of Hamdan, to tell his caravan to march on towards Sanaa; and he followed them, and sent about eighty Hebrew Bibles and Testaments as a present to the Rechabites, who had treated him so kindly. And so they peacefully entered the gate of Baab Shaub, which is the name of one of the gates of Sanaa.

Sanaa, called in Genesis, chapter x. verse 27, "Uzal," affords a most magnificent view of the surrounding country. It is situated in a valley, and is surrounded by mountains; the city is filled with beautiful gardens, with trees of pomegranates, grapes, and cherries. The houses are built of stone, and are four stories high, with terraces to walk upon the top of them, in the cool of the evening. At Sanaa is a very ancient house in ruins, called *Kaser Saam, i. e.* "The Castle of

Shem," the son of Noe; and the world and the Church ought to know that Shem and Melchisedek are one and the same persons. The *Imaum i. e.* "Prince of Sanaa," resides in a most splendid palace, called Dar Attowashe, built in a Gothic style, and resembling a fortress, like those occupied by the Deys of Tunis, and formerly of Algiers. The Imaum never leaves his palace, being always afraid of a revolt among his soldiers. In compensation for Wolff having brought the caravan to Sanaa, he made him a present of a robe of honour, and a shawl (the former Wolff gave, as a token of friendship, to the son of the present Archbishop of York), and he desired his ministers to introduce Wolff to him. He was drunk from morning to night, and the Jews furnished him with brandy and wine. When Wolff saw him, he was sitting upon a divan, surrounded by black slaves, he himself being also completely black, and he appeared to be a man of no energy or talent. He heard, with the utmost indifference, of the progress of Muhammad Ali in Yemen.

Wolff stopped, during his stay at Sanaa, with the *Banians, i. e.* "Merchants from Scinde." The Imaum permitted him to visit the Jews; and he had, the same day that he arrived, a visit from More Joseph Alkaree, the first Rabbi of Sanaa. This was an amiable and sensible man, who informed Wolff that they received all their books from the Jews of India.

The Jews of Yemen have strenuously preserved the ancient interpretation of scripture, and have translated the Hebrew word *Almah* עלמה (Isaiah, chapter vii. verse 14), a "Virgin;" and they assert that the Messiah was the person described in Isaiah, chapter liii., being then in a suffering condition, before He shall reign in glory. Also in Genesis, chapter xi., Alkaree said that Moses described the origin of the diversities of religion in the world, and he translated Genesis, xi. 4, "And they said, go to, let us build us a city, and a mosque, and with a tower for the adoration of the stars in the heavens." Joseph Alkaree informed Wolff, also, that the Jews of Yemen never returned to Jerusalem after the captivity of Babylon; and when Ezra wrote a letter to the princes of the captivity residing at Tanaan, one day's journey from Uzal, *i. e.* Sanaa, inviting them to return to Jerusalem, they replied, "Daniel predicts the murder of Messiah, and another destruction of Jerusalem and the temple, and therefore we will not go up until He shall have scattered the power of the holy people, until the 2900 days are over."

Wolff asked, "Do you consider these days to be literal days?"

Alkaree.—"No; but there are some who take them as literal days, and, therefore, the coming of the Messiah cannot be exactly calculated by the numbers of Daniel. But we expect His speedy arrival now, on account of the commotions which are going on in Yemen and throughout Arabia; for it seems that Jehovah, the Holy one, begins to revive His work in the midst of the years; and that He begins to come from Teman, *i. e.* Yemen; for you see how the tents of Cushan are now in affliction, and the curtains of the land of Midian tremble. There is now war in the wilderness more than there ever was before. There are twelve gates at Uzal; one of them is called Baab Alastraan, which latter gate is always closed; and we believe here, that as soon as that gate shall be opened, the Messiah will come; and now continual attempts are being made, by different hostile armies, to open that gate."

Wolff received also from Alkaree the "History of the Jews of Yemen," of which he afterwards made a present to Sir Thomas Baring. That holy man gave all the manuscripts which Wolff sent to him to the Committee of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, but they have never made the slightest use of them; and this is a reason why Wolff cannot bear committees. They are ignorant, and do not wish to be informed. And a striking proof that they do not wish to be informed is this, that they actually do not allow the missionaries to attend their meetings. Moreover, they do not prevent their attending the committee meetings in a straightforward way, but in a roundabout manner, by passing a resolution that they should attend the meetings at a time when they have nothing to do. Wolff calls this a *dirty* trick, and it makes his blood boil.

Wolff expounded to the Jews of Sanaa the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah; and he showed to them that Jesus Christ's sufferings are described in it. He baptized the Jews Menahem, More David, Yehya-Zaleh in the Jewish quarter, which is called Kahal Alyehood, together with their whole families; and he left them New Testaments. Polygamy exists among the Jews of Yemen. Wolff asked them how many wives they marry in general? They replied, "Only two; and even then there is a devil among them." This they said with the greatest simplicity. They have eighteen synagogues, and the name of the greatest is Keneese Beit Alusta. They desired Wolff to dine with them, but his fever did not allow him to remain at their meal. The name of the other Jew whom he baptized was Joseph Nagash. On returning to his

lodging, Wolff saw a most mournful sight; for the sisters of the rulers of Sanaa came begging to his door; and so he gave them something, when they went away thanking him.

Finding that his fever increased, Wolff left Sanaa, where the climate is most wretched, and he slept the first night with his friend Sheikh Looloë, of Hamdan. He then passed Matna, and on arriving at Khamees, a band Wahabites came down the mountain, and said, "The books you gave us, on your way to Sanaa, do not contain the name of Muhammad, the Prophet of God."

Wolff replied, "This circumstance ought to bring you to some decision."

The Wahabites said, with fury stamped upon their faces, "We *have* come to a decision;" and, saying this, they *horse-whipped* Wolff tremendously, and then went about their business.

Joseph Ben Alnataf, a Jew whom Wolff had also baptized, accompanied him as far as Mocha. Swarms of Bedouins came down the mountain and demanded seventy dollars. Wolff said, "Remember that I am an English subject."

The Bedouins replied, "In Yemen we know not the name of an Englishman. In Yemen we know only *God, and nothing but God, and Muhammad the Prophet of God.*" One after the other the whole band repeated this, and then added, "For infidels there are but three things: First, tribute; secondly, death; third, *Kalima*" (*i. e.* "Confession of faith.") Of course Wolff gave them his last penny.

He arrived, at the end of December, at Mocha, where he found his old friend, Monsieur Botta laid up with a fever. He said to Wolff, "My dear Mr. Wolff, I am here in a distressed condition; I shall probably leave my bones here; and, if the Bible is true, I am in a dreadful condition, for I do not believe it, and reading the writings of St. Paul only makes me more peevish." Wolff then expounded to him the eleventh chapter to the Romans; and Botta confessed candidly, that Wolff had beautifully shown to him that the great apostle had combined in himself, in a most prominent manner, the philosopher, the religious man, and the divinely-inspired apostle. Botta thanked Wolff most cordially for his masterly exposition; and wherever Wolff has expounded that chapter, whether to a philosopher or to a religious man, a like observation has been made to him. He recollects that, in the year 1840, he conversed, at Sheffield, on the final conversion and restoration of the Jews, with those excellent men, the Revs. Henry Farish and Mr. Best, when both of them thanked him for his powerful exposition of the same chapter.

It is worty of remark that, in every century of Christianity, enlightened Christians have been convinced by the eleventh chapter of the Romans, that the Jews shall at last be received into favour by the Lord God Almighty. And so, Saint Bernard, when he tried to stop the persecution of the Jews by the crusaders, referred them to Romans xi.; and even Martin Luther took great trouble to convert the Jews; because he drew the same doctrine from that chapter; and Wolff received a most beautiful letter on that chapter from Bishop Witman, of Ratisbon.

After awhile, Wolff set out again from Mocha for Abyssinia; but, on his arrival at Hodeyah, he was taken so ill with typhus-fever, that he was obliged to remain there for six weeks in the house of his kind friend, Mr. Devaux. Husseyn Effendi, Governor of Hodeyah, visited him daily; and more kind-hearted persons than Husseyn Effendi and M. Devaux do not exist. At last he arrived again, in a little boat, at Jiddah, where, with the kind permission of Captain Rogers, he waited on board the sloop of war "Euphrates," for the return of the "Hugh Lindsay," and he received the greatest attention from every officer on board.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Bombay; St. Helena; New York; Robert Hall; Apostolical Succession; Ordained Deacon in America, and Priest in Ireland; Marquis of Anglesea; Archbishop Whately; prepares for second mission to Bokhara.

THE "Hugh Lindsay" at last arrived at Jiddah, and Wolff, convinced of the total impossibility of traversing the mountains of Abyssinia in his weak state of health, sailed for Bombay. Now he was again in most pleasant company, with English friends. There was, however, a very funny passenger on board the ship, who was the captain of a merchant-vessel which had been wrecked. This gentleman amused the whole of the passengers with the continual nonsense he talked. One day he talked about Moses and his twelve apostles; and, at another time, in order to show his learning and deep philosophy, he observed, "Who, in our days, can believe that Balaam's jackass spoke?" Wolff, though still very ill, and lying on a bench whilst the other passengers were sitting

at table and eating, turned round and said, "My dear sir, in our days this has ceased to be a miracle, for we now find jackasses who are very eloquent indeed." He replied, "Where have you ever heard a jackass talk?" Wolff replied, "I hear one at this very moment."

Wolff, then arrived, with his gallant friends, among whom there was also the clever traveller Mr. Goff, a second time in Bombay. Mr. Goldsmid, a relation of the famous Jew, Sir Lionel Goldsmid, and who was in the H. E. I. C. S., came up to Wolff and welcomed him, and said, "Wolff, I love you for one thing, and that is, because you make yourself known everywhere as a descendant of the Jews, and show yourself at the same time to be a living epistle of Christ." In a letter which the Right Honourable B. Disraeli wrote to Wolff, he tells him that it is more than weak for a man to be ashamed of being of the Semitic race, and of having Semitic blood, "which is the root of all blood," in his veins.

Wolff also had the kindest reception from James Farish, who made him his guest; and, as Drs. Wilson, and Stevenson, and Smytham, &c., told him that it would be highly imprudent for him to prosecute his journey, either in India or Africa, he resolved to set out for the United States of North America, on board the "Amalia," a Swedish vessel, commanded by Captain Müller, because the climate of America is so much better than in either of the other two countries. Wolff arrived safely at St. Helena, where he called at once on Major-General Middlemore, governor of the island, and found in the ante-room, Miss Middlemore, to whom he said, "My name is Joseph Wolff." She jumped for joy, and said, "I will go and tell papa that you are come." His Excellency immediately came out to meet Wolff, and much good it did him to be again with English friends. The Governor immediately gave orders to the town-major to announce his arrival to the whole island, and he publicly lectured in the afternoon, and then dined with the Governor. He expounded the Scriptures to a large party at the Government House, and the next day he sailed for the United States, and arrived at New York in the month of August, 1837.

Here he was most cordially received in the house of the Rev. A. Dickenson, and, in a very few days, he found himself surrounded by members of the Episcopal church, Drs. Whittingham, Bayard, Vicars; and also by Baptists and Methodists. Wolff opened his lectures in the Tabernacle, by a statement of his views on the personal reign of Jesus Christ, and the restoration of the Jews. After he had been a few

days at Mr. Dickenson's house, through the kind introduction of one of the principal members of the Episcopal church, Professor, now Dr. Whittingham, Wolff was invited by Mr. Stuyvesant, a most excellent citizen of New York, to reside in his house, which he accordingly did. Whilst there, he received a letter from an old woman, who was reputed to be a real witch, from the land of Ohio, and she told him that he must not attempt to continue preaching until she gave him leave to do so by letter. Friends, also, of his beloved Irving called on him, and asked him whether he believed in the four ministries of the Church:—1, Prophets; 2, Apostles; 3, Evangelists; 4, Pastors and teachers. And who can deny them? and, in God's own time, they will be restored in perfection.

And now another event took place, which must be told more in detail. This event was the admission of Wolff into the holy orders of the Episcopal Protestant Church, as a deacon. He will now state the reasons which worked on his mind, and gave him no rest until he was ordained deacon and priest in the Episcopal church.

Before Wolff set out as a missionary, in the year 1821, from England for the East, he had the happiness of becoming acquainted with that mighty genius, the Rev. Robert Hall, the Baptist preacher, who said to him, "Now, Wolff, you are going out as a missionary to the East; let me, therefore, give you some hints. First of all, do not imagine that wisdom has died out with us Protestants; and that all that you see among the Eastern nations is folly and superstition, because it is not in accordance with your preconceived opinions. On the contrary, direct your attention to the customs and practices of the Eastern churches, and, depend upon it, that those customs, opinions, and practices which are universal are of apostolic origin; for the East is not called, without reason, 'the unchangeable East.' And be not afraid if those customs are also practised by the Papists; for the Papists wear shoes, and the Protestants do so likewise."

Wolff could have kissed Robert Hall for this beautiful advice, and it sank deep into his ears and heart. So, on his arrival in the East, he found that the belief in the APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION was most universally believed, without one single exception. And the following circumstance convinced him thoroughly that the doctrine of the Apostolic Succession is, in the strictest sense of the words, *a most scriptural doctrine.*

When he arrived in the monastery of Etsh-Miazin, he be-

gan to preach to the aged and venerable patriarch, when that patriarch coolly, and with a smile, said:—

"Young man, who has commissioned you to come here and to preach?"

Wolff.—"The Spirit."

Patriarch.—"What evidence have you? what are the credentials of your having the Spirit?"

Wolff.—"The internal voice."

Patriarch.—"This may be evidence to yourself, but it can be no credentials to me. Beside this, you were a Jew, and have read the Old Testament; and how did Moses prove to Pharaoh and to the children of Israel that he had been commisioned by God to deliver them? He did not say, 'I saw the Lord in the bush, and the bush burned, and was not consumed.' He did no such thing; but he performed miracles, and they proved him to be endowed with a high commission. They were the credentials of an extraordinary envoy; and therefore all he did afterwards was proved to be done by divine orders, being executed by one who produced extraordinary credentials. He was thus empowered to commission the Levites, who also became ambassadors of God, and whose office was hereditary from father to son. Thus it was in the old dispensation; and when John the Baptist, who began to vacillate, and to appear shaken in his faith, sent his disciples to Christ, and asked Him, 'Art thou he that is to come, or shall we look for another?' what was the answer of Christ? 'Go and tell him that the deaf hear, the blind see, and the dead are raised.' And why did Nicodemus believe? He himself gives us the reason in St. John, chap. iii., 'Master, we know that thou art sent from God, for none can do such miracles except he be sent from God.' And then the Apostles themselves received the same extraordinary credentials. 'Raise the dead,' said our Lord to them; and Peter proved his apostolic office by healing the lame in the name of Jesus Christ; and then the Apostles established again a regular priesthood, by the imposition of hands, which has been carried on in the Church from their time until the present without interruption."

Wolff has copied, in his former publication, the names of all the bishops of Jerusalem, Antioch, the Syrian churches in Mesopotamia, and the Armenian churches, from the time of Christ until the present day. Wolff, therefore, had no rest until he was duly ordained; and so he requested Whittingham, Bayard, and Bishop M'Ilvaine to recommend him to Bishop Doane, one of the great ornaments of the Ameri-

can Episcopal Church, and a gentleman distinguished and beloved by the Church as an orator, poet, and divine. Arrangements were accordingly made for Wolff being admitted as a deacon of the Episcopal Church, and a conference was held by the Presbytery, when he was declared to be fit for it. But, suddenly, the Rev. Mr. Seabury, editor of the "Churchman," accused Wolff of having been a follower of Irving, and a believer in the *Unknown Tongues*. Secondly: he stated that Wolff believed not only in the personal reign of Jesus Christ, and the restoration of the Jews, but also that he had publicly preached in America that the wolf and the lion would change their nature; and "how was it possible that a lion should eat straw, whilst his whole nature is carnivorous!" Thirdly: That Wolff believed in having had visions. Fourthly: That Wolff was declared, by many of his friends in England, to be ELIJAH.

Wolff gave the following answers, in a most calm manner, which were immediately printed. Firstly, that he never would deny, for one moment, that he was the great admirer and friend of Irving, Henry Drummond, and John Bayford; but, he must also say, that he never accepted the unknown tongues, because he had never heard them, and therefore knew nothing about them. Sir Thomas Baring himself would testify that Wolff never professed to be an Irvingite. To the second charge Wolff replied, that it was perfectly true that he believed in all that the "Churchman" said he did upon the point of a change in the nature of both the lion and the wolf; and rather to strengthen Mr. Seabury's statement, he begged to be allowed to tell him, that he believed all that the Scripture says, in its *literal* sense; and he would call those, who *spiritualize* that sense, by a term which he himself has invented, *i. e. Phantomizers*. Whether it is at present against the nature of lions to eat straw or not, it was not Wolff's business to inquire; nor would he enter into the anatomy of the lion, for Scripture told him that the very nature of the lion would be changed. Moreover, the greatest men had believed this doctrine. Yea, all the Fathers of the Christian Church believed that the whole creation shall cease from groaning, and shall be changed—even those, who have *spiritualized*, or rather *phantomized*, the doctrine of the personal reign of Jesus Christ, and the restoration of the Jews. Even Bishop Butler, in the 7th chapter of his "Analogy," avows his belief in the personal reign of Christ, the restoration of the Jews to their own land, and the change of the world—not its annihilation. As to the third point, Wolff

openly avowed it to be fully true—Luther had visions, Colonel Gardiner had visions, Jung Stilling, &c. As to the fourth point, that many of his friends believed him to be Elijah. It was true that some of his friends believed it; but he always believed himself to be JOSEPH WOLFF!

Dr. Whittingham and the whole body of Divines, both high and low church, wrote in defence of Wolff; and Bishop Doane came to him and said, "I am ready to ordain you, but you must submit to an examination." Drs. Henderson and Chapman, at Newark, were his examiners. He was examined in Ecclesiastical History, the Articles of the Church, Hebrew and Greek, and was approved of; and he was also tried in Natural Theology and Philosophy; but his answers to the questions on natural philosophy were rather funny.

Examiner.—"How do you get up water?"

Wolff.—"By a pump."

Examiner.—"But how?"

Wolff.—"You must pump hard."

Examiner.—"What must be removed?"

Wolff.—"Difficulties."

Wolff was then ordained deacon by the Bishop of New Jersey. He spent a month at Salem, as curate to Mr. Prescott; and he preached afterwards at Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, the doctrines of the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ;—doctrines which he proved from the Old Testament.

On a motion brought forward by the ex-president, John Quincy Adams, in the House of Congress, Wolff was invited to preach and to lecture before the whole Congress, when the Bishop of Virginia, all the members of Congress, and all the clergy of Washington, were present. Wolff never entered, during his stay in America, on the question of slavery, for he said, "I do not wish to mix myself up with your domestic affairs." This made him beloved by all the Americans; and nothing could be more kind than they were to him.

They had a funny way, however, of testing his divinity. When Wolff dined with President Van Buren, General Taylor, his successor in office, said to him, "I cannot understand you on the subject of the millennium; for, according to your views, Christ shall be King of kings, and Lord of lords; what then will become of our President?" Wolff replied, "This is his look-out!" The Rev. Dr. Howell, who was also present, said, "According to Rev. xxi. there shall

be no more sea, what, then, will become of the fishes?" Wolff answered, "You may pickle them!"

A shaking Quaker called on Wolff, and gave him an idea of his worship by turning himself about. Wolff said, "Why do you turn about?"

Shaking Quaker.—"Does not the Scripture say, 'Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die'?"

Wolff was also introduced to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Philadelphia, Bishop Kenrick by name, who had been his fellow pupil in the Propaganda; and the story of Bishop Kenrick having his Bible, which he had not seen for twenty years, has been already told.

The Jews in America have generally emigrated from Poland, Germany, and England; and the greater part of them are unbelievers in the law of Moses. Many of them have intermarried with Quakers, Anabaptists, and Mormonites. Even Bishop Henshaw, and others, adopted Wolff's views on the personal reign of Christ.

With regard to the Indians being the ten lost tribes, Wolff does not believe that such is the case, for they themselves know nothing about it; nor does he feel inclined to assist gentlemen and ladies in America and England, in their attempt to force the Indians to believe that they are the ten tribes. Besides this, he saw some of the Indian tribes at Washington, who have a resemblance to the Tatars in their countenance, as well as in their language. Wolff asked one of the Indians, "Whose descendants are you?" She replied, "We *are Jews.*" Wolff asked her, "Who told you so?" She replied, "Mrs. Simons, from Scotland, a few years ago."

Wolff dined with the President, Van Buren, as well as with Mr. Stephens, the author of "Incidents of Travels in Egypt," and he left New York on the 2nd of January, 1838, and arrived in the Isle of Wight on the 28th of the same month. When he arrived at Southampton from the Isle of Wight, he was most hospitably received by Dr. Wilson, the clergyman, and he met there his dear wife's friends, Admiral Tingley and St. Quentin. He lectured that same day; and accidentally encountered some amicable and well-behaved gipsies, who spoke with affection of their great benefactor, Crabbe, a holy and good man. Crabbe's relations ought to know that those dispersed children of Elam have grateful hearts. But Wolff has lately met a gipsy, in Buckinghamshire, to whom he said, "Look at my hand, and tell me what kind of man I am." This gipsy examined his hand, and said, "You have a wicked heart, and a wanton eye." So

Wolff has never since shown his hand to a gipsy; for he had enough of them on that occasion.

He met his dear wife on the 3rd February at Richmond, in Surrey, and during his stay at Richmond he was invited by Mr. Kingsley, the Rector of Chelsea, to deliver a lecture in Chelsea on the Millennium; when Earl Cadogan (Lady Georgiana Wolff's cousin) and the Marchioness of Anglesea and her daughters were present. The next day, Wolff received an invitation to dinner from the Marquis of Anglesea; when Mr. Villiers, afterwards Lord Clarendon, and a great many of the Paget family were present. After dinner, Wolff had a conversation, when the ladies had retired, with his host, and the rest of the company, on his mission to Persia. One of the Pagets made the observation, that it must be very difficult for a foreigner to obtain the attention of those Persians, on account of his English pronunciation of the Persian language. Wolff replied that the observation of the Persians was invariably this:—"It is astonishing how, and with what precision, Wolff conveys his ideas on religious subjects; for although he pronounces the Persian with a foreign accent, yet he rivets the attention of every one of us." Lord Clarendon said, "Mr. Wolff proves the truth of this assertion by his conversation with us in English, and the attention he commands of every one of us; and the interest he excites in us when he explains his views." The Marquis of Anglesea said, "That is perfectly true; however, we must not deprive the ladies of his interesting conversation, and therefore let us follow them."

They all rose and went to the drawing-room; when Wolff was first requested to state his views on Christ's coming in glory; and then to give an account of his residence with Count Stolberg. He observed, while speaking of Stolberg, "Your lordship must have known Christian Stolberg, the son of my friend, who fought and died in the battle of Waterloo, under Blücher; for Sieveking, who was in the camp of the Duke of Wellington, wrote a letter to the sister of Count Stolberg, giving an account of the bravery with which Count Christian fought." The Marquis replied, "I am fully acquainted with every fact you mention." Wolff was then requested to give the history of his slavery in Khorassan, which he related, saying, "When I came to Torbad Hydareea, entirely stripped, and in the depth of winter and starving, I came to the Jews, and asked them to give me a cup of coffee to drink; but, as they had none, they gave me a glass of brandy; and after I had entered with them into their houses,

I was able to preach to them the whole night." The Marquis said, with a smile, "Here you see the powerful effect of a glass of brandy." After this, the Marquis gave Wolff letters for the Marquis of Normanby and Archbishop Whately, in Dublin.

Wolff was also invited by the Bishop of London, and dined with him, and gave a lecture at his house; and he was entertained by the late Bishop of Norwich, who added three recommendations to those he had already got.

On his arrival in Dublin, Wolff was invited to dine with the Marquis of Normanby, and after dinner he delivered a lecture in the drawing-room to the whole party, among whom there was Archbishop Whately, who made the observation that "Wolff was a missionary Shakespeare." He then had a long conversation with the Archbishop, who recommended him to the Bishop of Dromore. Being recommended by the Lord Lieutenant, the Marquis of Normanby, to the University of Dublin, he preached before the University on the External Evidences of Christianity, which sermon was highly approved of by that body. He afterwards received the degree of LL.D. from the University, without fees; and was ordained priest by the Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Dromore, with letters dimissory from Archbishop Whately.

Wolff stopped with Lady Georgiana at the house of Viscount Lorton, where he enjoyed the pleasure of the society of his lordship's family for several weeks; and Lord Lorton made Wolff his honorary chaplain. He then returned to England, and occupied, first a small incumbency at Linthwaite, in Yorkshire, from whence he wrote to his beloved friend H. Drummond, giving him notice of his having become a parish priest.

H. Drummond wrote to him in reply as follows:—

"DEAR WOLFF,—Your call is to be an evangelist for all the nations of the earth, and for this you are fit; but, to use your own simile, 'You are as fit for a parish priest as I am for a dancing-master.'"

As the climate of Linthwaite was too cold for Lady Georgiana's health, Wolff exchanged that pastoral charge for the curacy of High Hoyland, in the same county of York, and there he remained for nearly five years, beloved by all. He was appointed to that curacy by the Rev. Christopher Bird, who resided at his other living in Northumberland; and when he was appointed, Wolff's predecessor, not agreeing with his sentiments, wished to retain the curacy. But he did not succeed in his wishes, and, being vexed at this, he

preached his farewell sermon, in which he took as his text, "After me ravening wolves will come to devour the flock." However, he was very merciful, and made no allusion to the coming "Wolff" in his sermon.

During Wolff's stay at High Hoyland, the Bishop of Ripon, now Archbishop of York, paid to both him and his wife the greatest attention; and his lordship assured Wolff, that he might consider him his firm friend, which he has ever since remained. Also Dr. Hook invited Wolff, frequently, to preach in his church at Leeds; and on Dr. Hook Wolff must be allowed to make some observations.

Wolff spoke, in the earlier part of his autobiography, of the great activity, zeal, and power of command of the great general of the Redemptorists in Vienna, Father Clement Maria Hoffbauer, who preached five times a day, and ran about among the sick and dying in the city of Vienna; and when at home was accustomed to sit upon a black sofa, and knit his own stockings; and he even sometimes knitted stockings for Wolff. Now Wolff has found in the Church of England a clergyman who may be compared, in activity and power of command, with Father Hoffbauer, and this is Dr. Hook. However, Wolff doubts whether Dean Hook knows as well as Hoffbauer did how to knit his own stockings; nor would he even dare to ask that powerful Dean to knit a pair of stockings for him.

The bishop of the Jacobites in Mesopotamia, whom Wolff had known in that country, paid him a visit at High Hoyland, in the year 1842. Three thousand people were assembled one Sunday in this little village, which did not contain more than a hundred and twenty inhabitants; and Bishop Athanasius preached before them in Arabic, in the church—the sermon being interpreted, sentence by sentence, by Wolff. He was afterwards obliged to preach in Arabic, in the open street, for the crowd was too great to get into the church. Wolff introduced this bishop to all his friends in Wakefield, at Cannon Hall, and at Leeds. He stayed several days with Earl Fitzwilliam, at Wentworth House, and then he returned to his own country.

At the beginning of the year 1843 Wolff heard of the imprisonment of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, in Bokhara; and the reasons which induced him to proceed to that place, in order to rescue them, shall be given in another chapter, as well as the history of his second journey to Bokhara.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Obligation to British Officers: Arrangements for Second Journey to Bokhara: Sails for Gibraltar, Company on board, Lord Lyons: Malta: Athens, King and Queen: Constantinople: Sir Stratford Canning: Arrives at Trebizond.

IT is remarkable, as the reader must have already observed, that, whenever Wolff was in difficulty, either by sea or by land, it was not a civilian who hastened to his assistance at the first moment, for no civilians were at hand; but it was invariably a British officer, either of her Majesty's army or navy, who happened to be in the neighbourhood of the spot where Wolff was in difficulty, and who hastened to his relief.

This fact sounds so extraordinary and so romantic, that Wolff is compelled to recall to the reader's mind, in as condensed a manner as possible, the circumstances, and also the names of those officers who thus befriended him.

The first time was in the year 1821, when Wolff was robbed of everything after leaving Gaza, in Palestine, and being near the ruins of Ashkelon. Utterly destitute, he arrived in Jaffa, at the house which once belonged to "Simon the tanner," where he met with Major Mackworth, who had just arrived from Jerusalem, and who gave Wolff every assistance in his power. Again, in the year 1823, Wolff was taken with fever in Jerusalem, and on the very day that he was taken ill, Colonel the Honourable Hobart Cradock arrived, and nursed him like a brother. In 1824 Wolff received 200 lashes from the Kurds, in Mesopotamia; and when he reached Bagdad, he met with Colonel the Honourable George Keppel (who mentioned the fact in his book), and also Captains Hamilton and Hart, and Mr. Lamb, the surgeon; when the first three advanced him money, and the latter cured his feet. Wolff received similar aid and kindness during severe illness from Colonel Robert Taylor, in Bussorah, and from Colonel Stannes, in Bushire; and on arriving at the foot of Mount Caucasus, Wolff was taken by typhus-fever, when at the very moment he was lying on the ground, Sir James Russell, of Ashesteil, arrived in his carriage, and brought him to Mostock, and consigned him into the hands of a German physician.

Again, in the year 1827, Wolff's ship was wrecked, and he saved himself in a little boat when, on the shore of

Cephalonia, one of the greatest men the world ever saw was standing waiting for him—Colonel Charles James Napier. When, also, he was ill in Cairo, an officer of her Majesty's navy, and another in the army, showed to him the greatest kindness; the name of the one was Lord Prudhoe (now the Duke of Northumberland), and the name of the other was Colonel Felix. When, in the year 1830, Wolff was robbed by pirates near Salonica, he received the utmost kindness, on his arrival in Salonica, from Lieutenant Adolph Slade, now Admiral Slade. After coming out of slavery in Khorassan, in 1831, and arriving in Meshed, he met with Colonel Shee and five English sergeants, who equipped him and advanced him money on his bills on England. In 1832, when they wanted to make Wolff into *sausages*, in Dooab (in the Hindoo-Kosh), but were ultimately satisfied with stripping him of every rag, and he arrived naked, like Adam and Eve, and even without an apron to cover himself, in Cabul, then he met there with Lieutenant Alexander Burnes, by whom he was relieved and clothed. On his arrival in the Himalaya mountains, he also received the greatest parental and fraternal kindness from general officers and their wives, and he must mention some of their names. Lord and Lady William Bentinck, Sir Edward and Lady Barnes, and her brother, Captain (now Major) Fawkes, Colonel and Mrs. Churchill, Sir Jeremiah and Lady Bryant, Colonel and Mrs. Craigie, Colonel Kennedy, who now resides at Cheltenham, and others whom Wolff might mention without number. Therefore, when he heard in High Hoyland that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly were imprisoned in Bokhara, Wolff said to his wife, "Now I am going to Bokhara to try to pay back a debt of gratitude which I owe to British officers."

It may also be observed, that the expenses in High Hoyland exceeded Wolff's income, and that was another inducement to him to leave it; and so the arrangements he made were as follows: He wrote first to his Rector, the Rev. C. Bird, of Chollerton, and told him that he felt it his duty to resign his curacy into the hands of his Rector. The answer of that worthy man must be recorded.

"My dear Brother—I lament your decision on my own account, for I never looked upon you as my curate, but as my brother and friend. By your departure I lose an enlightened and learned parish priest, and affectionate friend.

"Christopher Bird."

Another step Wolff took was to send to Sheffield to a

friend whose child he had baptized, urging him to come to High Hoyland, and who though still, as then, engaged in business, is a man of extraordinary acquirements. For whilst giving attention to his trade to this day, he has nevertheless made himself well acquainted with the Hebrew, Chaldean, Syriac, Arabic, Latin, Greek, Italian, French, and Spanish languages, as well as ecclesiastical history. His name is David Parkes. Wolff told that friend that he sent for him for the very purpose of advising him not to neglect his studies; he ought to show to the world and to the Church, that though a tradesman, and zealous in his trade, yet he could cultivate his mind and his talents; and Wolff begged him always to remain with him in correspondence, and he promised to write to him from Bokhara, and renew his acquaintance, if God pleased, as soon as he returned. And so Wolff has cherished to this day an affectionate friendship for Mr. Parkes and his family.

After that, he sent in his resignation to his beloved diocesan, the Right Reverend Bishop Longley, who wrote to him that he must not leave Yorkshire before he and Lady Georgiana had paid him a lengthy visit. Wolff paid a visit to the Bishop, and Dr. Hook also invited him to stay a week in his house with his family, and to preach in the church for the last time. And Wolff did preach at Leeds parish church on the name of "Jesus;" that there is no song so lovely, no sound so sweet as the name of Jesus; that He is the hope of the penitent; faithful to those who pray to Him; good to those who seek Him; but what He was to those who have found Him no language can tell it, no book can describe it; only he that has experienced it can know what it means to love Jesus.

Wolff's congregation presented him and his wife with a beautiful testimonial of their affection, and Wolff could never recall the kindness and cordiality which he received from his dear parishioners of High Hoyland and Clayton West without being overpowered with emotions of affection and love. Dear Eli Collins, what a beautiful speech thou didst make then in the school-house, with thy blue apron on, after coming out of thy mill! How much Wolff liked thy Yorkshire dialect; and thou, Geldard, who didst follow him; and you Joseph and George Norton, who now live near Ecclesfield, where Wolff is dictating these lines to his friendly amanuenses, Dr. and Mrs. Gatty, and their daughters!

After Wolff had spent some happy days with his family in the houses of Mr. Spencer Stanhope and Sir William Pilkington, he also paid a visit, with his family, to the great traveller

and earnest and straightforward Roman Catholic, Mr. Waterton; and he was the first who made Wolff acquainted with the miraculous conversion of the Israelite Ratisbonne, who now preaches the Gospel in Jerusalem. He also told Wolff candidly, that he believed the account that Saint Alphonsius Maria Liguori had been in two places at one and the same time; and he gave him letters for the family of Weld, who resided in Bruges. Wolff then set out with his family for London, where they spent a whole month with that good, holy, and excellent man, Sir Thomas Baring; and then they went to that extraordinary man, Wolffs friend, Henry Drummond, where he met with his attached friend, John Bayford, father to the present Dr. Bayford. who had accompanied him on board the ship when he set out the first time on his mission to the East in the year 1821.

During Wolff's stay at Albury he preached in the neighbouring churches; and he wrote from there to the Earl of Aberdeen, that he was ready to go to Bokhara to ascertain the fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. Both in conversation with Lord Aberdeen, and in his letters, he stated the manner in which he would travel to Bokhara; that he would never change his European dress, but would embark from Southampton, dressed in his clergyman's gown, doctor's hood, and shovel hat; with a Bible in Hebrew and English (Baxter's edition) in his hand. He would assume the title of "Joseph Wolff, the Grand Dervish of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the whole of Europe and America;" and he would demand the bodies, either alive or dead, of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly when he reached Bokhara.

Lord Aberdeen told Wolff candidly, through Mr. Addington, that the Government were convinced in their minds that both Stoddart and Conolly had been put to death, and that they could not take upon themselves the responsibility of sending Wolff on so dangerous a mission, as he would be exposed to a similar fate. Nevertheless, if he was still determined to go, Government would give him every recommendation he could require.

His private friends having agreed to contribute for the payment of his expenses to Bokhara, Wolff determined to go, on his own responsibility, and to absolve Government from all responsibility whatever; and it must be here distinctly understood that Joseph Wolff was not sent forth by Government on that dangerous mission.

However, the Government seeing his determination to go, *nolens volens*, at all hazards, they asked him what letters he

should want? Wolff replied, "The Sultan of Constantinople, being considered as the *Khaleefa, i. e.* 'Successor of the Prophet,' by all the Soonnee tribes, all over Asia and Africa, and as he is more esteemed in those distant countries than his own; he should be obliged to Lord Aberdeen for instructing Sir Stratford Canning, her Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople, to obtain for him autograph letters from his Highness the Sultan, addressed to their Majesties the Kings of Bokhara, Khiva, and Kokan; and also letters from the Sheik Islaam of Constantinople, to all the Muhammadan Moollahs in Bokhara, Khiva, and Kokan and Daghestan; he also begged Lord Aberdeen to instruct Colonel Shiel, Envoy at the Court of Persia in Teheran, that he should introduce Wolff to his Majesty the King of Persia." All this was done.

Wolff then went from England to Bruges, where he preached in the English church; and after all was settled for his journey, he returned to England, when the Peninsular Steam Company granted him a free passage in the "Iberia," which was to sail from Southampton for Gibraltar, Malta, and Constantinople. He took letters from Government not only for those personages who have been mentioned, but also some for his Excellency the Governor of Malta, and for the admiral of the station, and the Governors of Gibraltar, and for Sir Edmund Lyons. Captain Grover advanced £500 for the journey, which was repaid to him by private individuals; and Wolff may state here, that during his journey he spent another £500, which, through the kindness of Government, he was afterwards enabled to pay to Captain Grover who had advanced it to him.

Then Wolff embarked on board the "Iberia" at Southampton, when crowds of ladies and gentlemen, including the Honourable Mrs. Norton and the Honourable Frederick Walpole, came from the shore to have a peep at Joseph Wolff, and to shake hands with him; and Lady Georgiana took her leave of him on the deck. The ship's company consisted of Captain Evans, an intelligent gentleman, a few gentlemen belonging to the Government service of Gibraltar and Malta, one lady of rank, and the rest were, no doubt, respectable people, who were going to Constantinople, to be employed there in the fabrics and mills established by the Sultan.

Now, every one who knows Wolff is well aware that he does not consider Methodists and Baptists a set of canters; but he must be allowed to say, that the greater part of those on board the "Iberia" were a canting and whining set—there was,

especially, a fat Methodist woman, wife of one of the engineers, who sat on deck upon her husband's knee. She told Wolff that the Bishop Exeter frequently appointed persons to livings who were not "decidedly converted," and "against the will of the congregation, which was never done in their connection!" Wolff replied, "What do you mean by 'not being converted'—from what to what?" to which she gave no answer. Wolff then spoke to Captain Evans on the coming of the Lord, when he was interrupted by one of the Baptists, saying, "Dr. Wolff have you ever sinned or not?" Wolff answered, "What is that to you?" When Sunday came, Wolff preached, in the forenoon, on "Conversion;" when the Baptists said, "Doctor, we see, after all, that you have got the root of the matter in you! Will you testify again?" Wolff replied that he would preach again in the afternoon. The Methodist woman's remark was, that his mode of preaching was too much in the style of *John Calvey* —(Calvin). Wolff preached in the afternoon on Apostolic Succession, the Authority of the Church, and the Divine Right of Episcopacy! After this, both the Methodists and Baptists came up to him, and said, "Doctor, this afternoon we have not been fed." One of the Baptists then inquired, "Doctor, let me ask you one question?"

Wolff.—"Ask as many as you please."

Baptist.—"Have you ever sinned?"

Wolff.—"What is that to you?"

Another of the Party.—"Those who are in Christ sin not."

Wolff.—"Then do not sin."

Yet, after all, they were kind-hearted people—and, no doubt, pious people; and before they left him they expressed a hope that Wolff would soon speak more decidedly "the language of Canaan," and throw aside all that comes from the mother of harlots, who is drunk with the blood of the saints. Another of this party observed, "I do not quite agree with your millenniary views." Wolff said to him, "Are you of the views of one of your connection, who told me that the millennium shall consist of one grand class-meeting?"

Methodist.—"Well, the Lord in the bush be your guide! The Father of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, bless you."

However, the fat Methodist woman had not done yet; so she said, "Your friend, Dr. Hook, places the sacraments above Christ, and so does Doctor *Pussy*—(Pusey)."

Wolff.—"That is a lie! for, even the most ill-informed Roman Catholic does not place the sacraments above Christ."

Methodist woman.—"You *hought* (ought) not to say to *ha* (a) lady that she lies."

Wolff in his agitation and desire to say, "You are as much of a lady as I am a lady," stumbled with his tongue, and said, "You are as much of a lady, as I am a gentleman!" and though he corrected himself, his mistake was observed, and both he and the whole party roared with laughter. However, he apologised to the good woman for his rudeness, and they parted friends.

The "Iberia" had sailed for Gibraltar on the 13th of October, 1843; and Wolff often preached and lectured during the passage. On the 20th of October, early in the morning, they entered Gibraltar, when Sir Robert Wilson, the chivalrous general, received Wolff with the greatest kindness, and admired his courage. From thence Wolff proceeded to Malta, where he met again his old friend Mr. Frere, who, as Admiral Owen said, was most anxious to see him. In the street Wolff was surrounded by the Maltese, many of whom exclaimed, "How are you, sir?" "How is the lady?" and he had several conversations with Dr. Tomlinson, the Bishop of Gibraltar, who resided at Malta.

The "Iberia" sailed again on the 26th, and reached the harbour of the Piraeus, near Athens, on the 29th. On his arrival there, Wolff went on board the "Indus," her Majesty's steam frigate of war, where he received a cordial reception from Sir James Stirling, the Commodore of the British navy in the Archipelago; and he accepted his polite invitation to breakfast. He then called on the Rev. W. H. D. Leeves, the English chaplain to the Embassy, an old friend, with whom he had resided in Constantinople, and who had gained the affection of all the Eastern churches. Through Sir Edmund Lyons' kindness, Wolff was introduced to their Majesties, the King and Queen of Greece. On being introduced to his Majesty, (who was a tall meagre-looking gentleman, dressed in Greek costume,) Wolff, first of all, made to him a profound and graceful bow; when the king said to him, "You have made, and are now making, a great journey for a benevolent purpose."

Wolff.—"I had the honour of being introduced to your Majesty's royal father at Rome."

King Otho.—"In what year?"

Wolff.—"In the year 1818, when he was accompanied by Dr. Ringseis and Counts Rechberg and Seinsheim."

King.—"What nations have you visited and conversed with?"

Wolff made his Majesty acquainted with them; and was then asked by him to give him an insight into the Chaldean and Armenian churches, which Wolff did. He was then introduced to the Queen, and when he approached her, for

the purpose of kissing her lovely hand, she hastened to take off one of her gloves, and Wolff kissed her hand.

Queen.—"What travels you have undertaken! What astonishing travels!"

Wolff.—"In order to obtain a great object, one must make great exertions."

She then asked him about the different nations; and Wolff gave her satisfactory answers.

After his visits were over, Wolff went and dined with Mr. Leeves, where he met with Georgius Constantinus, whom Wolff had sent, in the year 1822, from the Island of Cyprus to England, where he was educated, and was afterwards employed by the Greek Government. Wolff then called, with Mr. Leeves and Mr. King, to see the President of the Greek Synod, Bishop Neophitos. The synod is composed of five bishops, for the Greek Church in Greece is now no longer under the Greek patriarch; but is separated from him. O Lord! when will those breaches in all Thy churches cease? Thy church is no longer joined and compacted together. Mr. Leeves and Mr. King accompanied Wolff on his way to the "Iberia;" but he was too late, for the "Iberia" had already sailed for Syra. He therefore went on board H. M. S. "Indus;" and Leeves and King proceeded immediately to Sir Edmund Lyons, where Sir James Stirling, the Captain of the "Indus," was dining; and Lieutenant Leicester of the "Indus," also went on shore, to report Wolff's having missed the "Iberia." Sir Edmund Lyons and Sir James Stirling immediately said, "We must not let Wolff be at one single farthing of expense for a passage, but must pass him on;" and so Sir James returned forthwith to the "Indus," and ordered Captain Ommaney, of the steamer "Vesuvius," to prepare immediately for taking Wolff as far as Syra, where the "Iberia" was to stay twelve hours. At 11 o'clock on the 31st Wolff overtook, most fortunately, the "Iberia," when he was hailed with cheers by the whole ship's crew and passengers; and then at 4 o'clock they sailed for Smyrna, where Wolff arrived on the 1st of November. He only stopped there two hours, but he saw his old American friends, Temple and Calhoun, agents of the American Bible Society. He arrived at Constantinople on the 3rd of November, 1843, when the excellent missionary of the American Episcopal Church, Horatius Southgate, received him most hospitably into his house.

Wolff immediately reported his arrival to his Excellency Sir Stratford Canning, who wrote to him in answer that he

was most happy to hear of his arrival, and he invited him to dinner. He informed him, too, that with respect to the letters from the Sultan, &c., he had already applied for them; and he sent to him Mr. Frederick Pisani, the first interpreter of the British Embassy, that Wolff might inform him more particularly of his wishes. Sir Stratford also asked Wolff to preach in the English chapel. All the ambassadors were present when he preached, even the Austrian, Russian, French, Spanish, and Neapolitan ambassadors; and after the sermon was over, Count Titow, the Russian ambassador, informed Wolff that his Majesty, the Emperor Nicholas, who had already been informed of his journey to Bokhara, had issued orders to the ambassador of Persia, and to all the Governors of Siberia, and to all the Russian admirals in the Caspian, to receive him with the highest distinction, and afford him every assistance in their power. The whole diplomatic corps invited Wolff to dinner, English as well as French, and Italian, and Germans; and all vied with each other in doing everything to make Wolff's short stay at Constantinople agreeable.

He preached in Constantinople several times, and lectured, also, in the house of Sir Stratford Canning on the following points:—First: On Christ's Personal Coming and Reign on Earth. Secondly: On the First Resurrection. Thirdly: On the Renovation of the whole Earth. Fourthly: On the Restoration of the Jews to their own Land. Fifthly; On the Conversion of the Tribes to the Faith of Christ Jesus. Sixthly: On the Blessedness of the believers in the Heavenly Jerusalem. Seventhly: On the continual Intercourse between the Saints above and the People below which shall take place.

Lady Canning acted towards Wolff like a mother. She actually advised him how he should manage with his luggage, and made him take off his coat, in order to show him in what manner he should keep his letters when they arrived, and, also, how to keep his money. She bought him flannels, too, in order that he might not catch cold.

At last the Grand Vizier, the Sheikh Islaam, and the Reis Effendi, all those three highest dignitaries of the Sultan, expressed their wish to see Wolff, and to hear from him the motives which induced him to make such a dangerous journey, Wolff then called on them, accompanied by Count Pisani, and once, also, with the Russian interpreter. First of all he was introduced to the Reis Effendi, who corresponds with our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He asked Wolff

"What the motive was of his journey to Bokhara, and what encouraged him in such an attempt?" Wolff replied, that "being a disciple of Jesus, who laid down His life for mankind, he must also be ready to risk his life for the benefit of his fellow-creatures; and this was the motive for which he undertook that journey." Monsieur de Semayloff, the Russian interpreter, went also with Wolff to the Sheikh Islaam, the chief of the Muhammadan religion, who does not rise before any one, and he asked Wolff the same questions which the Reis Effendi had put to him. He also said to Wolff, "I feel the highest regard for you, and as a proof of it, I offer you a pinch of snuff from my snuff-box." Wolff replied, that "though he was not in the habit of taking snuff, yet, in order that he might be able to say that he had had the honour of taking snuff with the chief of the Muhammadan religion, he would take a hearty pinch." He accordingly took it, and sneezed, when the Sheikh Islaam said, "I perceive that you speak the truth." At another time Wolff called on the Reis Effendi, who said, "I am very much concerned about you, and so are all at this Court, and therefore you ought not only to call on me and the Sheikh Islaam, but also on all the Ministers of the Sultan, and on the Grand Vizier, as well as on the Chief Judge of Roumelee." Wolff did so, and they all expressed their good wishes for his safe return.

He then went again to Dr. Southgate, who introduced him to different Bishops of the Syrian Church, who all made him acquainted with the life of their great Saint, Ephrem Syrus. That great man deplored that he at one time had doubts of the providence of God; but, through the inexhaustible fountain of the mercy of God, he had been brought to the knowledge of Christ, by the teaching of Jacob, Bishop of Nisibin. His prayer is beautiful:—

"Jesu! Parent and best of pastors, I call upon Thee with supplication and mourning. Suffer me not, O Lord, to be plucked out of the way of Thy mercy, that allures and draws to Thyself the most wretched of mankind."

One evening Wolff was sitting at table at Sir Stratford Canning's, when the Sultan's chamberlain brought him all the Sultan's letters which his Majesty had written with his own hand; and he sent word to his Excellency that his Majesty had remained up the whole night writing these letters with his own hand. They were letters for Joseph Wolff, recommending him to the favour of the Kings of Bokhara, Khiva, and Kokan. The same messenger also brought

letters from the Sheikh Islaam to the Moollahs of Bokhara, and Khiva, and Kokan. The chamberlain also brought letters from the Reis Effendi to the Pashas of Trebizond and Erzroom, and to the General-in-Chief of the Army.

On the 24th of November, Sir Stratford Canning wrote to Wolff, that he should go back with him from Pera to Buyúk-dere, which he did. Lady Canning herself sewed up his letters of recommendation in his coat, gave him tea and sugar, and also a saddle and bridle. Sir Stratford gave him a telescope and a compass. Two days before quitting Constantinople, Wolff visited the monasteries of the dervishes of Samarcand and Bokhara, who were highly rejoiced when they perceived that he was acquainted with their country; bat they were not able to give him any information about Stoddart and Conolly.

Wolff, being thus furnished with all the necessary letters of introduction, determined to proceed to Bokhara; and as the Austrian steamer "Metternich" was going to Trebizond, his Excellency Count Stürmer (Internuncio of his Majesty, the Emperor of Austria to the Court of Constantinople) ordered the captain of the steamer to stop opposite the British palace, in order to allow him to embark there. Wolff's English friends, Lord Napier, Messrs. Alison, Tod, Wood, and Count Alexander Pisani, accompanied him on board the "Metternich," which was commanded by Captain Clician; and Lord Napier gave him, when on board, Luther's Exposition of the Epistle of St. Peter, printed 300 years ago; and also the life of Goethe, written by Falk. Wolff never can forget the kindness of those gentlemen. Tod, who was one of them, had himself travelled in Kurdistan, on his way to Teheran, where he was to be employed as attaché to the British Embassy there. But having been made prisoner by the Kurds, they robbed him of everything; and when they found in his trunk some little pots of pomatum, they asked him "what it was?" and he said that it was "butter," so they made him eat it himself! Wolff afterwards related this story in Edinburgh, which was Tod's native town, and made him a laughing-stock there; just as Tod had also made Wolff a laughing-stock, by comparing him with Cardinal Ximenes.

Wolff then sailed in high spirits towards Trebizond. He looked through the ship's book in which passengers had written their names in testimony of the good conduct of the captain, and one of the first was as follows:—"Lord Pollington, May 28th, 1838. I sailed from Constantinople to

Trezibond, and passed three days very pleasantly on board the 'Metternich,' and I have every reason to thank Captain Ford for his kindness." And immediately after was, "I beg to add my thanks to Captain Clician, for his kindness during a passage from Constantinople to Trezibond.

"August 24, 1839." "ARTHUR CONOLLY."

Dear man, scarcely three years after he was no longer in the land of the living! Poor man, dear good man, for Wolff loved him very much.

They stopped a few hours at Sinope, where Diogenes was born, and where Alexander the Great paid him a visit when he was in his tub; and Alexander said to him, "Ask something from me;" and the only thing he asked was, that he would go a little out of the way so that the sun might shine upon him. It was Sinope where, lately, the Russian navy destroyed the Turkish fleet; and right they were, in spite of all the ridicule which the English nation tried to throw upon this great act. Wolff wishes to know whether the British navy would not have done the same thing if they had met the Russian navy? But here Wolff must try to suppress his feelings, for he has already sufficiently expressed his indignation at that iniquitous war against Russia, which has caused all the disasters in India. Russia was right, and England wrong.

Wolff arrived, on the 27th November, 1843, at Trebizond; a spot famous in history for the hospitality with which it received the 10,000 Greeks with Xenophon. Here, the instant they saw the sea, they exclaimed, "The sea, the sea, the sea." Justinian and Hadrian beautified and improved this place. The pears of Trezibond are famous. On their arrival there, Wolff was received by all the inhabitants, both English and Austrian, with the greatest kindness. Mr. Stevens, the Vice-Consul, introduced him to the Pasha of Trezibond, a Turk, in every sense of the word, a brute, a tyrant, and deadly enemy of Christians. However, as he had strict orders from the Sultan to give every assistance to Wolff, he decided to send with him an old Turkish soldier, who was rather a good-natured fellow.

Wolff remained at Trebizond a few days and delivered several lectures; and he made himself acquainted with the different nations by which it is inhabited—Armenians, Greeks, and Turks, and some European Christians. Around Trebizond are great numbers of villages inhabited by Greeks, who outwardly profess the Muhammadan religion, but in secret they practise the Christian religion. This they

have carried on ever since the establishment of Muhammadanism at Constantinople. They have their priests, who in secret are ordained by the Patriarch of Constantinople, and by the Bishop of the Greek Church at Trezibond. Wolff lectured in Italian the same evening; and through the great kindness of Mr. Stevens, £44 were collected towards defraying the expenses of his journey to Bokhara.

Before we leave Trezibond we have also to mention that it is the birth-place of Cardinal Bessarion; who, in the 15th century, employed the whole extent of his authority, and the power of his eloquence, to persuade the Greeks to accept the conditions of peace that were proffered by Eugenius, with regard to the procession of the Holy Spirit, and the supremacy of the Pope. Bessarion was the protector and supporter of the Platonic school—a man of unparalleled genius and erudition.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Route from Erzroom to Teheran; Sir Fenwick Williams; the Koolagh; the Head-Tearer in prison; Is convinced Stoddart and Connolly are dead, but proceeds; Colonel Sheil; Wolff detests cant.

WOLFF set out on the 1st December for Erzroom with his Servian attendant, Michael by name, a Tatar of the Pasha, and an excellent Turk; who always walked near Wolff when he ascended the precipices of Trebizond. The road from Trezibond to Erzroom was horrid, so that Wolff walked the whole day on foot. He arrived at *Gumush-Khane, i. e.* "House of Silver," for there are silver-mines there. He stopped in this place with a hospitable Armenian, and the Archbishop also came to supper with him. The Archbishop was a well-informed gentleman, and he said to Wolff, "Welcome! welcome! Yussuf Wolff, of whom I have heard so much, and who is known in the Church of Armenia as well as in the Church of England."

All over this country the Turks expressed their conviction that they would soon be driven out of their present possessions; and that their agricultural labours would be for the benefit of Christians, who will become the rulers of their country. This conviction has not only been produced by the supe-

riority exercised over them by the European Powers, but also by old traditions, sayings, and prophecies of their own; and it makes them indolent in the extreme. There are in Gumush-Khane several hundred families of Armenians and Greeks, with their respective churches; and the Armenian Archbishop expressed a great wish that Wolff might soon be enabled to give facilities to the Armenian Church for the establishment of schools in England; but the Archbishop himself was very poor, for his whole income amounted to £8 per annum.

Wolff went on to Bayboot, which is surrounded by high and bare mountains; a rapid stream runs through the place, and it contains 4000 Mussulmans. A physician of great talents, born at Rome, was living there, and he was acquainted with the chivalrous Baron von Raupach, who was residing at Rome when Wolff was there, and was a gentleman of great acquirements. One day, a guard of Roman soldiers insulted a Roman citizen, when Raupach interfered, and took the part of the citizen against the soldiers, reminding them that they should never forget that they are the descendants of the ancient Romans, who had such a high sense of liberty. Another day, he rode upon a donkey from Rome to Albano (the ancient *Alba Longa*), where he entered an hotel, and dragged his donkey up one flight of stairs, fed him with biscuits, brought him to the window, and there both the baron and his donkey looked out upon the street. The donkey then began to bray at the people, and the lively Italians who stood around the hotel, when they were brayed at by the donkey, said: "What a powerful effect the eloquence of this donkey has to gather us all around it!" On another occasion, Raupach entered a church, and saw, kneeling near the altar, a most beautiful lady in deep distress, who was weeping. Raupach approached her, and asked her whether he could be of any assistance to her? Her modesty first made her blush, and shrink back, at being addressed by a young gentleman, and a foreigner; but his respectful conduct inspired her with confidence, and she told him that she was born of noble parents, and a prince had made her promises of marriage, but had broken his word, and left her disgraced and in poverty, and forsaken by her relations. Raupach immediately went to that prince, who was lying ill in bed; but Raupach forced his way into his bedroom, spoke to him in Italian, and used the energetic expressions of Dante, whose writings he knew by heart. He then drew forth from his bosom a crucifix, held it before his countenance,

and said, "Prince, knowest thou that thy sins have nailed Jesus to the cross?"

The prince relented at this, and gave to the lady 5000 ducats, and she soon married another nobleman, for the prince was already married.

Wolff had to wade on the road up to his neck in the snow, and on the 7th of December he arrived in the village called Kob, whence the Tatar (who had been sent with him by the Pasha) was obliged to take two men to carry Wolff safely over the mountains.

Wolff will here give a little account of Kob. A holy dervish was residing there when Sultan Murad returned from his expedition to Persia. The Sultan came to this village, and, meeting that dervish, he took him with him to Constantinople, in order to mock him. On their arrival at Stamboul, that dervish was bold enough to openly reprove the monarch on account of his tyranny, for which the Sultan, in his wrath, ordered him to be put into a fiery furnace, from which, however, the holy man came out unhurt. The Sultan, perceiving by this that he had to do with a real man of God, took him into his treasury, and told him that he might take out of it whatever he pleased. The dervish selected a girdle and a book, at which the Sultan was much surprised, and asked him why he had not taken money? He replied that he was not in want of money; but he requested the Sultan that he would permit him to return to his native village, and there bestow upon him various fields and meadows, for himself and his descendants' benefit. The Sultan, gratified with his moderation, acceded to his requst by a *firman*, *i.e.* "a written order," which secured to him and his heirs the village of Kob, free of tribute. After his return to his native village, he commenced husbandry, and prospered. He had a wife who used to take his food to him in the field; and he also had a daughter, who went, on a certain day, to take her father's food to him; but on her arrival in the field, she discovered that the plough used by her father was drawn by griffins, and the harness was made of snakes and serpents. She returned home and related what she had witnessed, which so annoyed her father, that he offered up a prayer that no female of the family might ever arrive at a marriageable age. The second generation is now living, and they have never been able to rear a daughter beyond ten years old, but they have sons. The descendants of this dervish still occupy the village. They have built a college, and every person in the village of Kob knows how to read and

write. They have abolished smoking as an idle habit, and there is not a pipe to be seen there. Powerful and awful is the curse pronounced by a father over his child; it strikes deep; and thus it was with the curse of Noah; thousands of years have passed, and the curse is still over Canaan, the son of Ham.

On the 9th of December Wolff arrived at Elijehtebbe, where Pompey defeated Mithridates—a place deriving its name from its hot springs (*elijeh*, spring, and *tebbe*, warm, tepid). A mineral bath is to be found there. Those hot springs are to be found all over the East.

Wolff then proceeded to Erzroom, and whilst he was on the road, he was musing with himself, recollecting his friends in England, and even further back, recalling a friend whom he never forgets one single day, Count Stolberg, whose verses he there recited on his way—especially those beautiful verses on the sea:—

"Der blinde Sänger stand am Meer;
Die Wogen rauschten um ihn her,
Und Riesenthaten goldner Zeit,
Umrauschten ihn im Feierkleid.
Hätt' er gesehn, wär' um ihn her
Verschwunden Himmel, Erd und Meer;
Sie sängen vor des Saengers Blick
Den Himmel, Erd' und Meer zurück."

Translation:—

"The blind singer stood by the sea;
The waves roar'd round about him,
And gigantic deeds of the golden age,
Roar'd round him in festal robes.
If he had seen—and, there had disappear'd before him
Heaven, earth, and sea—
The power of his songs would have been able to recall them."

At last Wolff reached Erzroom, and the Turkish inhabitants showed him the house of the British Consul, Mr. Brant, who received Wolff with his usual straightforward and cordial hospitality. There was a dispute going on then between the Turks and Persians with regard to the frontiers; and another dispute between the Kurds and Christians; and British, Russian, Turkish, and Persian Commissioners had been sent on account of those disputes, to settle them. Messieurs Brant and Calvert, Zohrab the British Dragoman, and his wife and daughters, and Mr. Dixon, the medical man, and Colonel Williams, of the Royal Artillery,

and Robert Curzon, son of Lady de la Zouche, were all there; and the two latter were commissioners on the part of the British Government. Colonel Williams was the same, who afterwards became Sir William Williams of Kars. The name of the Russian Consul was Garibaldi; and Wolff must not forget Mr. and Mrs. Redhouse, for, to the latter, he was particularly recommended by Lady Canning. On the 10th of December, 1843, Wolff preached and administered the sacrament to about seven English friends; and Robert Curzon, who was dangerously ill, received it at home in his bed.

He then spent some happy days with his English, Russian, and Austrian friends there; and his Excellency Al-haj-Khaleel-Kamelee called on him; and he delivered a lecture before him and the rest of the Persians. The Viceroy said he should not allow Wolff to spend one single farthing upon his journey from Erzroom to the frontiers of Persia, either for escort, victuals, or horses. Wolff may also note here that Erzroom is derived from *Erz* "land," and *Room, i.e.* "Rome;" indicating that it was part of the Eastern Roman empire; and the Greeks are, to this day, called by the Turks *Room, i.e.* "Romans;" because they were the subjects of the emperors of the Eastern Roman empire.

Would to God that again, soon, very soon, a Greek may sit upon the throne of Constantinople; and that again the cross of Christ may be planted upon the tower of St. Sophia; and that *Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison, Kyrie Eleison,* may resound from the heights of Sophia, all around, all around Stamboul; and that the spirit of St. Chrysostomos may be revived in the old orthodox Greek church; and that the spirit of burning love may be kindled between Armenian Christians, Englishmen, and Roman Catholics! "Oh, how I yearn," says Dr. Wolff, "for those times, when the Church shall be built again in her beauty!"

Here, Wolff also circulated, in Turkish, a "Call to the Muhammadan nation;" exhorting them to make known his mission to all the travellers and dervishes; so that they might all recommend him to the king of Bokhara. Mr. Redhouse, the greatest Turkish scholar in Europe, (so acknowledged by all the Orientals,) translated that "Call" into Turkish; and Mrs. Redhouse then prepared all Wolff's things, in order that he might set out for Tabreez and Teheran; on the 19th Colonel Williams put Wolff's clothes on him, some days before his departure, in order that he might see how they fitted. They consisted of an *abba, i. e.* "large cloak,"

trousers, made immensely large, and a waistcoat and coat of the same sort. The coat was precisely in the form of a shooting jacket; and over this was a large loose coat, with sleeves and body, entirely lined with fur of wolves' skin. Round his waist was a large woollen shawl. On his feet, first of all, were some thick worsted stockings, and then light boots lined with fur, and over all were large leather boots, like those of the Horse Guards, which came up to his hips. Attached to his fur coat was a hood, to draw over his fur cap when travelling; and a large pair of fur gloves were sewed to his coat. With all this his friends believed him to be snow-proof.

Wolff, previous to his departure from Erzroom, wrote several letters to his friends; to the Bishop of London, Henry Drummond, and Sir James Baring. He baptized there an excellent Jew, who was servant to Colonel Williams; and then he was about to depart, when Colonel Williams, Brant, and Redhouse, and Zohrab, accompanied him to the outskirts of the town in a cavalcade, for they were all on horseback, and there they were to drink his health in Tenedos wine, which they were in the act of doing, when—

But now, let us pause a moment at this spot, outside Erzroom, and survey the scene before us. In front was a lofty mountain, a branch of the Ararat; for Ararat is not one mountain, but several, and is also called in the Bible the "mountains of Ararat." These mountains are split and broken by chasms and precipices on every side; and from their highest points mighty avalanches were falling, and dealing destruction on all below. It is very remarkable, in this region, that so long as the skies are covered with mist, and the air blows mildly, the traveller may proceed on his way in safety; but woe to that wretched man who is caught in the mountains when a chilling wind portends the coming storm! Soon, and suddenly, shrieks are heard from all sides, "*Koolagh! Koolagh! Koolagh!*" which may be translated "snow-spout;" and which is more sudden in its arrival, and far more dangerous in its course, than all the *Sammooms* (*i. e.* "Poisonous winds,") that ever swept the desert. For from these the traveller can protect himself by lying down; but not so if overtaken by the dreadful Koolagh. This terrific foe is no common snow-shower, from the clouds; but it comes when no cloud is to be seen. The air blows intensely cold, freezing your fingers as you hold the mule's bridle, and your feet in the stirrups; and, almost instantaneously, the beast which carries you, may be found floundering, body

deep, in snow, whose sharp particles dashed against your face, cut the skin and blind the eyes; and, in the next moment, you may fall over a precipice, and be lost.

Wolff was on the point of setting out, when suddenly the Koolagh was felt; but the whole party, most fortunately, were near the town; and so they slipped into one of the houses, and after it was over, returned to the house of Colonel Williams. A French physician, and some merchants from Persia, had set out before Wolff, about sixty in number, and several of them perished among the mountains.

Wolff remained at Colonel Williams' house for ten days, and then the Colonel mounted his horse, as did Wolff and his servant Michael, who crossed himself, and called on the Virgin, and St. George, for protection, not omitting St. Nicholas, the patron saint of Servia. The snow was still so high, that Wolff wanted to go on foot; but Colonel Williams said to him, "Never get down from your horse; for as long as you see that your other horse is able to carry your baggage, this one will also be able to carry you. And, besides this, imagine that you have behind you the people of Muhammad Kerahe, of Torbad Hydareea, driving you with their whips."

Williams and the rest of his friends accompanied Wolff to a distance of six miles, just to the spot where, ten days before, a French physician and ten muleteers had perished in the snow. They drank Wolff's health with Tenedos wine, and then returned to Erzroom; whilst he proceeded on his journey to a village called Kerujak, where he slept in the stable of a kind-hearted Turk. But the stables in Turkey have elevations, made on purpose for travellers, so they were not exposed to the danger of being kicked by the horses; and these shelves are pretty clean to lie on. A good pillow was brought to Wolff, when he lay down.

In the morning of the 28th he rose with the sun, and continued his journey; but the snow was still so high, that he certainly would have followed the bent of his own inclinations, and walked on foot, but Colonel Williams (Sir W. F. Williams, of Kars) had made him promise not to descend from his horse, as long as the other could carry his baggage. So Wolff kept his eyes steadily fixed on the other horse, and perceiving that he waded, though with difficulty, through the snow, he remained firm; and thus he arrived that day, after a toilsome journey of six miles, at Hassan Kaleh, where he again resided with a Turk. Hassan Kaleh was built by

Oossum Hassan, the great prince of the dynasty of the White Ram.

On the 30th of December, Wolff arrived at Delhi Baba, where he again slept in the house of an Armenian Christian. Most of the Armenians were gone on horseback to a neighbouring village, to fetch a bride, whom they accompanied with musical instruments and clapping of hands, to their own village. The next day the road was so thickly covered with snow, that he was obliged to take with him two Armenians to drag him with his horse through the snow, until he arrived, a distance of six miles, at the village called Taher, inhabited by Kurds. These savages scarcely gave him anything to eat, even for money; and they certainly would have plundered Wolff, if he had come without the Tatar of the Pasha of Erzroom.

On January 1, 1844, Wolff arrived at Mullah Soleeman, inhabited by Armenians, who two hundred years ago were all converted to the Roman Catholic faith by a Romish missionary, Soleeman by name, from whom the place took its appellation. The priest of the place, a well-informed man, had been ordained by a friend of Joseph Wolff, Abraham, Bishop of Merdeen, in Mesopotamia. This kind priest expressed his regret at his not having at once taken up his abode at his house.

On the 4th of January, Wolff arrived safely at the monastery of Kara-Kleesia, where the Apostle Thaddeus established a church. From thence Wolff proceeded on his journey, and arrived safely at the monastery of Utsh Kleesia, near which 124,000 Armenians were baptized by the great Gregory Lusaworitsh, who founded both that and the monastery of Etsh-Miazin. Thanks be to thee, Gregory Lusaworitsh, which means the "Enlightener," for there thou didst enlighten King Tirtat and thy nation with the light of the Gospel! Wolff thanks thee, thou founder and builder of the monastery of Kara-Kleesia, for what could he have done in his journey, when he arrived at the spot, where thy house of pious hospitality stands, if this monument of thy love had not been at hand to receive him? for there again—the second time—he heard the shrieks, "*Koolagh! Koolagh!*" and he had only just time to reach the homestead of the worthy monks, who recognized and welcomed their old friend Joseph Wolff—remembering his former visit in 1831.

Wolff again set out for Diadeen, on the 5th of January, 1844. This was a miserable village, inhabited by Kurds; but he was lodged in the hut of a very civil, kind-hearted,

and hospitable Kurd. One hour after his arrival, two soldiers arrived from Bayaseed, on their way to Erzroom; and as the inhabitants of the villages are always obliged to furnish the soldiers gratuitously with horses to the next station, his Kurdish host ordered one of his men not to suffer the postman, who brought Wolff and his people, to go away in the morning with his horses, without taking the two soldiers with him as far as Kara-Kleesia, whence he had come. And so he enjoined his servant to keep a sharp look-out during the night, in order that the postman from Kara-Kleesia might not be able to take the horses out of the stable, in a stealthy manner, which they are accustomed to do. However, sleep overcame the servant at night; but as Wolff was not able to rest, he saw the postman come into the stable and take away the horses. Still, not having been made aware at the time of the arrangement entered into by his landlord, he took no notice of the fact. An hour, however, after the departure of the postman, the servant awoke; and, perceiving the horses taken away, he exclaimed, *Pesewenk! i. e.* "Ruffian!" and gave the alarm; but it was too late.

In the morning, the two soldiers from Bayaseed, finding that the postman was gone, demanded the horses which were to have taken Wolff on; but he told them that they could not dare to take the horses of the "Grand Dervish," whom the Sultan himself honoured, and who was travelling to Bokhara under the immediate protection of the Sultan! and so he gained his point, and two very bad horses were given to the soldiers; whilst Wolff started for Ghizel-Deesa, a most miserable Kurdish village, where the chief Kurd refused to shelter him in his house, saying that he would not receive a man who was not a Mussulman. However, the two escorts who had been sent with Wolff from Erzroom, soon convinced the Kurd, with a whip, of the necessity of affording the Grand Dervish shelter; and scarcely had Wolff entered the house when clouds covered the sky so rapidly, and snow fell to such a degree, that actually a person could not see his neighbour standing near him. Snugly settled in a warm stable, Wolff exclaimed, *Al-Hamdoo Lellah Rabb-ul-Alemeen!* which means, "Praise to God, the Creator of the two worlds, that I am already in the house." On hearing this, Wolff's host observed, "If I had known before that this European would say *Al-Hamdoo Lellah Rabb-ul-Alemeen*, I should have taken him in at once." Wolff said, "You ought to have taken me in, even if I had not said so, in order to teach me the duty of praising God." An hour afterwards the sky

cleared up again, and the snow ceased to fall, when Wolff heard a voice from the street asking whether an Englishman had arrived? and immediately after a courier, sent from Colonel Sheil, the British Envoy of Teheran, with despatches for Erzroom, entered the room. He told Wolff that a *Mehmoondar, i. e.* "a person who is in charge of a guest," had been sent to Awajik, from the Prince of Tabreez, whose name was Bahman Mirza, son of the late Prince Regent Abbas Mirza, at the request of Mr. Bonham, the British Consul-General at Tabreez, with an order to furnish Wolff with horses as far as Tabreez.

On the 7th of January, 1844, Wolff arrived at Awajik, belonging already to Persia; where he was very hospitably received by the Governor of that place. At Awajik Wolff dismissed the two escorts, who have the title of *cavasses*, and had been sent with him by the Pasha of Erzroom; and, though he was not obliged to pay them one farthing, he gave to them a present of 200 piastres, when they returned to Erzroom. He then continued his journey with Ismael Beyk, the Mehmoondar of the Prince of Tabreez, towards that city.

On the 10th of January, Wolff arrived at Khoy, a city of calamities. It was at one time in the hands of the Sultan, at another under the Persians; it has been frequently destroyed by the hand of man during the horrors of war, and sometimes by earthquakes. Here he lodged in the splendid house of his old friend Soleiman Khan, who was at that time Governor of Khoy, and a freemason; and, as a proof of his progress in civilization, though a Muhammadan, he treated Wolff at supper with excellent wine. In the night-time a fire broke out in the Governor's beautiful house, and destroyed the greater part of it; but Wolff slept so soundly, from being tired out by the journey and cold, that he knew nothing about it till the next morning, when the fire had been extinguished, and Wolff was informed of what had taken place.

On the 12th of January Wolff arrived at Tabreez, the capital of Aderbijan, the northern province of Persia. Mr. and Mrs. Bonham received him with the greatest kindness; and he had to baptize, on the same Sunday, Mr. Bonham's child, and to read divine service in his house. Wolff was then introduced, by Mr. Bonham, to his Royal Highness Prince Bahman Mirza, who had known him at Meshed, immediately after Wolff had come out of slavery from Torbad Hydarcea, when Muhammad Khan Kerahe, of Torbad Hydarcea, set Wolff free, but showed to him his justice by keeping his money. Bahman Mirza, whispered something in

Mr. Bonham's ear, and then said to Wolff, "Mr. Bonham will introduce you to an old friend in the State prison." Wolff was anxious to know who he was, but Bahman Mirza said, "You will soon know him." Wolff then went with his Royal Highness to the State prison, when a gigantic man, with chains on his hands and feet, and with a pipe in his mouth, came towards them and stretched out his hand to shake hands with Wolff. He said, "Do you know me?"

Wolff said, "Yes, you are Muhammad Khan Kerahe, of Torbad Hydareea."

He replied, "Yes, I am that very person."

This was the very same man who, in order to show his justice, fourteen years before, had put Wolff's money into his own pocket, and told him to go in peace, without restoring him one single farthing. But Wolff could not but be astonished at the equanimity shown by that extraordinary man, for he laughed and joked, and said to Wolff, "That time you saw me a great man, now you see me a little man. One must have patience in this world. God assigns our lot, and sometimes raises a man, and then He pulls him down again."

The "Head-Tearer" showed a far greater mind in his prison than Napoleon I. did when in exile upon the island of St. Helena.

The way in which Muhammad Khan was taken prisoner is also interesting to know. It was as follows. Abbas Mirza was in Khorassan in the year 1831 to 1832, and he had struck terror throughout the whole country as far as Sarakhs in Turkistan, and had subdued all the Khans of Khorassan except Muhammad Khan Kerahe, of Torbad Hydareea, and Umeer-Assad-Ullah-Beyk, of Burchund. He wrote, therefore, this letter to Muhammad Khan Kerahe:—

"You see that it is in vain to resist me; therefore if you come to Meshed, to my palace, and swear allegiance to my father, the king, I will not only pardon you, but also promote you to honour, and make you governor-general of Khorassan; and if I fail in performing my promise, may God curse my father, my mother, my sister, and all my children; and may He strike me with sickness."

Such kinds of letters are called in Persian, *Laanat Naamah*, *i. e.* "Letters of Curses against Oneself," and the performance of promises may be relied upon after the receipt of such a letter. Muhammad Khan, therefore, set out confidently for Meshed, and arrived in the neighbourhood, when Abbas Mirza sent out Yayah Khan to welcome him. Muhammad

Khan came forth, riding upon a splendid white Turcomaun horse, and Yayah Khan immediately said to him :—

"Now, Muhammad Khan, in order that you may be well and kindly received by His Royal Highness, Abbas Mirza, I advise you to make a present of this horse to the Prince Regent."

Muhammad Khan replied, "What, make a present to Abbas Mirza of this horse! I would see you and Abbas Mirza hung first! Do you know that I have given for this horse twelve Persians, as slaves to the Turcomauns, and that each of those Persians was worth twenty-four such fellows as you are, and twelve such fellows as Abbas Mirza the Prince Regent is."

Yayah Khan reported this answer to the Prince Regent, who then said, "It is impossible to make any terms with this fellow;" so when he arrived at the palace, Abbas Mirza ordered him to be put in irons; and thus Wolff saw him in the State prison of Tabreez, where he had already been for twelve years.

Wolff asked his old friend, Muhammad Khan Kerahe, to give him his autograph; so he wrote for him a short sketch of his genealogy, and, from the very mention of the names of his ancestors, one will cease to wonder that Muhammad Khan Kerahe was a man of blood. "Muhammad, son of Iszhak Kerahe, of the family of Tshinghis Khan: the ancestors of Tshinghis Khan were Oolinjah Khan, and Olamgoo, a Mogul,* who had twins; the name of the one was Mogul Khan, and the other Tatar Khan, from whom all the Tatars descend, as the Moguls do from Mogul Khan. The sons of Tshinghis Khan were, first, Hutshe Khan; second, Jaktay Khan; third, Aktaye Khan; fourth, Tule Khan.

"After the death of Tshinghis Khan, the children of Tule Khan became kings. Mekukahan Khan sat upon the throne of Tshinghis Khan, and sent his brother Hulaku Khan into Persia, and he resided for a while at Tabreez, whence he went to Bagdad, and killed Muattesim, the last of the Khaleefs of the family of Abbas. The tribe of Kerahe had accompanied Hulaku Khan to Tabreez, and, after the extinction of the dynasty of Ghengis Khan, the Kerahe emigrated to Turkey; but when Timoor became the conqueror of the world, he removed forty thousand families of the Kerahe tribe from Turkey to Samarcand, of which number, however, twelve thousand separated and returned to Khorassan, whose descendant I am."

* *Mogul* is derived from the Hebrew word, *Gala*, *i. e.*, *captive*, because they are the Israelites carried in captivity!—*Wolff*.

What an awful parentage!

Every one of them boasted of being worse than bloodhounds.

Hulakoo Khan slew ten million persons in battle.

Muhammah Khan, Wolff's friend, boasted of having the surname of the *Head-Tearer*. His eyes flashed fire-like!

Wolff left Tabreez on his way to Teheran, and he met with a learned dervish in the village in which he took up his abode. Here Wolff's Russian servant became so drunk that he thrashed his master; whereupon his English friends, Messrs. Bonham and Burgess, who had so far accompanied him from Tabreez, knocked the servant down, and he continued to lie where he fell, and immediately fell fast asleep. Wolff then said to his English friends, and to the dervish, "Perhaps it was an accident, and after he awakes I will tell him that I most cordially pardon him, if he will only promise not to get drunk again." However, on his awaking, Wolff said to him, "Do you know you have beaten me in your drunkenness?" The man replied, "Served you right; why did you reproach me for being drunk?" Wolff replied, "If you promise not to get drunk again, I will take you with me to Bokhara." The servant answered, "I can promise no such thing;" and, making the sign of the cross, he said, "I am determined to be drunk whenever the feast of the holy Virgin Mary is celebrated." Wolff then dismissed him, and entered into conversation on religion with a dervish. The dervish said, "You are like Tata Sultan and Kemaalee Howdbeen, two dervishes, who, in the year 835, traversed the Turkish empire, and taught that people should have all things in common, houses and clothing, women only excepted. Tata Sultan was a great friend of the Christians; and with one of them he spent much time, in holy meditation about God, in the island of Scio. At last, Bayazeed took Tata Sultan prisoner, and tried to murder him; but he is still alive, and will, with your assistance, upset the Turkish and Persian empires. As for you, I heard of you at Delhi, where you conversed with the King and the Moollahs of that place; and I have heard of you also at Cashmere. You have been a Jew; all great events have proceeded from the followers of Moses, and will continue to proceed from them, until Jesus shall again make his appearance. When these events shall take place, and you shall see yourself surrounded by your followers, then remember the dervish of Gheelau. Abd-ool has not succeeded in reforming the world, but *you* will succeed."

On the 28th of January, Wolff met at Khoramtarah, several American missionaries of the Congregationalist denomination; they were stationed at Oormia; and had, by great

prudence, succeeded in conciliating the Chaldean Christians of that place.* They never interfered with their discipline, and respected Episcopacy, and their traditions. (and Dr. Wolff declares it to be a great folly in the S. P. G. Society, and the Church Missionary Society, that they should not be ready to wish each other God speed.) Wolff was among the Chaldeans in the year 1824, and he is convinced of the truth of the general tradition of the Chaldeans, that they are descendants of the children of Israel; for they call themselves "children of Israel,"—their language is Hebrew,—they have sacrifices on the feast of the transfiguration, consisting of a sheep, lamb, or goat,—they have in their churches the holy of holies,—they have a veil, like the Jews,—their bishops are of the tribe of Levi,—they have a river called *Gozan*; and it appears to Wolff that the Jews in Bokhara were originally a colony of these "children of Israel" of Chaldea. St. Thomas, the Apostle, came into Mesopotamia, where they lived in captivity; and he preached to them the Gospel. They lived near places called *Halah* and *Habor*, near the river *Gozan*; so that the Jews of Bokhara seem, after this, to have given to Bokhara and Samarcand the names of their *original* settlements in Mesopotamia; just as the people who have emigrated from England to America, gave to their new settlements the names of those places in England from whence they had emigrated. The Chaldeans have seven sacraments, but entirely different (the greater part of them) from those of the Roman Catholics; they are as follows:—First, Ordination; Second, Consecration of the Church; Third, Baptism; Fourth, The Lord's Supper; Fifth, The Blessing of the Old Leaven; Sixth, Matrimony; Seventh, Service of the Dead.

Not far from Caswin, Wolff met several Chaldean priests who had been for many years at Rome, and were full of admiration of Cardinal Odescalchi, who certainly deserved it. For Wolff himself knew Odescalchi, when he was at Rome from 1816 to 1818, and a more amiable man did not exist. He was a gentleman who united in himself every good quality. He was of noble birth, handsome person, rich, eloquent, pious, learned, and liberal in the best sense of the word. He received the Cardinal's hat, but renounced all

* On a late occasion, Dr. Perkins, the American missionary, informed Dr. Wolff that the British and Foreign Bible Society had printed their copies of the Chaldean Bible from the same manuscript which Dr. Wolff sent to that society in 1824, and which he had brought from Oormia, so that the Chaldean nation has been furnished with thousands of copies of the Word of God through Wolff's instrumentality.

honours, and entered the Order of the Jesuits, where he distinguished himself by his strict observance of the three vows, chastity, poverty, and obedience. He literally renounced all his estates, and died in the fame of holiness.

Wolff arrived, on the 31st of January, 1844, in Caswin, a place at different times in rebellion against the King of Persia. Colonel Sheil, the British Envoy, had sent there horses and a guard to bring Wolff safely to Teheran, the capital of his Majesty the King of Persia. Colonel Sheil had also sent to Wolff a letter, kindly inviting him to the British Embassy. Wolff arrived there on the 3rd February, 1844, when Colonel Sheil told him that there were conflicting accounts about the lives of Stoddart and Conolly; and that he, in his own mind, had not the slightest doubt that both had been killed.

And now Wolff makes at this moment a confession which he had never made before, that he himself had already, when at Teheran, the firmest conviction that neither Stoddart nor Conolly were in the land of the living in Bokhara, and that they had been put to death. But he withheld his conviction because he was afraid that if he was to return, acting upon his conviction, from Teheran to England, every one would say, that the whole of his attempt to go to Bokhara had been a piece of humbug, and was the work of a braggart. Wolff, therefore, concealed his internal conviction from the public, and insisted upon Colonel Sheil's introducing him to his Majesty the King of Persia, and he begged him to procure for him the letters of the King of Persia to the Kings of Bokhara, Khiva, and Kokan. Count von Medem, the Russian Ambassador, also evinced the greatest and most lively interest in Wolff's mission to Bokhara; and he, too, gave him letters to the Viceroy of Khorassan, and to the Kings of Bokhara and Khivah. Wolff preached and read prayers in the British Embassy on the Sunday following, when all the secretaries and attachés, and also his Excellency the Russian Ambassador and his staff, attended the service.

Wolff was at length introduced, by Colonel Sheil and Mr. Thompson, to his Majesty the King of Persia, Mahmood-Shah. Wolff appeared in his canonicals, his doctor's hood over his gown. His Majesty was sitting upon a divan, about eight feet from the place where Wolff took his position. The moment his Majesty saw Wolff, he said that he was rejoiced to see him again; and, to Wolff's greatest surprise, he reminded him of all the minutiæ of the conversation he had had with him at Meshed; of Lady Georgiana being the sister to the Earl of Orford; of her having been at Malta during her husband's peregrinations; and that he was made prisoner by

Muhammad Khan Kerahe. His Majesty then informed him that he had written several letters, and one for the king of Bokhara himself; and his Majesty admired Wolff's philanthropy, and told him that if Stoddart and Conolly were dead, he might make them alive by his prayers. Once Wolff actually forgot himself, and interrupted his Majesty whilst he was talking; when Colonel Sheil gave him a push, but his Majesty wished him to say what he wanted to say, and then continued the assurances of his protection and countenance. Wolff made his bow after having been one hour with his Majesty, and then retired.

He experienced, on the whole, a most gracious reception, and afterwards went home with Colonel Sheil to the British Embassy, where, on his arrival, Colonel Sheil asked him "How do you feel yourself?" Wolff said, "I confess I feel very uncomfortable; not at the thought of going to Bokhara, but at the thought of being obliged to go again through Khorassan." He added, "It was in Khorassan that they stripped me, and tied me to the horse's tail; and it was in Khorassan that they put me into a dungeon; and it was in Khorassan they offered me for sale for £2 10s. And now," continued he, "I am afraid I shall again meet with dreadful hindrances in that horrible country: however," and here he snapped his fingers, "I am determined to continue my journey."

Previous to his departure, Wolff had also a visit from the Ambassador of the King of Khiva, who brought him letters of introduction to the King of Khiva, and the Turcomauns of Sarakhs, and then he left Teheran. Colonel Sheil appeared to have great concern for him, and so also had Messrs. Thompson, Reed, &c. He was escorted on the 14th of February, by an officer of the King of Persia, and by servants of the British Embassy, to Khorassan; and on the 18th February he arrived at Lasgerd, where there is an old castle haunted by genii, who were banished from Lasgerd, and are now wandering about in Mazanderan.

As Wolff is about to encounter great dangers again in his mission, he will offer a remark or two. There is one thing which Wolff decidedly disapproves, and that is *cant*. He once himself attempted to cant, but instead of canting he only snuffled, and the Jews soon laughed him out of it. And Wolff must confess there is cant in that popular hymn of Bishop Heber, in which it is said that the heathen

> "Call us to deliver
> Their land from error's chain."

For, it is not true that the heathen call us: they don't expect

us at all: and when a stranger comes from England, all they want is *Bakhsheesh*, *i. e.* "a present of money;" and if the stranger gives them money they tell him to his face that the English are good people, but behind his back they will curse him. Besides this, the words are unscriptural: for Christ came to seek sinners, and it is nowhere said that they sought Him. He seeks sinners in various ways. He seeks them by the internal voice, which speaks to their consciences: He seeks them by sending preachers to them: He seeks them by happiness: He seeks them by sorrows: and he also seeks them by sin repented of; and therefore Wolff decidedly disapproves of that hymn, and he believes it to be a *licentia poetica* indeed.

What Wolff also considers to be *cant* is this. He has frequently talked with people on the impropriety of interfering with ministerial offices without being duly called upon; and the answer he has received has been, that there were people who "prophesied without the camp." "Well," said Wolff, "prophesy without the camp, if you can; but don't talk nonsense without the camp."

There is another point in which Wolff thinks that missionary journals and writings fail in their purpose: they are too much filled with private religious meditations. Woe, it is true, be to that missionary whose chief aim is not to preach for the glory of God; and in order that he may sincerely do so, he has frequently to pour out his spirit before God; and Wolff confesses that he himself was often overpowered with anguish at the thought that he might disgrace his mission by misconduct, and therefore he found it necessary to pour out his spirit before the throne of grace. But it is also true that Wolff often went travelling through the deserts of Bokhara and Arabia with his mind occupied with thoughts of the friends of his youth—how he used to teaze them by his jokes—and how in Vienna he amused Fathers Hoffbauer and Schlegel with his funny observations; how he troubled the authorities of the Propaganda, and how he once thrashed a student in the Collegio Romano for calling him "a Jew," when the Superior said, "Wolff, what have you done? Do you not know that the Council of Trent says, *Si quis percusserit clericum, suadente diabolo excommunicatus est?*" which means, If anyone strikes one in holy orders, at the instigation of the devil, he is excommunicated." The Superior continued, "Have you done this by instigation of the devil?" when Wolff replied, "Oh, no, no, no, no, the devil had nothing to do with it. I did it *per correctionem*:" *i. e.* "to correct him," and the Superior only laughed.

Now, as Wolff thought of these things in the Desert, he would say aloud, "No, no, no, no," and laugh heartily; so much so that the Turcomauns would laugh with him, and ask, "With whom were you talking?" when Wolff would tell them that he was thinking about his friends in Europe.

And should Wolff go out on his missionary travels again, he will think, amongst other things, how he once said to Archdeacon Denison, "When I thrashed that fellow, I used my fist, and tore out all his hair;" and Denison replied, "Do you call that using your fist, when you tear out the hair?" and Wolff will also think that when at Ecclesfield dictating his book to Mrs. Gatty, he made some uncharitable remark between the sentences, and she said, "Where is your charity gone?" to which he coolly answered, "Into my first volume, and I have none to spare now, as I have to write a second volume." And he will think, too, of his friend Templeman, and how he called Templeman "a fascinating bachelor, &c.;" and Dr. Wolff will also think of the church, parsonage, and schools, which he has built at Ile Brewers. People who sit at home at ease may take Wolff's assurance that those who have not cheerful spirits cannot undergo the toils and fatigues which he has done. And as he has been reproached for calling people "jackasses," and "scoundrels," he will confess that he is ready to shake hands any day with the jackasses. As to the scoundrels, those who have got that title have richly deserved it.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Route through Khorassan to Bokhara in Clerical Dress; Interviews with the King of Bokhara, who has become a great brute.

BEING now actually in Khorassan, Wolff was very apprehensive that his sufferings would commence again, but how agreeably was he disappointed! He never saw a country so changed for the better as this; for, instead of being persecuted, as in former times, he was welcomed in the most cordial manner. On his arrival fourteen years before, the name of Englishman was scarcely known, but now, on this occasion the name of an Englishman was actually a *passport*, and an English traveller was able to get as much money as he pleased on credit.

The question then is, to what cause must this change in Khorassan be ascribed? Wolff does not hesitate to answer —to the late war with Affghanistan; for though that war was a most impolitic war, yet it had in many respects very beneficial results. The inhabitants of the country had now seen men like Sir Charles James Napier, the great general, (or, as they called him in Khorassan, "the devil's brother," and "the Timoor of the English nation," or a "prophet," which some, and among them Wolff himself, think him!) And they had heard the names of Stoddart and Conolly, and Sir John McNeil, who were well known there now, and were highly respected, as was also Colonel Sheil. Wolff travelled throughout Khorassan dressed in the very gown in which he now preaches on Sunday at Ile Brewers, and his doctor's hood over it.

On his arrival at Sebzawar, a town containing twenty thousand inhabitants, where Timoor built a tower of the skulls of men whom he had slain in battle, he pitched his tent outside the walls. The country around was covered with rich verdure, and melons were in great profusion there. When Wolff appeared in his tent, multitudes of people began to rush towards him, exclaiming, "*People of Muhammad, wonder of wonders, signs of the times! Joseph Wolff, the English dervish, has arrived; two hundred years of age!!*" They came into the garden staring at him, and said, "There can be no doubt this man is two hundred years of age; only look at him, see how he stares! How he gapes!" One of them, however, seemed to have his doubts, and asked Wolff, who was seated upon a carpet in his tent smoking a galyoon, "How old are you, sir?" Wolff said, "I am forty-nine years of age." They all said, "He lies, for he is ashamed of his age!" Wolff replied, "Well, if you think I lie, then give me two thousand years, and then you will be near to the mark."

At last, Wolff arrived at Meshed, the capital of Khorassan. Here he stayed with a Jew, the most respectable of them, Mullah-Mehdee by name, in whose house Wolff had lived fourteen years before, and where he was treated in a very gentlemanly manner. Wolff asked "How are the Jews at Meshed going on?" To his greatest horror he learned that the whole community had become Muhammadans; and the reason of it was this. A Jewess had a sore hand; she asked the advice of a witch, the witch told her that she should kill a dog, and put her hand in the blood of the dog. The Jewess did so; when suddenly a *Sayd* (which means "one of the

family of the prophet") assembled all the rest of the Muhammadans, and addressed them, and said: "Mussulmans, the Jews have killed to-day a dog, in derision of our religion; I shall therefore say two words, which will be enough for you to know what you must do. *Allah!* (*i. e.* 'God')—*Daad!* (*i. e.* 'has given!')" They all at once exclaimed, "*God has given the Jews into our hands.*" They at once rushed to the houses of the Jews, killed thirty-five of them, and the rest saved their lives by exclaiming, "*God is God! and but God! and Muhammad is the Prophet of God!*" This event is now marked by the expression, "*The Event of Allah-Daad!*"

Wolff then entered again (after fourteen years' interval) that remarkable town Meshed, when immediately the Governor-General of Meshed and of the whole of Khorassan, sent his secretary to welcome him. The title which the Governor-General bears is *Assaff-Ooddawla*, which means "the Asaph of the Empire;" for the Muhammadan tradition tells us that Asaph the Recorder of Solomon was the wisest of men after Solomon; and therefore they give to their favourite ministers the title of "Assaff (Asaph) of the Empire." That great man assured Wolff that he would send him on in the safest way; he said to him, "You are going to the dangerous town Bokhara. There you will find about 50,000 Marwee, the worst of people, but very rich, and of great influence with the King of Bokhara. And if one goes among *rascals*, one must take a *greater rascal* to protect one. I shall therefore send with you nine rascals of the Marwee tribe; and if they don't behave well, I will burn their wives and children who remain in my hands."

Wolff then bethought himself, "I am in their hands, and I must do what the Governor says; therefore I will take with me those nine rascals." Wolff took besides two servants, the name of the one was Husseyn, whom he had with him on his former journey fourteen years before, when he travelled from Meshed to Bokhara and Cabul; this fellow was rather an amiable rogue, and never allowed any one to cheat Wolff but himself. The name of the other servant was Abd-oollah, a fellow of the worst character and the worst appearance. And thus Wolff set out with eleven scoundrels, and arrived, after seven days, at Sarakhs; a place "in the land of Nod," as the Jews say, and "the place to which Adam came every morning from the island of Ceylon to till the ground, and to return every evening; for Adam was so tall that he reached from the earth to the sky;

and he was able to step from one end of the ocean to the other at a stride, without inconveniencing himself."*

There, in Sarakhs, Wolff was again among the Al-Amaan and the children of Israel; and though fourteen years had passed since his previous visit, they all knew him. The children of Moses, as they are called, or the children of Israel, delighted Wolff with their chant—"The King—the King—the Messiah shall come—the Mighty of the Mighty is He," &c., &c. Wolff wrote two letters from Sarakhs to the King of Khiva, and to the Hazarah tribe at Daragass, announcing to them the object of his mission, in order that he might not be exposed to the danger of being made away with in secret. He then left Sarakhs, and arrived again at Mowr, where a company of dancing dervishes had arrived from Yarkand, who stripped themselves, and danced about until they sank down on the ground. The son of the Grand Dervish who had the title Khaleefa, seeing them dance about thus, stripped himself also, and danced about with them. A singular illustration this of that passage in the Book of Samuel, "And he stripped off his clothes also, and prophesied before Samuel in like manner, and lay down naked all that day and all that night. Wherefore they say, Is Saul also among the prophets?" (1 Sam. xix. 24.)

Wolff on his arrival in Mowr was brought to his old friend Abd-urrahman, the great Khaleefa, of whom he has already spoken, who has also the title of *Shahe-ooddalat* (*i. e.* King of "righteousness"). He came forth from his tent with bread and lemonade, and asked a blessing; and then desired Wolff to enter his tent until another was prepared for him.

Wolff's first question was, whether he had heard of Stoddart and Conolly? The Khaleefa at once said, "My dear brother—for you are a dervish as well as myself—I do not wish to deceive you; Stoddart and Conolly are dead, and many others of your nation have been killed with them by the tyrant. But, however, you will hear more from the Jews here, several of whom were present at their death." Then the Khaleefa continued to tell Wolff, "I myself do not dare now to go to Bokhara, for the King has lost the fear of God! He has killed the best of men, the Gooshbekee, his prime minister, a man of high integrity, who did all for the good of his king and monarch."

* There is a chain of shoals which almost connects Ceylon with the mainland of Hindoostan, and it is called "Adam's Bridge" to this day.

Here the dervish concluded, and the Jews entered his tent, and said to Wolff, "By thy life! by thy life! we beseech thee do not go to Bokhara, for as sure as there is now daylight, so sure it is that both Stoddart and Conolly have been put to death." Their account was as follows: First of all, Stoddart arrived in Bokhara, riding on horseback; and when he came near the palace of the King of Bokhara, the King himself came with his retinue, on foot, from outside the town, where he had been performing his devotion at the tomb of Babadeen, the holy dervish, who is the patron saint of the Mussulmans of Bokhara. Stoddart being on horseback, and in British uniform, was informed by the *Sheikh-owl* (*i. e.* "Master of Ceremonies"), that Majesty was present, and that he should therefore dismount his horse, and make his bow before HASRAT, (*i. e.* "Majesty"). Stoddart simply touched his hat in the English military manner, and said to the Master of Ceremonies, "I have no order from my monarch to dismount." These words were reported to the King, who said nothing at the time. The King then entered the gate of his palace, and, Stoddart, on horseback, followed him. The Master of Ceremonies told him that only the Ambassador of the Sultan of Constantinople had a right to enter the palace on horseback. Stoddart replied, "And so have I." He was then brought before the King, who was seated on the balcony of his house; the Master of Ceremonies said to Stoddart, "I must now take hold of your shoulders, and you must pass your hands down your beard, and say three times, 'Asylum of the world! Peace to the King!" When the Master of Ceremonies wanted to take hold of Stoddart's shoulders, Stoddart drew his sword, and the Master of Ceremonies shrank back. A good apartment was assigned to Stoddart, when the *Kaazee-Kelaun* (*i. e.* "grand judge") sent to Stoddart desiring him to come and drink tea with him. Stoddart sent as an answer, "He may eat dirt." At last a great number of Osbeck soldiers were sent to him, who fell upon him, and bound tight his hands and feet, and threw him in the *Seeyah-jaa*, (*i. e.* "black well"), which is so narrow that the prisoners sit upon each other's shoulders, and where vermin of all kinds are nursed, in order that they may gnaw on the prisoners' flesh. Poor Stoddart was put there for awhile; was then taken out again; and, in order to save his life, he became a Muhammadan, and received the name of *Moollah Mamoon*.

A short time after this, Stoddart again openly avowed

himself a Christian; and Captain Conolly came also to Bokhara. In the meanwhile the disaster at Cabul took place, and then both Stoddart and Conolly were brought, tied hand and foot, behind the palace, when Conolly said, "Woe unto us! we are fallen into the hands of a tyrant." The Grand Chamberlain of the King said to Conolly, "Conolly, if thou becomest a Muhammadan, the King will have mercy upon thee, and spare thy life." Conolly said, "I am a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is my head." And Stoddart said, "Tell the tyrant, I, too, die a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ." Both were then literally slaughtered.

So far the account of the Jews. Both the Khaleefa and the Jews, strongly advised Wolff to return by Khiva to his own country, or by the *Land of the Philistines*, as the Jews call Khiva; for, according to the history of the Jews of Mowr, and the inhabitants of Khiva themselves, the people of Khiva are the descendants of those Hivites, Perrizites, and Jebusites who were expelled by Joshua, when they settled by the Caspian; and a portion of them went further to the north in little boats. Wolff has not the slightest doubt that they went to America. Wolff then said to the Jews of Mowr, "If Stoddart and Conolly are dead, I must ascertain all the circumstances of their death, and to Bokhara I will go."

Wolff cannot forbear giving an account of the interest which he excited among the inhabitants of the desert by his appearance, dressed in a clergyman's gown, doctor's hood, and shovel hat, with the Bible in his hand. Thousands of Turcomauns came to his tent, and said to Wolff, "Joseph Wolff, write to your King of England, that if he gives us a good sum of money, we will assist him in sending an army to Bokhara, in order that he may punish the King of Bokhara for having put to death Stoddart and Conolly; for we Turcomauns do not mind who governs those countries if we only get *Khelats* (*i. e.* 'robes of honour') and *Tillahs* (*i. e.* 'ducats')." A dervish approached Wolff (he was from Kashgar), who said to him, "Who is the author of fire and water?" Wolff replied, "God." The dervish replied, "No such thing. Satan is the author of both; for fire and water are destructive elements, and, therefore, it is impossible that God could be the author of them; and you ought to know that there are two Gods—one is God of the world above, who is a good God, who created the light which doth not burn, and who created the rose and the nightingale; but a

battle took place between God above and God below; and the God below marred all the creatures of God above; and this is a fight which still goes on. Men who act well are servants of the God above, and His creatures. Men who act badly are the servants of the God below. There shall be another battle fought, when the God below shall ascend to the seventh heaven, with myriads of his soldiers, flying serpents shall soar up with him; but the God below shall be defeated, and, at last, become a humble subject of the God above."

Wolff then read with the dervish, and with Nathan, the Jew, who was also present, the twelfth chapter of the Book of Revelation, in Hebrew. At Mowr, *Nizam Oolmulk*, the Great Vizier of Malek Shah, of the Seljuck dynasty, established a school, and since that time, as the Turcomauns assured Wolff, a school is kept up there though centuries have passed. For it is remarkable, that whenever celebrated schools have existed in ancient times among the Eastern people, they would consider it a sin to give them up; it is thus invariably among the Muhammadans, the Fire-worshippers, and the Jews. At Mowr, all the Jews, who have been constrained to embrace Muhammadanism in Persia, are permitted to return to their ancient usages and religion; but it is a remarkable fact, that there are some Jews at Mowr who have become Turcomauns; and that there are Jews at Khiva, who have intermarried with the Turcomauns of Khiva, who are descendants, as has been said, of the Hivites of old.

Wolff then departed from Mowr, and was only one week distant from Bokhara. Timoor the Tartar had fought nine battles at Mowr, which is also called *Merw*. They recollect with affection at Mowr, the names of Pottinger and D'Arcy Todd, and Colonel Stoddart. Wolff's companions from Meshed, those nine avowed rascals of the Marwee tribe, sent with him by the Governor-General of Meshed, the Assaff-ooddawla, and his two servants, were further increased by two Turcomauns from Mowr, an aged one, and a young one. It would be too tedious to describe what Wolff suffered on that journey from those nine scoundrels. He has only to observe that the conduct of the Marwees was so bad that he sent an express messenger back to Meshed to complain of them; and two horsemen were sent from the Assaff-ooddawla threatening Dil Assa Khan, the chief of the Marwee, with death if he did not behave well. This was a momentary check on their rapacity, and thus Wolff reached *Chehaar-Choo*, the first place in the Ameer of Bokhara's dominions, and one

of considerable importance. From thence he sent a letter to the King of Bokhara, announcing to him his arrival, and declaring to him the object of his mission.

Wolff mēt at *Chehaar-Choo* the same Jews whom he met twelve years before there, and who then joyfully accompanied him on his visit to Bokhara; but *now* they looked at him with terror and sadness, and advised him not to go. But Wolff proceeded and arrived at Karakol. When he arrived at Karakol, where he was before most kindly received by the Governor, and treated with horse-flesh and tea mixed with milk, salt, and grease, the Governor welcomed him again kindly, but told him sternly, "Thee he will kill." Wolff slept in that village the whole night. In the morning when he awoke, he called out to his servants, but all had left him. He at last found Hussein, the amiable rogue, and Wolff asked him, "Have you also left me?" He replied, "I will speak to you words of wisdom. One's own life is very sweet. I see you now in danger, and therefore I stand aloof from you. Should I observe that the King of Bokhara cuts off your head, I will run away as fast as I can. Should I observe that fortune again smiles upon you, I shall be again your humble servant."

Wolff left Karakol for Bokhara, which was thirty miles distant. The Governor had told him, "The moment that you see horsemen come out from Bokhara, you will observe that some come with baskets; those baskets will contain bandages with which you will be blind-folded, and chains with which you will be chained, and knives with which you will be slaughtered." Wolff had to drag his mule after him, forsaken, as he was, by all his servants. The poor inhabitants on the road to Bokhara, said, "Now there shall be again another victim of a *guest* in Bokhara."

The whole country leading to Bokhara was most beautiful, the weather was delightful, country-houses belonging to liberated slaves and to grandees of Bokhara, were passed on the road; all the fruits of Asia and Europe are to be found in that kingdom, where "all save the spirit of man is divine." Suddenly, three horsemen from Bokhara were observed galloping towards Wolff. One after the other reached him, and asked, "Art thou Joseph Wolff?" Wolff said "Yes." At last the Grand Chamberlain reached him with two men having baskets in their hands. Wolff had now lost all fear, or rather had become indifferent as to what should happen. His servant Hussein peeped forth from behind a tree; and the Turcomauns also were at a distance following him, as

though they had no connection with him. However, the Grand Chamberlain of the King saluted Wolff, by drawing his hands through his, and then stroking his beard, and saying, "The King of kings! The Prince of the believers! Naser-Oollah-Behadur, feels great kindness towards you; he has declared you his guest." Then opening the baskets, instead of bandages and chains, most delicious pomegranates, apples, pears, melons, cherries, roasted horse-flesh, veal, tea with milk, salt, and grease, and tea with sugar and milk, (for the King had heard that Wolff drank tea in that way on his first visit to Bokhara) were produced from out of them.

When Hussein, his servant, saw this, he sprang forward from the tree, came to Wolff, and said to them, "I am Wolff's servant, I must have a share of these; and the Turcomaun of Mowr took courage, and said to the Grand Chamberlain, "What our Khaleefa is in Mowr, Joseph Wolff is in England. The Queen of England sits here, Joseph Wolff sits here, (pointing to particular spots,) and the Queen never undertakes anything of importance without first consulting Joseph Wolff. And the *Grand Vizier* (*i. e.* 'Prime Minister') of England, never sits down in the presence of Joseph Wolff, but stands before him with his hands folded." Wolff told the Turcomaun not to tell lies, and that on his arrival in Bokhara he would speak for himself.

Wolff arrived in Bokhara in the month of April. Thousands of persons were in the streets, shouting "Welcome, heartily welcome!" The Master of Ceremonies came and asked Wolff whether he would submit to the etiquette observed at the court. Wolff said, "In what does it consist?" He replied, "You will be placed before the King; your shoulders will be taken hold of, and you will say three times, 'Asylum of the world! Peace to the King!'" Wolff replied, "Tell his Majesty that I am ready to say so thirty times." Wolff was then presented to his Majesty on the following day.

Certainly 20,000 persons were in the street shouting "Welcome! heartily welcome!" Wolff found himself in a real Tatar capital. The Tshagatay, the Hazarah, the Calmuc, the Osbeck, with their stumpy noses, little eyes widely set apart from each other, short, thick-set beards, cotton gowns, large and heavy boots, and having their hands folded across their breasts and each thrust into the gown, were there; also Hindoos from Scinde, and Jews—all of whom bowed. The *Serkerdehaa* (*i. e.* "the Grandees of the Empire,") who form the Diet (called in the Tatar language

the *Kurulday*), came out of the palace where they had consulted with his Majesty, (the "Prince of the believers," as he is called,)—or rather, to be truthful, they had bowed in all points to the decision of the tyrant. The whole body of Serkerdehaa were riding with large sticks in their hands, on stately horses, and upon each stick the name of the tribe was written to which each of them belonged. Those mighty chiefs are sometimes at variance with each other, as also with the Turcomauns of Khiva; and when they make peace they assemble in an immense camp, and choose a Dictator, and after the peace is made, they join one stick to another, and exclaim, "*We have become one.*"

It is worth while to copy the following passage from the prophecy of Ezekiel, chap. xxxvii. v. 15-22; 24, 25: "*The word of the Lord came again unto me, saying, Moreover, thou son of man, take thee one stick and write upon it, For Judah and for the children of Israel his companions: then take another stick and write upon it, For Joseph, the stick of Ephraim, and for all the house of Israel his companions: and join them one to another into one stick; and they shall become one in thine hand. And when the children of thy people shall speak unto thee, saying, Wilt thou not show us what thou meanest by these? Say unto them, thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I will take the stick of Joseph, which is in the hand of Ephraim, and the tribes of Israel his fellows, and will put them with him, even with the stick of Judah, and make them one stick, and they shall be one in mine hand. And the sticks whereon thou writest shall be in thine hand before their eyes. And say unto them, thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I will take the children of Israel from among the heathen, whither they be gone, and will gather them on every side, and bring them into their own land: And I will make one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel: and one king shall be king to them all: and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all: . . . . . And David my servant shall be king over them; and they shall all have one shepherd: they shall also walk in my judgments, and observe my statutes and do them. And they shall dwell in the Land that I have given unto Jacob my servant, wherein your fathers have dwelt; and they shall dwell therein, even they, and their children, and their children's children for ever: and my servant David shall be their prince for ever,*" &c. The said *Kurulday*, or Diet, was founded by Timoor.

Wolff at last entered the palace dressed in the clergyman's gown, doctor's hood, and shovel hat; it was an astonishing sight indeed, for they never had seen such a thing in their lives

since Bokhara was founded: the Jews exclaimed, "Welcome, Joseph Wolff!" Wolff was then placed opposite the prince of the believers, Nazer-oolah-behadur, as disagreeable-looking a fellow as Wolff ever saw. The people of Khivah justly called him, "the Mule," because he was born of a Persian mother, and a donkey-like Osbeck, and was nursed by a Cossack woman. He had little eyes, his face was in continual convulsive movement, and it had a yellow complexion; no smile was ever seen on his face—he stared at Wolff, and Wolff at him. Wolff's shoulders were taken hold of, and he proceeded to stroke his beard with great energy, and in a tremendous voice said, "Asylum of the world! Peace to the King!" He repeated this above thirty times, when the grimace-making prince suddenly burst into a fit of laughter, and said, "Enough, enough, I am quite satisfied. Come upstairs to me, and I will look at you." Wolff went up, and sat down opposite to him, and the King, swaying himself from right to left, looked at him all the while, narrowly scrutinizing him. Then he said the following words, "*Thou eccentric man! thou star with a tail!* neither like a Jew nor a Christian, nor like a Hindoo, nor like a Russian, nor like an Osbeck—thou art Joseph Wolff." After that, at once he declared that he had punished Stoddart and Conolly with death. Stoddart had not paid him proper respect, and Conolly had had a long nose (*i. e.* "was very proud.") The King said to Conolly, "You Englishmen come into a country in a stealthy manner, and take it." Conolly said, "We do not come in a stealthy manner; but we went openly and in daylight to Cabul, and took it." When the King told him this, Wolff replied, "There are in every country different customs and different manners; and, therefore, Stoddart, ignorant of the customs and etiquette in Bokhara, probably committed mistakes without the slightest intention of offending your Majesty."

A report reached the Government in England, that Akbar Khan, son of Doost Muhammad Khan, had written a letter to the King of Bokhara, saying, that "if he would not kill Stoddart and Conolly himself, he need only send them to him, and he would soon despatch them; but that the King of Bokhara had refused to comply and deliver them up to Akbar Khan." Now, Wolff declares that there was not a single word of truth in that report; and though the person who circulated it, declared that he had himself seen a copy of the very letter, he certainly could not have seen the original, for the whole story was a *canard*.

Before Wolff proceeds with his own account, he must give some more particulars of the history and appearance of the

tyrant before whom he stood. His clothes are quite those of a common Moollah, without any pomp or decoration. His power was unspeakably great; he had deprived the Moollahs of all their authority, and taken the executive into his own hands. On his accession to the throne he killed five of his brothers; two of them, it is reported, were murdered in the territory of Kokan, and the others at Orenburg, in Russia, by a pretended friend sent after them by the King. After the death of his father, Turah-Zadeh was the eldest, and had actually taken possession of Bokhara; however, Nazer-oolah-behadur, the present King, retired to the fortress of Karshi. Hakim-beyk, his friend, remained at Bokhara, and gained over the people of Bokhara by his bearing, talent, intrepidity, and wealth, in favour of Nazer-oolah.

After Hakim-beyk had thus persuaded the inhabitants, he sent word to Nazer-oolah to come with troops to the gates of Bokhara. As soon as he appeared, the gates were opened, and Turah-Zadeh was murdered, and Nazer-oolah ascended the throne. A second brother was murdered in the arms of his mother. Omar-khan, a third brother, had the good fortune to escape, and he wandered about in the whole of Turkistaun; spent some time among dervishes in the Turkish empire; performed, under the garb of a dervish, his pilgrimage to the Kaaba, at Mecca, and to the grave of Muhammad, at Medina; and returned again to the Sultan, at Stamboul. When Wolff, in 1832, was in the desert of Mowr, seated in the tent of a Jew, a dervish entered the tent of Wolff's Jewish host; and soon after an Osbeck came in, who stared at the dervish, and exclaimed suddenly, kissing his feet, "God preserve Omar-Khan, my padishah of Bokhara, son of Ameer-hyder-behadur." Omar-Khan said to the Osbeck, "Betray me not." Thus Omar-Khan wandered about in the desert of Mowr, and made an alliance with the King of Khiva; and Wolff heard after this that he was slain in battle against his brother, the present King.

It is also said, that the present King poisoned his own father. Hakim-beyk, who had assisted him to mount the throne, became his *Goosh-Bekee* (*i. e.* "Ear of the King,") or prime minister; and as long as he followed the advice of that wise minister, Nazer-oolah, was the beloved King of Bokhara, and was feared by the kings around him, who sent ambassadors with presents to him; and Russia continued to be on friendly terms with the King of Bokhara. The object of that great minister was to draw to Bokhara learned men, and men of arts, from all the countries of the earth. His friend-

ship with Moorcroft, had given him a predilection for England: and he desired Wolff, in 1832, to prevail on the British Government to send physicians, and officers, and an ambassador to Bokhara. Sir Alexander Burnes, after Wolff, received the favours of that great man. So wise was Hakim-beyk, that the dervishes of Bokhara began to sing the praises of the King of Bokhara, and of his great minister. They told how the town of Bokhara became so adorned with beautiful mosques; and that outside Bokhara gardens and country houses were planned. But Nazer-oolah-behadur became jealous of the Goosh-Bekee.

About this time, that is in the year 1835, Abd-ul-Samut-Khan arrived from Cabul, having had to run away from Doost Muhammad Khan. This was the same fellow of whom Wolff mentioned that he had turned him out of his room at Peshawur, by the advice of Sir Alexander Burnes; and the rogue boasted that he had learned the military science under the Duke of Wellington, and that he had gained one hundred battles. That excellent Goosh-Bekee recommended him to the King, who nominated him the chief of the artillery, and of all the regular troops of Bokhara. The Goosh-Bekee poured favours upon the new comer, whilst Abd-ul-Samut-Khan, that horrid intriguer, was all the time intriguing against his benefactor; and he made the King believe that the Goosh-Bekee was in secret correspondence with the English, whom he had advised to invade the country. Thus the influence of the Goosh-Bekee began visibly to decline.

About that time a report reached the King that an Englishman was on his way to Khiva, and he sent soldiers (Osbecks) after him, who made a prisoner of that Englishman. His name was Lieutenant Wyburd. He was cast into the prison called *Seeyahjaa* ("black well,") and after that into the dungeon of the Nayeb, who treated him in the most cruel manner, and continually said to him, "I know how to treat you Europeans in order to humble you." After a year or so, before the arrival of Colonel Stoddart, the Ameer sent for Wyburd, and said to him, "If you will become a Mussulman, and enter my service, I will have mercy on you, and treat you well." But Wyburd answered, "Understand that I am an Englishman, and therefore I shall neither change my religion, nor enter the service of a tyrant." He was then led forth to execution, and he said, "Now you shall see how an Englishman and Christian can die!" He bowed his head, which was cut off, and his body was cast into a well.

When the Goosh-Bekee appeared before Nazer-behadur,

the respect of the servants was no longer paid to him as before. The Goosh-Bekee bowed three times to the ground, stroked three times his beard, and recited the first chapter of the Koran, called *Fatkha*, and then he stroked again his beard. The King asked him to sit down, which he did, bowing again to the ground. Then the King asked, "What is thy request?" He said, "O Hasrat! I have devoted my old days and my grey hairs to the service of my king and my master; I have served many years your father, to whom God has been merciful. I have not gathered treasure; and I did all this that you might become a powerful monarch, honoured by all nations, and that you might become like Timoor, and that your name might be renowned, like that of Scander Sulkarneyn. But in what have I now sinned, that my advice is no longer heard?"

The King demanded, "What is thy desire?" He replied, "Why has your Majesty pulled down those beautiful palaces, which you built with so much expense, and which were the delight of the inhabitants? And besides this, why does your Majesty arrest Englishmen in the highways, and bring them prisoners to Bokhara? England is a powerful nation; all Hind belongs to it. Shah Soojah-El-Moolk, and Shah Zemaun, the two kings of Affghanistan, have found shelter in the dominions of England. Rundjud Singh, the idolator, threatens to attack Affghanistan, and, if once in Affghanistan, he may come to Bokhara. On the other side we are threatened from Russia and Khiva, and the Guzl-Bash will unite to destroy the King of Bokhara, which may God prevent! What can save us from all these evils, except a strict alliance with England?" The King told him to retire, and promised to profit by his advice.

Soon after this the *Reis*, (*i.e.* the "Great Moollah"), who enforces with bastinadoes and death obedience to the observance of the rites of the Muhammadan religion, preached one day to the Muhammadans in the following manner: "The King is a shepherd, the subjects are sheep. The shepherd may do with the sheep as he thinks proper: he may take the wife from the husband, for the wife is the sheep of the King as well as the husband; and he may make use of any other man's wife, just as he pleases." From that moment Nazeroolah became the greatest profligate at Bokhara. He employed all his chamberlains as so many ruffians; the persons who were not willing to give up their wives were instantly put to death; and he so habituated them to tyranny that the husband, on being deprived of his wife, sighed, and resigned

himself to the will of the King, with the exclamation: "*This is the Royal Act,*" "*to them the sword is given!*" These are also the very words of St. Paul. The Goosh-Bekee resisted, on which account he was put in prison, and then executed by order of the Ameer, behind the palace, on the very spot where afterwards Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly were executed. The people of Bokhara, and all the rest of the Turcomaun nation, attach a particular efficacy to the touching of the King's garments or hands, and believe that sick people may be cured by the simple touch of the King.

Wolff was then examined by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, respecting the purpose for which he came to Bokhara. Wolff stated to him that fourteen years ago he was himself in Bokhara, and was well received; after him came Sir Alexander Burnes, then two officers, highly beloved and honoured by the British Government and all their countrymen. Stoddart and Conolly had made bold, and come to Bokhara; but the report was now all over Europe, and America, and Hindoostan, that both these officers had been put to death; and the shout was heard throughout Europe, and thousands in England exclaimed, "War with Bokhara!"

Here the Minister for Foreign Affairs interrupted Wolff by asking, "How far is England from Bokhara?" Dil Assah Khan, the chief of the nine Marwee, those scoundrels sent with Wolff from the Governor-General of Khorassan, replied, "Six months." Wolff said, "This is a lie; for there is scarcely a distance of three months." The Ministers then said, "What is therefore now your request?" Dil Assah Khan replied, "His object is to establish friendship between England and the King of Bokhara." Wolff replied, "I have no authority for that; but my object is, first to ask, where are my friends, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly? If alive, I beg his Majesty to send them back with me to England; if dead, his Majesty will state his reasons for putting them to death; and also send with me an Ambassador to England."

Wolff perceived that, if he did not hold out some hopes of reconciliation, he (the King) would be driven to despair, and perhaps put him (Wolff) to death; and, at the same time, the Ambassador would serve Wolff as an escort on his journey through the desert.

The Prime Minister asked Wolff, "Has the British Government itself authorized you to come here?" Wolff said, "He was authorized by all the Powers of Europe, and by the Sultan of Constantinople, and by the King of Persia,

and by the Emperor of Russia." The Prime Minister then said, "Why are you dressed in red and black colours?" (for Wolff wore his clergyman's gown and doctor's hood.) Wolff replied, "That it was a custom of the great Moollahs of England." The King's chamberlain then asked, "Have those colours some meaning?" Wolff replied, "With me they have; the black colour indicates that Wolff mourns over the death of his countrymen; and the red colour indicates that Wolff is ready to die for his faith."

Wolff then returned to his lodging, which was the house formerly belonging to the King's brother, who had been killed by the present King. And from that moment all liberty of going out as he pleased was taken away. Wolff was watched day and night by the *Makhrams* ("chamberlains") of the King.

Makhram.—Yussuf (Joseph) Wolff, his Majesty has been graciously pleased to order you to answer two questions, which he proposes to you now, through his slave. The first question is, 'Are you able to awake the dead?'" Here, it is to be observed, that one of the Grand Moollahs informed Wolff afterwards, in the greatest confidence, that the King had ordered this question, because he wished that Wolff should awake Stoddart and Conolly from the dead; for the moment Wolff departed from the Royal presence, the King had said, "How wonderful! I have in my empire two hundred thousand slaves, and no soul ever came from Persia to ask after any one of them: and here I have killed a few Englishmen, and Joseph Wolff comes with a Bible in his hand, and enters my capital without a sword, and without a gun, and demands those two Englishmen. I wish Wolff could make them alive again; his coming here has inflicted on me a wound which will never be healed."

The second question was this: "Whether he knew when Jesus Christ would return here upon earth?" for his Majesty had heard that when Wolff was at Bokhara, many years before, he had said "that Christ would return after fifteen years." Wolff replied, that "since that time he had some doubts of the correctness of his calculation, for the meaning of the numbers mentioned by the Prophet Daniel admits of a twofold interpretation;" yet Wolff was convinced, by the signs of the times, that the time of the coming of Jesus was at hand.

Wolff then read to the servants of the King the whole of the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth chapters of St. Matthew, and the twenty-first chapter of the Holy Gospel by St.

Luke, and the thirty-fourth chapter of Isaiah; and he expounded those chapters to them, in the presence of hundreds of people. Every word Wolff expounded was written down by the King's servants, so that actually they remained with Wolff the whole day, during which time they had written down thirty sheets in Persian, and then they brought the writing to the King, who read it to a great number of Moollahs of the Colleges of Bokhara, to the astonishment of all.

Then, the next day, the Chamberlain came again to Wolff, and said: "His Majesty wishes to know the names of the four great Viziers of England; and the names of the twelve little Viziers of England; and the names of the forty noblemen of England." Wolff, perceiving that Stoddart and Conolly must have given information to the King in an Eastern style, gave the following answer: "That the four great Viziers were, first, Sir Robert Peel; secondly, Lord Aberdeen; thirdly, Sir James Graham; fourthly, Lord Wharncliffe." And, as to the twelve little Ministers, Wolff formed the cabinet of ministers of his own choice. And, instead of the names of forty noblemen, he gave them the names of fifty Dukes, Earls, Viscounts, and Barons, all jumbled together.

They brought the list to the King, and his Majesty immediately sent for Wolff, and was dreadfully angry. He said, "You have told me lies; for the four great ministers whose names were given to me by Stoddart and Conolly—by each of them separately—agree: but yours do not agree." Wolff then immediately knew the reason, and said: "I beg your Majesty not to tell me the names given to your Majesty by Stoddart and Conolly, for I will mention those very persons also." Wolff then mentioned the names of Lord Melbourne, &c., and Wolff told him, at the same time, that he must tell his Majesty candidly, that the names of the twelve little ministers were not quite so certain, as it was merely guess-work with Wolff. The King then said, "What has become of those four Ministers whose names were given to me by Stoddart and Conolly: has the Queen killed them?" Wolff replied, "No," and then he attempted to give to the King an idea of Whig and Tory governments: but he made in that attempt such a hotch-potch, that neither the King nor he himself could understand it. Nor does any one else in England—now-a-days!

CHAPTER XXXV.

Abd-ul-Samut-Khan; His Villainy; Wolff in Great Danger of Assassination; The Persian Ambassador Arrives; Fate of Stoddart and Conolly Confirmed by the Jews; History of Timoor.

ON returning home to his lodging, Wolff saw caravans arriving, which came from Siberia, Khiva, and Astrakhan, composed of thousands of camels, with people called the Tshagatay, Nogay, Calmucs, from Yarkand in Chinese Tatary;* and Banians, people of Scinde and Pooluj. One could understand well the passage in Isaiah lx. "A host of camels shall cover thee, dromedaries of Midian and Ephah." Wolff was ordered, the day following, to mount a horse, and was to proceed to visit that horrid villain who lived one mile out of the town, in a garden, the chief of the artillery abovementioned, even ABD-UL-SAMUT-KHAN, the Persian, and instigator of the murder of the Goosh-Bekee.

He received Wolff with great apparent kindness; breakfast was prepared, consisting of chocolate, roasted veal, and chickens. The host sat, without looking Wolff in the face, but treated him, seemingly, with kindness. He said, "I saw you at Peshawur, and I know all about you." He certainly had not forgotten that Wolff had, at that time, turned him out of his room. And then he continued, "At present England and Bokhara are at war, and are enemies; but after you shall have heard how those two officers, Stoddart and Conolly, behaved, England and Bokhara shall be friends, which I dearly wish. By the Osbecks I am suspected of being an Englishman, and by the English I am suspected of being an Osbeck; but I am neither the one nor the other. All I wish is, that the truth should be known; and now I will tell you all about it."

And then that horrid fellow told the story, almost in the same words in which Wolff had been informed already by the King himself, and by the Jews of Mowr, and by every one else. The death of Conolly and Stoddart took place (many months before Wolff's arrival) in the year 1842! not in the year 1843; of which he was afterwards still more convinced by a Jew named Cohen, who arrived from Bokhara in England, in the year 1846. Intrigues were practised upon Wolff, so that the date was different in his first publi-

* Wolff insists upon it that *Tatary* is the true mode of spelling, not *Tartary*.

cation; but all this must be passed over. The British Government was right in every particular.

Whilst Wolff was with Abd-ul-Samut-Khan, a band of soldiers came near the house, and commenced playing the English National Anthem, "God save the Queen;" they were native Indians, sepoys, and also soldiers of Rundjud Singh, who had learned the melody from English soldiers, and who had been made prisoners in the disaster of Cabul, by the Affghans, and sold to the King of Bokhara.

All this conversation during breakfast took place in the presence of those nine rascals who had been sent with Wolff from Meshed to Bokhara; and, after this, that horrid scoundrel sent those companions out of his room.

Now, Wolff has to observe that he has been found fault with for having used, in his first edition, the word "*scoundrel*;" but, really, he thinks using any other epithet with regard to Abd-ul-Samut-Khan would be misapplied, of which his English friends will be convinced when they hear, almost verbatim, the words of that ruffian.

After Wolff's companions had retired, Nayeb Abd-ul-Samut-Khan began to weep, and said, "Both Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly have been put to death *without a sin or crime on their part.* Poor Stoddart was a prisoner; he was so much worn out, that when he (Stoddart) came to me, he had not a shirt on his back, and was pale as a wall. I offered to the King one hundred thousand tillahs* (these are ducats) for the release of Stoddart and Conolly, but he would not give ear to my proposal; all his Majesty replied was, 'They are spies, and as spies they must die.' Soon after this another Englishman came, whose name I do not know; he was also put to death, and one Frankee, Naselli by name, who had letters for Avitabile, at Lahore.

"The tyrant," continued Abd-ul-Samut-Khan, "intended putting me to death, and, for two years in succession, did not give me any salary, until he saw that he could not go on without me; and thus he acted even after I had taken Khokan, and if he had been able to have taken Khiva, he certainly would have cut off my head. Let the British Government send one officer to Khokan, another to Khoollom, another to Khiva, and thus let those Khans be induced to march against Bokhara; and let the British Government only give me twenty or thirty thousand tillahs, and I am ready to support them. I make *Halt, Front!*" (He said

* *Tallah* means *gold*, *Tallah-and* means *possession of gold*; hence the Latin *Talentum*, and the English *talent* are evidently derived.—*Wolff.*

this in English, the only words he knew besides *No force.*) "Three days after they were killed, the tyrant sent Makhram Saadat, who gave to me the full report of it, and I went to see the spot. There is a custom, on the circumcision of a son, to invite some great man, who takes the child upon his knees. I intend, if the British Government will give me twenty thousand tillahs, to invite the King, place him upon a seat undermined, and, the moment he sits down, I will blow him up. I know that he intends to kill me, but——" (here the hypocrite lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said,) "*Inshallah!* ('God willing!') I shall put him to death."

Wolff replied, "This neither the British Government, nor any Christian, will ever approve of; for kings are considered by us as *Sille-Ullah* (*i. e.* 'the shadows of God'). I will now ask you a question, and this it is, 'What did the King say when he heard of my arrival?'"

To this Nayeb replied, "When he received a letter from the Khaleefa of Mowr, announcing to him your arrival, he informed me of it. I asked 'What does your Majesty intend to do with him?' He replied, 'If he bring no letter from Dowlat he shall fare like the former—I will put him to death.' (Dowlat means "British Government.") But his mind was so restless that he assembled about twenty *serkerdekaa* ('grandees'), most of whom advised him to put you to death. One of them, my enemy, who was dismissed on my account from his situation of Governor of Samarcand, said to him, 'Your Majesty asks me for my advice, I would recommend your Majesty first to kill the Nayeb, and then the Englishman.' I received this news only yesterday, when Moollah Hāji informed me of it by his wife. But, fear not, I will stand by you; and, to prove I have been a friend of Stoddart and Conolly, and Sir Alexander Burnes, I will show you something. Here he produced the following document:—

From Colonel Stoddart.

"6th November, 1841.

"I write this document in certificate of my sense of the good offices rendered to me at Bokhara by Nayeb Abd-ul-Samut-Khan, who was extremely kind to me while I was recovering, under God's mercy, from severe fever and ague. I was ordered to this house, in the beginning of this year, from the Daster-Khanjee: and since I have been with him he has been of good service in forwarding my communications to and from the Ameer, and with Government, and in aiding to obtain permission for my departure from Bokhara. I have reported, and will further report, all the details of his

good offices to Government, and I give him this as testimony of my gratification, and sense of his kindness, by way of introduction to any Englishman, and, as he has requested it, thinking it may some day serve him, with my last prayer that God Almighty may bless him and his family. I sign this, "CHARLES STODDART."

Wolff then remarked "If Colonel Stoddart received permission to depart, why did he not go?" The Nayeb replied, "that he (Stoddart) did not wish to go."

At last that horrid fellow showed his cowardice, and real mind, more and more. One evening, he began to say, "About one matter I have been astonished, and that is, why have you brought such shabby presents to the King! The present you brought is valued in the market at thirty tillahs" (fifteen pounds). And thus, by little and little, that fellow showed himself more and more to be a rogue; and by hints Wolff received from persons (whose names for obvious reasons he cannot mention), and from Abd-ul-Samut-Khan's own confession, Wolff's eyes were opened, and he was convinced that Abd-ul-Samut-Khan was the instigator and murderer of Stoddart and Conolly.

However, in the mean time, Wolff was shown, by order of the King, the Muhammadan colleges of Bokhara. In these colleges the writings of the learned soonnees, as well as of the sheahs, with oratory, poetry, and logic are taught, besides the Koran, and disputations are carried on in a scholastic manner. The reasons which the Moollahs assign universally for not drinking wine is most extraordinary. They say, that Muhammad, the Prophet of God, had forbidden wine, because the Christians use it in offering their sacrifice (evidently alluding to the blessed sacrament of the Lord's body and blood); and it appears that it is for that very reason the Jews do not drink wine made by Christians.

The Synagogue of the Jews at Bokhara is a very ancient building, quite out of repair. The King gave his consent, during Wolff's stay there, to the Jews having their synagogue repaired, without extending the ground. They have an ancient manuscript of the Prophet Daniel; and in chapter viii. is the number two thousand four hundred, instead of two thousand three hundred, which agrees with the calculation of James Hartley Frere; and Frere's suspicion is that the number *two thousand three hundred* is not correct. The King of Bokhara goes frequently to the house of Rabbi Simha, the richest Jew of Bokhara, on the day of Tabernacles, and sees him celebrate that feast, and partakes of the dinner.

Bokhara is situate in 39° 37′ north latitude, and 80° 19′ east longitude. It is surrounded by deserts, and watered by the little river Wafkan, which flows between forests of fruit-trees and gardens. It has eleven gates, and a circumference of fifteen English miles; three hundred and sixty mosques, twenty-two caravanserais, many baths and bazaars, and the old palace called Ark, built by Arslan Khan, one thousand years ago, and has about one hundred splendid colleges. The houses have neither roofs nor windows. The population amounts to one hundred and eighty thousand, composed of Tatshicks, Nogays, Affghans, Marvee, Osbecks, and ten thousand Jews, who are dyers and silk-traders, and must wear a small cap, and girdle around their waist, to be distinguished from the Muhammadans. There are several thousand slaves. There are about three hundred merchants from Scinde, and many dervishes. Whole streets contain nothing but shops and magazines for merchants, from all parts of Turkistan, Cashgar, Hindostan, and Russia. There are great numbers of country houses, with gardens called Jehaar-Bagh, in the suburbs. Most delightful villages are to be found for eight miles round Bokhara. A sickness prevails, chiefly in the city, called *Rishta*, which causes an immense worm to come out of the knees and arms and makes people frequently lame for life; it is ascribed to the water.

Ophthalmia is also prevalent. There is only one Jewish physician of any skill who prides himself on knowing the sense of the word "antimonial," and perpetually uses it; just as Abd-ul-Samut-Khan prides himself on knowing how to say, "Halt! Front!" Amongst the productions of Bokhara the fruits of Europe, as well as those of Asia, are to be found. The inhabitants bake their own bread, exactly as it is done in Saxony. In the cities of Oratepa, Karakol, and Shahr-Sabz, Osbeck chiefs, called Serkerdehaa, have their country-houses; but they are now much oppressed by Nazer-oolah-behadur, the present King of Bokhara,* who often takes possession of their wives and sons.

One day the chamberlain came, and said to Wolff, "The King wants to know whether it is true that you are acquainted with seventy-two languages, with seventy-two religions, with seventy-two nations; whether you have conversed in them all; and whether your design in coming to Bokhara is to oblige all its inhabitants to embrace the religion of Jesus; and whether you have been in *Sulmustaun* ('the

* This King of Bokhara died.

land of darkness'), which is not far from Tunis?" Wolff told him the number of languages he could speak.

Another day, the King sent again his chamberlain with the question, "How do the Christians prove their religion?" Wolff replied, "That the Divine Founder of the Christian religion, JESUS, was predicted thousands of years before His coming upon earth. Secondly, by the miracles which Jesus performed; by the life and conversation of Jesus; by the fulfilment of His prophecies; by the effect which Christianity has produced, for Christianity teaches a man to set a proper value upon human blood; Christianity fills the heart with compassion and love.

Another day he came with the request that Wolff should write for the King the history of Muhammad, which he did in full.

At last, the Ambassador from Persia arrived, with the demand from the King of Persia, that the King of Bokhara should send Wolff back to England. The Ambassador showed the greatest kindness to Joseph Wolff. However, the intrigues of Abd-ul-Samut-Khan were horrible, so that the departure of Wolff was delayed from day to day; and at last Wolff attempted to escape, but he was prevented from doing so. He therefore one day went to Abd-ul-Sumat-Khan, and said to him, "THOU ART THE MURDERER OF STODDART AND CONOLLY, AND OTHER EUROPEANS; THOU ART A BLOOD-HOUND." The Nayeb replied, "Yes, I am; I know how to manage you Englishmen; and I will pay you for having insulted me at Peshawur."

It is utterly impossible that Wolff could give a description of the countenance of the blood-hound, when he said these words. His whole face became convulsed, distorted, and crooked, and pale with anger and rage; grinning, laughing, raging, just like an apparition from hell!!! Wolff pushed him, and he dared not return it. Wolff said, "Thou murderer!" He replied, "Yes, I am." On leaving him, and riding on horseback, with the chamberlain, on his return to the house, a Cossack rode up, with an immensely large whip, who had come from Orenburg, bordering on Siberia, and he gave some money to Wolff's guard. He had just left the King's palace. He came up to Wolff and said, "*Joseph Wolff, fear nothing;* the Emperor Nicholas Pawlowitsh, the Czar of Russia, takes care of you." He then whipped his horse, rode through the town, and went back to Orenburg; and the inhabitants of Bokhara exclaimed to Wolff, as he passed them, "Thou victim, thou art a good man."

At last, the King ordered Wolff to go back to his lodging; and he was further ordered not to stir out of the house without permission from his Majesty, who felt greatly incensed that Wolff had openly declared in Bokhara, that it was his Majesty's intention to put him to death, and that his Majesty had been red in the face from anger. The king, therefore, asked Wolff if he would leave Bokhara without honour and in disgrace; or with honour and filled with favour. In the first case, his Majesty would furnish him with a simple passport; but, in the second case, he would, after his return from Samarcand, adorn him with a robe of honour, and send an ambassador with him to England. Wolff sent word in answer, that he was very sorry for having given cause to his Majesty to be angry with him; and, with respect to the mode of his going out from Bokhara, he left that entirely to his Majesty's choice.

The next day, the King set out for Samarcand, with the view of reconquering Khokan and Tashkand. Previous to the King's departure for Samarcand, the Jews asked his leave to visit Wolff, and among others, Moollah Mashiakh from Balkh. This man is now in India, to which country he was forced to fly, for reasons which will be assigned in the sequel of this narrative, and where he found protection and countenance from Lord Dalhousie. And beside Moollah Mashiakh, other Jews, especially those who had been converted by Joseph Wolff's instrumentality to the Christian faith, made the like request. All these asked permission from the King to visit Joseph Wolff in his house, when the King replied, "Yes, you Jews may visit him; but I hear that he carries on his conversation in Hebrew, which I will not allow, he must carry it on in Persian, in order that my Chamberlains and Secretaries, who will be with Wolff the whole day (and some of them even sleep in his room) may write down every word he says."

Now this was a most cruel order, for Wolff wished to cross-examine the Jews during the whole of his stay in Bokhara concerning the deaths of Stoddart and Conolly. Wolff therefore contrived a method of conversing with the Jews in Hebrew, in the presence of the Osbecks, without their knowing that he did converse in Hebrew, and he managed it in the following manner. First of all, he conversed with them in the Persian language for the space of an hour, on all kinds of subjects; among others, they said, "Joseph Wolff, sing us a Hebrew melody, for your voice is sonorous and sweet." Wolff sang in a plaintive strain, "By the Waters of

Babylon we sat down and wept, for we remembered Zion." He sang also the Hymn of the Jews in Turkistan with them.

"The King, our Messiah, shall come.
The Mighty of the mighty is He,
The King, the King, the King, our Messiah shall come:
The Blessed of the Blessed is He:
The King, the King, our Messiah:
The Great One of the great is He."

They then asked Wolff the names of the principal Jews converted to Christianity, and he gave them the names; but he would not be sincere if he were not to state candidly that he also roused himself sometimes, in his dangerous condition, by singing not merely sacred melodies, but also German songs, such as Schiller's "Wallenstein."

"Up, up, comrades,
Let us march to the field;
Let us fight the battles of liberty."

He also sang sometimes, the robber song, "Rinaldo, Rinaldini," so that the whole palace resounded with it, and Abbas-kooli-Khan, the Persian Ambassador, his great friend, was rejoiced to perceive him bear up against his dreadful state, surrounded as he was by spies. But Wolff was also determined to speak in Hebrew; so, after the conversation had been carried on for two hours in Persian, he said to the Jews, "Now let us not always chatter. After we have conversed in Persian, I wish to read something to you in the Hebrew Bible, in order that you may tell me whether my pronunciation is good or not."

Wolff then opened the Book of Esther and began to read, in a chanting manner, in Hebrew, the following words, which are given in English; but the reader must imagine that what he is reading is Hebrew, and then he will have a clear idea how he managed it.

Wolff began to read, in Hebrew, from the first chapter, the first verse of Esther, "*Now it came to pass in the days of Ahasuerus, (this is Ahasuerus which reigned, from India even unto Ethiopia, over an hundred and seven and twenty provinces:*) (and, continuing in the same voice, exactly as if he were reading, looking, also, in the Bible, as if it were a continuation of the verse, he said)—"*Now, my dear friends, to-morrow morning each of you must come with a Bible, and we will first speak Persian, and after that we will read Hebrew, and I will ask you questions, exactly as if I were reading from the text;*

and you will read the following verses in the same manner, and you will answer in the same way as if you were reading from your bibles."

Now the Jews, who are no fools, in whatever country they may be, understood the drift of all this, and they turned to the Osbeck spies and said, "Wolff reads Hebrew very fluently, but his pronunciation is wretched. To-morrow each of us will bring a Hebrew Bible, and we will read in them, we one verse, and he one verse, and thus we shall teach him the true pronunciation." The next day they came and talked with Wolff on different topics, and after having had some conversation in Persian, Wolff said, "Now let us read Hebrew again." And he began to read the second verse of the first chapter of the Book of Esther, in the following manner, again chanting: "*That in those days, when the king Ahasuerus sat on the throne of his kingdom, which was in Shushan the palace:*"—"*Now, my dear friends, tell me what kind of fellow is the King of this country?*" A Jew began to read the third verse. "*In the third year of his reign, he made a feast unto all his princes and his servants; the power of Persia and Media, the nobles and princes of the provinces, being before him:*"—"*As to the King of this country, oh! that his name and memory may be blotted out from the Book of Life; he is a great rascal and tyrant.*" And then another Jew began to read the fourth verse. "*When he showed the riches of his glorious kingdom and the honour of his excellent majesty many days, even an hundred and fourscore days;*"—"*but the King of this country is not by far so wicked a scoundrel as that horrid Persian outside the town, who was the instigator of the murder of your countrymen. Ephraim, a Jew, who came here to assist your countrymen, when that villain informed the King of it, was beheaded. And Wolff, be on your guard.*"

Thus Wolff carried on conversations with the Jews for three months without being discovered; but, strange to say, years after, Moollah Mashiakh, who chiefly read the Bible in this way with Wolff, was betrayed, and he made his escape to Hindoostan, when Lord Dalhousie received him most kindly, of which Wolff was informed at Ile Brewers by the Directors of the Honourable East India Company. Abbas-Kooli-Khan, the Persian Ambassador, seeing how wretched Wolff was, actually had one of his servants to sleep with him in his room, in order that he might not be assassinated; and a very extraordinary circumstance happened at this time in Bokhara.

While the King was absent at Samarcand, Muhammad

Bakeer Nakash, the painter, formerly in the service of Conolly, loudly exclaimed in a bath, "The Europeans are, by far, better than the Mussulmans; Muhammad was no prophet. He was a cruel tyrant, and so are all his followers. There is one God, but no prophet does exist." He was brought before the Sheikh Islam, who said to him, "Is it true that you have made such a declaration?" Muhammad Bakeer replied, "Yes, I have loudly proclaimed that there is no prophet." The Sheikh said, "You believe, perhaps, that Jesus is a prophet." Bakeer replied, "No." Then the Sheikh Islam said, "Joseph Wolff does not agree with you, for he believes that Jesus is not only a prophet, but he calls him also the Son of God." The whole was reported to the King in Samarcand, but, strange to say, Bakeer was not put to death.

The letter of the King of Persia at last arrived. It was written and sent to the care of the Assaff-ood-Dowla, at Meshed; who delivered it to Wolff's friend, Moollah Mehdee; who, with the greatest secrecy, delivered it into the hands of a Turcomaun for Abbas Kooli Khan, at Bokhara. Most providential it was that Haji-Ibrahim, brother of Abd-ul-Samut-Khan, was not at Meshed at the time; for on his return to Meshed he learned that Moollah Mehdee had sent off a letter from the Shah to the Ameer. He, in a rage, ran at once to Moollah Mehdee, and said to him, "Why did you send away the letter from the King of Persia to the Ameer of Bokhara? and why did you not give the letter to me; when I would have forwarded the letter to my brother, Abd-ul-Samut-Khan, who would have delivered it himself to the King?" What would have been the fate of that letter is obvious.

Wolff at that time wrote to all the monarchs of Europe the following letter:—

"Bokhara, 1844.

"SIRES,—I set out for Bokhara to ransom the lives of two officers, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly; but both of them were murdered many months previous to my departure, and I do not know whether this blood of mine will be spilt, ——I do not supplicate for my own safety, but, Monarchs, two hundred thousand Persian slaves, many of them people of high talent, sigh in the kingdom of Bokhara. Endeavour to effect their liberation, and I shall rejoice in the grave that my blood has been thus the cause of the ransom of so many human beings. I am too much agitated, and too closely watched, to be able to say more. "JOSEPH WOLFF."

Abdullah, Wolff's servant, ran, without leave of Wolff, to Abd-ul-Samut-Khan, who sent word to Wolff that the King had read a letter, written by Lord Ellenborough, about Wolff, and then said, "Now it is proper that I should kill Joseph Wolff!" In this hour of deep distress Wolff wrote to Lady Georgiana:—

"My dearest Wife—Never, never, never, for a moment lose your love, and obedience, and faith in Jesus Christ; and pray for me, that I may remain faithful to Him in the hour of trial; and exhort the churches in England to pray for me, to our most blessed Redeemer, Jesus Christ. Give my love to Lady Catherine Long; my regards to all my friends.

"Your most loving husband—Joseph Wolff."

The King returned from Samarcand, and Wolff called on him; but the King scarcely looked at him. The day following a Moollah came and asked Wolff, in his Majesty's name, whether he would turn Mussulman? Wolff replied, "Tell the King Never, Never, Never." The Moollah asked Wolff, "Have you not a more polite answer for the King?" Wolff replied, "I beg you to tell his Majesty that you asked Wolff whether he had not a more polite answer for his Majesty, and he (Wolff) replied, '*No—No—No.*'" A few hours after this the *executioner* came—the same man who had put to death both Stoddart and Conolly; and he said, "Joseph Wolff, to thee it shall happen as it did to Stoddart and Conolly;" and then he made a significant motion at Wolff's heart with his hand. Wolff prepared for death. He carried opium about with him, so that in case his throat was cut, he might not feel the pain. However, at last he cast away the opium, and prayed, and wrote in his Bible these words:—

"My dearest Georgiana,—I have loved you unto death.

"Your affectionate husband—J. Wolff.

"Bokhara, 1844."

That very same day his friend the Persian Ambassador sent word to the King that he had received a letter from his Majesty Muhammad Shah. The King sent word that Abbas-Kooli-Khan should send the letter by the Minister for Foreign Affairs; but Abbas-Kooli-Khan replied that he had received orders from his Court to deliver the letter in person,—his Majesty at last consented to his coming to the Palace. Abbas-Kooli-Khan then delivered the letter to the Ameer, who, after having perused the letter, said, "Well, I

make a present to you of Joseph Wolff; he may go with you." Wolff was then ordered to go again to the Nayeb Abd-ul-Samut-Khan, who also would announce to him the King's will. When he came to him the rascal told Wolff shortly, "You must give me three thousand ducats for having taken the trouble of speaking on your account to the King; and three thousand ducats you have to give me for my trouble." He gave Wolff writing materials, and he wrote in English the following words:—

"In the garden of the infamous Abd-ul-Samut Khan, surrounded by his banditti, and compelled by him, I write that he forced from me a note of hand for six thousand tillahs.

"JOSEPH WOLFF, Prisoner."

An Affghan, Seyd, now entered Wolff's house and said, "Ay, you Kaffir, have you succeeded in cheating the Ameer; so that he has let you go? If he had only given you into my hands, I would soon have made away with you by my javelin." Abbas-Kooli-Khan said to him, "Go, and leave the Frankee alone; he is a dervish." "A dervish!" he sneeringly replied; "I know these Frankee dervishes—I know these English dervishes. They go into a country, spy out mountains and valleys, seas and rivers; find out a convenient adit; and then go home, inform a gentleman there —a chief, who has the name of Company, who sends soldiers, and then takes a country. Tell him what I say." After this he left the house.

Some Calmucks likewise purposely called on Wolff. They are also called the Eliad. They said, "We come to see the renowned Frankee dervish." They are of a yellowish colour; they sat down, looked at Wolff, and made remarks on every movement of his body, which amused Abbas-Kooli-Khan so much that he laughed incessantly. After they had examined him from head to foot, the Ambassador advised Wolff to allow them to pursue still closer investigations, which he declined.

Wolff then had a visit from a Moollah from Bokhara, who asked him whether Timoor was much spoken of in England? Wolff replied in the affirmative. He then asked Wolff whether they knew of his daughter Agabeyk, and of his sister Turkan-Khatoon, and his only son, Jehaan-Geer? The death of these people, he said, made Timoor weep, who had a heart of iron, and never wept before. They are buried at Shaher-Sabz. Thus far the Moollah.

Timoor (iron) was the prophetic name of the son of

Thusaghays, whose ancestors descended from the tribe of Berlas, the Grand Vizier of Tshagatay, Tshingis-Khan's son. Timoor was born on the very day. when, by the death of Aboo Sayd Behadur Khan, the dynasty of Tshingis-Khan ended, in the year 1335. The Persian historians say of him, that he was not only a world-conqueror, but also a world-holder. Though Alexander the Great was more humane, he is evidently inferior to Timoor as a conqueror; for Timoor's conquests did not only comprise more countries than Alexander's, but he preserved a greater extent of country under subjection. Timoor, moreover, fought not, like Alexander, with effeminate nations, but with brave and warlike people; and, besides, he was not given to vice; and also, not having been the son of a king, was the creator of his own power.

At the siege of the capital of Sistan he was wounded in one of his legs, which made him lame, whence he was called Timoor-Lank. He was of great stature, of an extraordinary large head, open forehead, and of a beautiful red and white complexion, and with long hair—white from his birth—like Zah, the renowned hero of Persian history. In his ears he wore two diamonds of great value. He was of a serious and gloomy expression of countenance, an enemy to every joke or jest, but especially to falsehood, which he hated to such a degree that he preferred a disagreeable truth to an agreeable lie; in this respect far different from the character of Alexander, who put to death Clitus, his friend and companion in arms, as well as the philosopher Calisthenes, for uttering disagreeable truths to him. Timoor never relinquished his purpose, or countermanded his order; never regretted the past, nor rejoiced in the anticipation of the future; he neither loved poets nor buffoons, but physicians, astronomers, and lawyers, whom he frequently desired to carry on discussions in his presence; but most particularly he loved those dervishes, whose fame of sanctity paved his way to victory by their blessing. He was a great lover of chess, in which he excelled; and from the famous move of "castling the king," his beloved son received the name *Shah Rook*, which means "king and castle." His most darling books were histories of war, and biographies of warriors and other celebrated men. His learning was confined to the knowledge of reading and writing; but he had such a retentive memory that whatever he read or heard once, he never forgot. He was only acquainted with three languages—the Turkish, Persian, and Mongolian. The Arabic was foreign to him. He preferred the Tora of Tshinghis Khan to the Koran; so that the

Ulemas found it necessary to issue a Fetwa, by which they declared those to be infidels who preferred human laws to divine. He completed Tshingis Khan's Tora by his own code, called Tufukat, which comprised the degrees and ranks of his officers. Without the philosophy of Antoninus, or the pedantry of Constantine, his laws exhibit a deep knowledge of military art and political science. Such principles were imitated successfully by his successors, Shah Baber and the great Shah Akbar, in Hindoostan. The power of his civil as well as military government consisted in a deep knowledge of other countries, which he acquired by his interviews with travellers and dervishes, so that he was fully acquainted with all the plans, manœuvres, and political movements of foreign courts and armies. He himself despatched travellers to various parts, who were ordered to lay before him the maps and descriptions of foreign countries.

The love and attachment of the army to Timoor were so great and so unlimited, that they would forego plunder in time of need, if ordered by him; and their subjection to him was so blind and unconditional, that it would only have cost him an order to cause himself to be proclaimed, not only as Emperor, but even as prophet of the Tatars. He endeavoured to soften the inclination to cruelty in his soldiers, composed of so many nations, by the presence of poets and learned men, of musicians and sooffees, who came in swarms to the army, and wandered with him through Asia.

Timoor's youth passed away in learning the art of war, in hunting, and foray. He was twenty-seven years of age when he rendered the first and most important services to the Ameer Hussein, the prince of the house Tshagatay, who resided at that time at Balkh and Heraut, in his war against Timoortogloo Khan, the Lord of Turkistan, who, at the head of Tsheets and Gheets, destroyed the countries on both sides of the Oxus.

The hand of the Princess Turkan-Khane, Hussein's sister, was the reward of Timoor's heroism and valour; but she died four years after her marriage, when Timoor declared himself rebel against Hussein, who was killed by the people of Balkh.

Timoor ascended the throne of Khorassan, and made prisoners of the eight widows of Hussein, two of whom he married himself, and gave the six others to his friends. He destroyed Balkh, and decapitated the inhabitants; women and children were made slaves, as a prelude of the great tragedies of future conquests. Timoor then chose Samar-

cand as the place of his residence, which he fortified with walls, and embellished with gardens and palaces. The assembly of Tatars (Kuriltay) proclaimed the conqueror as emperor of the vacant throne. The dervish Barakat, the Samuel of the Tatars, who had predicted to him the throne, invested him with the insignia of the empire, and delivered to him the standard and drum, and added to his name Timoor the titles of *Kurikan* (*i.e.* "great ruler,") *Szhael Keran* ("lord of the age,") and *Jehaan-Geer* ("conqueror of the world.")*

Does this not seem to be an imitation of Isaiah ix, 6? He amply justified the truth of those titles in the thirty-six years of his government. The motto of his seal, now in the hands of the King of Bokhara, was Akan-Adalat. The observations of the Jews, previously stated in this work, about Timoor and Tshingis Khan, are highly probable. During the four times nine years of his government, he returned nine times to Samarcand, in order to refresh his troops and to prepare them for new adventures. He united upon his head the crowns of three times nine countries, which belonged to nine dynasties, whose fate was in the hands of the conqueror. These were,—1st, the dynasty of the Tshagatay, upon whose throne he was elevated after Hussein's death; 2nd, the dynasty of the Tsheets and Gheets in Turkistan and Moghulistan; 3rd, the dynasty of Kharasm; 4th, of Khorassan; 5th, of the Tatars in Tataristan and Dasht Kiptshak; 6th, the dynasty of the sons of Mosaffir, in the Persian Irak; 7th, the dynasty of the Eelkhan in Arabian Irak; 8th, of the Seljucks; 9th, of the Osmans, towards the east to the wall of China, towards the north to the heart of Russia, towards the west to the shores of the Mediterranean; towards the south his conquests were extended to the frontiers of Egypt, where he ruled with a sceptre of iron over his age and the world. Several of these empires he subdued in one battle, but most of them after persevering and repeated conflicts for several years; he led his army seven times against the Gheets, and five times against Khiva; he subdued Hindoostan in one campaign: and in his last expedition to Asia Minor, Bayazeed's fate was decided, which war lasted seven years.

* See Hammer's "History of the Osman Empire."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Escape from Bokhara; Detects the hired Assassins; Return home; Baptismal Regeneration; Ile Brewers; Friends and acquaintance; Oxford and Cambridge; Conclusion.

DR. WOLFF cannot help giving a somewhat more exact account of what he suffered from his horrid servant, Abdullah, before he left Bokhara. The fellow one day entered Wolff's room, and said, in a furious way, "Now they are going to kill you, and what shall I do here? I have no money for going back. Give me a letter to the Ambassador of your nation at Teheran, to make me a present of two thousand tillahs; if you do not, I will kill you now."

Wolff lost his temper at this threat, for which he is now sorry; and it was fortunate that it did not lead to dangerous consequences, for certainly it would have been most disastrous if Abdullah had been a Soonnee and not a Sheah; the Sheah being scarcely considered as Muhammadans by the Soonnee, which prevented Abdullah having any one to take his part. Wolff took a stick and gave him such a beating as he never gave to any one in his life; and then he turned him out of the room, and out of his service. But Abbas-Kooli-Khan besought Wolff to take him again, as his dismissal might lead to bad consequences; so he received him again into his service, which only made the man more impertinent, and the fellow was encouraged in his misconduct towards Wolff by Abd-ul-Samut-Khan.

At last Wolff received permission from the King to depart from Bokhara with Abbas-Kooli-Khan. He waited on his Majesty with the Persian Ambassador, when the King made him a present of a robe of honour, which was made of a Cashmere shawl, and fifty ducats, and a beautiful manuscript in Persian, with the King's autograph written in it.

On Wolff's return from the King's palace to his own lodging, after this presentation, he went to the room of Abbas-Kooli-Khan, which was close to Wolff's room, when some people, who had come from Samarcand, talked to him about the turquoises and gold-mines, which the Ameer of Bokhara had near Samarcand. They also conversed about Tamerlane, as though he had died but yesterday. Wolff heard also from these people, as he had before heard from the Jews of Bokhara, that Tshingis Khan had a Jew from Germany as his secretary. They preferred, in general,

Tamerlane to Tshingis Khan; for it is commonly said of Tshingis Khan, that he knew how to conquer a world, that he was a *Jehaan Geer*, *i.e.* "a world-taker;" but that Tamerlane was not only *Jehaan Geer*, but also *Jehaan Dar*, *i.e.* "a world-holder." They then asked Wolff to sing some song in the language of the Europeans, when he sang a German song composed by Kotzebue:—

"Es kann ja nicht alles so bleiben!" etc.

Translation:—

"Things cannot remain always in the same way in this world below."

Abbas-Kooli-Khan then wrote a letter to Lady Georgiana Wolff, of the following contents:—

"In the name of the Highest! I acquaint the exalted and virtuous lady, my kind and distinguished sister, the respected lady of the high in rank, the distinguished among the learned persons of the Christian faith, the Rev. Joseph Wolff, that on my arrival at Bokhara, my distinguished friend was much grieved, and his affairs were in a confused state. I brought him to my own place of residence, and I waited twice on his Highness the Ameer of Bokhara, on his account; and I obtained permission for him to depart, agreeably to the commands of his Majesty, my Sovereign, on whom the regard of the universe is fixed—may the whole world be his sacrifice! —and agreeably to the orders of his Excellency, and my Lord the Hagee (Prime Minister of Persia)—may his great shadow be increased!—that I should bring him along with me. His Highness, the Ameer of Bokhara, having had to undertake a two months' journey against Khokan, it was impossible for me to despatch him on his journey until the return of the Ameer. Again a second firman from his Majesty (the Shah) to the Ameer of Bokhara arrived, which I caused to be delivered in a suitable manner; and I did all that was incumbent on me in regard to the friendship subsisting between the two powerful Governments of Persia and England. I obtained leave for him to depart by one means or another. In eight days more I shall bring him along with me in safety and health, rest assured. I have no ends in view or expectations in this. I did it in the service of my own Government, and on account of the friendship subsisting between the two Governments. I am the brother of my distinguished friend Joseph Wolff. I am also your brother, O virtuous lady! and you are my sister. I have written these few words at the request of my brother, and I present my compliments.

"Bokhara, 6th Nejjeb, 1260 (23rd July, 1844.)"

At last, the King of Bokhara also determined himself to send an Ambassador with Joseph Wolff to England. So his Majesty said to Joseph Wolff, "I shall send with you Ameer Abool Kaasem to accompany you to England. Stoddart and Conolly excited the neighbouring countries to war against me, and therefore they were put to death; but you, Joseph Wolff, have proved yourself to be a man of understanding and knowledge; and therefore I have treated you with honour."

After this interview, Wolff quitted the royal presence; but before he left the palace he distributed all the money he had received amongst the servants, reserving only the Cashmere robe and the Persian manuscript for himself—and this robe he has forced as a present upon Denison.

About a week afterwards, he left Bokhara, amidst thousands of congratulating inhabitants, who exclaimed continually, "*To-day thou hast been born again! to-day thou hast been born again! But be on your guard*" (they continued to say), "*for, though thou art born again, yet thou art still in great danger! for ten assassins are sent after you to put you to death on the road.*"

These remarks of the Osbecks explained fully the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. For Wolff having been doomed to die, and every one of the inhabitants having continually exclaimed, during his detention in Bokhara, "Wolff is a dead man;" when he suddenly received his liberation, he himself felt as if he had been *born again*—really brought from death unto life.

Exactly thus it is in baptism. By nature we are dead in trespasses and sin, but by *baptism* we are placed in a new situation; we are set apart for the inheritance of life, and are brought out from darkness into light; yet we are still in danger, for we are exposed to the world and the wicked one; and, therefore, we are to be on our guard, even as the Osbecks told Wolff. Thus the children of Israel, in the captivity of Egypt, were morally dead, and slaves of the Egyptians; but after having passed the Red Sea, they were safe from the Egyptians, but still in danger; for they had to fight the Lord's battles, and those who refused to fight the Lord's battles perished in the wilderness. Thus the King of Bokhara has taught Wolff practically the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration!

On the day of Wolff's departure, several friends of his, and of Abbas-Kooli-Khan, came to his tents, and gave both to himself and the Persian Ambassador, a list of the assassins

who were employed by Abd-ul-Samut-Khan, and who were determined to take Wolff's life. When, therefore, Wolff came over the frontier of Bokhara, into a desert plain, where the deed was to be done at night, he suddenly stopped the horse on which he was riding, and, drawing out the paper from his pocket, called out, "Stop!" All in the caravan near him halted at once, and he continued, "I have to unveil to you a *Haraam-Zadegee*" (which literally means "the act of a bastard," or "rascality.") "Ten assassins have been hired by Abd-ul-Samut-Khan to murder me. And the names are these—" Here he read out the names aloud, among which were those of two of his own servants. The members of the caravan exclaimed, "We will burn alive those who dare to do it, and will burn their fathers too into the bargain." So those assassins were afraid to perpetrate the act, except one—Abdullah, Wolff's servant, who tried to kill him by continually annoying him, and so he never cooked him anything to eat, and when he was asked to fetch his clothes, he would throw them at him. One day, Wolff asked this man to bring him some bread, instead of which he brought him grass. So Wolff took hold of him, and literally knocked him down, and stamped upon him with his feet, and horse-whipped him, and turned him out of his service; and on his arrival at Meshed, the Assaff-Ood-Dowla, or Governor-General of Khorassan, gave orders for his execution; but Wolff begged him off, yet at the same time requested the Governor-General to keep him in irons in prison, until he himself should reach Teheran in safety; all which was done. The journey from Bokhara was rendered particularly dangerous on this occasion from another circumstance. The King of Bokhara, in order to make friendship with the King of Persia, and also for the purpose of retrieving his character, gave permission to about 3,000 slaves, who had been detained (notwithstanding that they had previously paid their ransom-money), to return to Persia. Many of these men accompanied Wolff's caravan, and, by so doing, they brought him into greater danger, because the Turcomauns from Khiva and Ankhoy hung about to prevent their progress, as they did not want them to return to their own country.

Wolff then proceeded to Shahr-Islam, the birth-place of Afrasiab, who lived in the time of Abraham, and, according to ancient records, was the founder of Bokhara. There Wolff heard a great deal of Sir Charles James Napier, whom they compared to Timoor, and Alexander the Great.

And now again Wolff's worst dangers were manifest; for

the conspirators, hired by Abd-ul-Samut-Khan, continued to do everything to annoy him; and Abbas-Kooli-Khan summoned all the company who travelled with them before him, and addressed them in the following words:—"The Englishman that I have under my care proposes to proceed to Khiva, but certain people intend to murder him. Whoever is a good Mussulman will join me in protecting him from the hand of every rascal."

The principal people replied, "We will burn the father of the first rascal that touches him." Wolff pointed out again to them the assassins, who protested against having any such intentions. But as Wolff saw after his arrival in England, in one of the newspapers, that his fears after leaving Bokhara were imaginary, because he was accompanied by a caravan, he will now offer a few answers to this observation.

First, it is frequently more dangerous to travel with a caravan, than to travel alone, with a few companions; for there are often many rascals and murderers in a caravan; and Wolff always felt himself far more safe when he travelled without a caravan than with one. And again, most of the travellers who have been put to death in their adventurous enterprises, have been those travellers who have travelled with a caravan; such as Mr. Davis, and others. Besides all which, though the caravan consisted of one thousand persons, the whole body was detained above eight days in Mowr, which afforded opportunities for treachery.

The other observation, made by some coxcomb, was, that Abd-ul-Samut-Khan would have endangered his own life by any such conspiracy, after Wolff had been allowed to depart from Bokhara. To this Wolff replies, that subsequent conspiracies did cost this man his life; for it was on account of his intrigues which he had carried on, not merely against Wolff, but also against the King himself, that the King did at last take an axe, and actually cut him in two with his own hands.

When Wolff reached Mowr, amidst great difficulties, he again met with his friend the Khaleefa of Mowr, who observed, "God rewards integrity; and the English are a people of integrity." Whilst Wolff was with the Khaleefa, a Turcomaun brought him a whole camel-load of melons, but he declined to accept them; first, because he knew not what to do with them; and secondly, because they generally demanded ten times more than the value as a recompense. Here the Turcomauns spoke with high regard of both Majors Rawlinson and Todd.

On Wolff's arrival at Sarakhs, the Turcomauns demanded from him robes of honour, but he had none to give except those which had belonged to Conolly; and these he brought as presents to chiefs, for whom he gave them. The Turcomaun boys, instigated by the assassins, hooted Wolff, who suddenly conceived the brilliant idea of playing the madman, to prevent a rush of the mob upon him; and so he began to dance, and leap, and whistle, and sing, "Praise to God, the glorious and the mighty; the world, O brother, remains to nobody; let us therefore fix our heart on God."

Residence among these lawless tribes convinced Wolff more than ever that there cannot be worse despotism than the despotism of a mob; and Wolff would always prefer to live under one tyrant than under many.

At last he left Sarakhs, and arrived at Mostroon, where he exclaimed, "Thank God, we are on Persian ground." About ten minutes' walk from Mostroon is a hot well of most powerful mineral waters. If this place were in the hands of an European power, a most beautiful spa could soon be made of it. On arriving near Meshed, the capital of Khorassan, many inhabitants came out to meet Wolff, and exclaimed, "Praise be to God, that thou hast come back with thy head from that accursed city, Bokhara."

All the conspirators against Wolff's life were here identified and punished; and Colonel Sheil sent for Wolff a servant belonging to the British Embassy, who brought Wolff safely to Teheran, where he was kindly received by Colonel Sheil and the British Embassy; but most especially by Count Medem, the Russian Ambassador, who invited Wolff and the British Embassy to a great dinner-party; and he attended divine service on the following Sunday, not only in the British Embassy, but also in the Russian.

It was at Teheran that the King of Bokhara's Ambassador, who was sent with Wolff, was first given to understand by Colonel Sheil (and afterwards at Constantinople by Sir Stratford Canning) that Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, would not receive the ambassador of an assassin. The ambassador, in consequence, returned to Bokhara, where the King cut off his head.

At Teheran the British Envoy introduced Wolff to the King of Persia, who was glad to see him again, and asked him, "What have you done with your beard?" (for Wolff had shaved it off on his return). Wolff replied, "My beard was so full of lice, that I was afraid that they would drag me back to Bokhara."

Wolff then proceeded to Tabreez, where the Prince-governor made him a present of a brilliant emerald ring; and the Russian Ambassadors made presents to Wolff of three most costly Cashmere shawls; and he continued his journey through the mountains of Armenia, and arrived again in Erzroom, where he was welcomed most heartily by Colonel Williams, and Mr. Brant, and Colonel Farrant.

During his stay at Erzroom with Colonel Williams (now Sir William Williams, of Kars), Wolff conversed with him and Colonel Farrant on the spirit of the prophets of old; when he (Wolff) observed, that there was a great difference between the style of the Jewish prophets, and that of Muhammad, as shown in the Koran. The Koran consists almost entirely of rhapsodies, whilst, in the prophecies of the Old Covenant, one observes a complete system, almost entirely in the style which a great orator in our times would display. Thus, for instance, Isaiah, before he commences his denunciation over Israel, gives a clear insight into the actual condition of the Jewish nation, and shows the rivalry which subsisted between the two kingdoms; and the state of the Kings of Israel as separated from Judah. He gives a complete picture of the degenerate condition of the Jews in general, but he also observes symptoms of life in them, on account of which he does not give up the hope of a reformation of the nation; and so he encourages them to withstand any alliance whatsoever with, or any submission whatsoever to, any foreign State. He exhorts them to look to that Higher Power from above, who shall at last more and more develope Himself in that SON OF MAN, who is at the same time the SON OF GOD; and he looks at the same time forward to that period, when the most mighty nations upon earth shall find LIGHT in Jerusalem; and he promises that they shall find PEACE in that very city, which is called the Vision of Peace, and which is Jerusalem. And therefore he refuses to hear of any compromise whatsoever, or of any light whatsoever, except *that light* which is kindled by the *Light of very light.* In short, Wolff must be allowed the expression that Isaiah is a very antitype of a good staunch Tory, inspired by fire divine; whilst Jeremiah, seeing that the times have changed, seeing the degeneracy of the State, and seeing that the energy nursed and cherished by fire divine has been shaken, led by the Spirit from on high, sees only safety in compromise, even by making an alliance with, yea, even by surrendering to, Babylon. And thus we discover in Jeremiah the very prototype of Sir Robert Peel.

Dr. Wolff must here insert an anecdote. During the time that he was at Erzroom, he related the following true history to the Pasha of Erzroom, to Mrs. Redhouse, and Sir William Williams of Kars:—

"Baron von Eckartshausen, versed in the science of magic, resided at Munich. One night he remained up till twelve o'clock, meditating on the power of magic, when suddenly he heard a funeral song. He looked out of the window and saw Roman Catholic priests going before a coffin, with burning wax-candles in their hands, and reciting prayers. Chief mourners went before the coffin. Eckartshausen opened the window and asked 'Whom do they carry here?' and a voice replied, 'ECKARTSHAUSEN.' He then said, 'Then I must prepare.' He awoke his wife, told her what had happened, and, one hour after, he was dead." Wolff heard this story from Eckartshausen's own family. Wolff also related the following story:—

The Margrave of Anspach was walking about in his garden when he said to his servant, "Go to the library, and bring me such a book." The servant went, and found the Margrave himself sitting in the library, and reading the very book for which he had been sent. He then returned to the garden, and found the Margrave still walking about. The Margrave asked him, "Have you brought the book?" and the servant replied, "I have just seen your highness upstairs with that book in your hand." The astonished Margrave went to the library, where he found his own image sitting in his seat, with the book in his hand. He took away the book, and said, "This is my place," when the phantom disappeared.

Wolff also told another story to the Redhouse family, of the same Margrave, as a specimen of a good-natured prince. The Margrave was looking out of the window, when one of his domestics, mistaking him for a fellow-servant, gave him a most tremendous slap behind. When the Margrave turned round, the poor frightened servant said to him, "I beg your highness's pardon, I mistook you for Jack." The prince good-naturedly answered, "Well, and if it had been Jack, you should not have hit him so hard."

Wolff pursued his route by Trebizond, and arrived safely again at Constantinople, where he was most kindly welcomed by Sir Stratford and Lady Canning. Some Polish Jews called on him there, and sang the following lamentation:—

FIRST CHORUS.

Woe unto us! Woe unto us!
We are in captivity for 1800 years.

SECOND CHORUS.

Courage! courage! our mighty God liveth!
Hurrah!

FIRST CHORUS.

It is true we are consoled by reading the prophets,
But we are disappointed from one day to another.

SECOND CHORUS.

Courage! courage! our blessed God liveth!
Hurrah!

FIRST CHORUS.

We are going about ashamed and confounded, with our heads covered.

SECOND CHORUS.

Courage! courage! our great God liveth!
Hurrah!

FIRST CHORUS.

Our prophets console us, but we are going about without timbrel and dance.

SECOND CHORUS.

Courage! courage! Our glorious God liveth!
Hurrah! Hurrah!

Wolff on his arrival at Southampton, met his dear wife; and the joy both felt cannot be expressed.

He also met, on his landing at Southampton, a good and holy man, whose name was Crabbe, and who spent his life in silence, but yet in activity and benevolence. He looked with interest and compassion upon that race of people, whom Wolff had met, not only in England and Germany, but also in Persia, and in the valley of Cashmere, and in the wilds of Turkistan, and whom Wolff believes to be the dispersed children of Elam. Wolff alludes to the gipsies. This Crabbe had devoted all his time to the amelioration of that people; and he said to Wolff "Dear brother, do not despise the good-will of a brother, though he is a dissenter. You are now come home from your perilous journey: can I contribute something towards your comfort? If you want money I will give it to you." He continued to say, "I am only a poor apostle to gipsies, whilst you have been an apostle to the world at large!" Wolff thanked him, and shedding tears he said, "My dear Crabbe, I am not now in need of money, but should I ever be so, you would certainly be preferred by me to men of wealth; and as to your being the apostle to poor gipsies, I only can tell you that though I see you for the first time, I perceive that I have to pray to God that He will give me a portion in that kingdom where you shall be."

Wolff met one other dissenter, in whom such true genuine Christianity shone forth in all its beauty as in Crabbe—without cant, whining, or affectation. His other old friend was Elias from Wales. There are holy men among dissenters!

Wolff had brought with him from Bokhara the *Rishta*, which is a worm that comes in the flesh, and was taken out in London by the skilful hands of Sir Benjamin Brodie; and, fifteen years after, four surgeons had to operate upon him again, when they had to cut out from his shoulder a large tumour which he got in Bokhara through a fall from a horse. And on that occasion, when Wolff had to be kept quiet and in bed for several days—a most difficult matter to accomplish—his dear friend and neighbour, Templeman, the Rector of Puckington, was most kind and assiduous in his attendance and attentions; thanks to him and to all his kind neighbours.

In recalling the acquaintances which Wolff has made during his life, he must not forget that he was introduced to the great wizard of the north, Sir Walter Scott, by his friend, Mr. Macan. Sir Walter received Wolff with great cordiality, and Wolff could not look long enough at the piercing eye of that great man, every one of whose writings Wolff has since read aloud; in which, with such power, men's characters are depicted, and with such *prophetic* sagacity, that he is firmly convinced that they could not have been delineated without that inspiration which comes from above.

Wolff must also mention again the name of a man whose friendship is dearer to him than any he has hitherto met with; and he would therefore think it sinful to omit him; for though that man has had many opponents, yet all will agree with Wolff on this point, and none will dare to gainsay him, but, on the contrary, will rejoice that he has so boldly asserted it—that he is the most HONEST man Wolff has ever met with, and this is GEORGE ANTHONY DENISON!

The printer of this work dares not to omit this by mistake, for Wolff has experienced the honesty of that man—certainly not by his flattering Wolff, but by the very reproofs which he has dealt him, and the very peremptory letters which he has frequently written to him. However, enough of thee, Denison! and thou art worthy of the wife whom thou art united with.

Wolff also rejoices in being well acquainted with Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. Wolff's late conversation with that man has convinced him more than anything else he has met with, that the assertion of many of the enlightened Quakers is true; that it is remarkable that many persons of high talent

may be opposed to each other on several points, whilst all the time they have one and the same view, and both are being directed towards the one and great object of glorifying God and the Lord Jesus Christ. Certainly, Stanley is a man who combines great humility with learning and genius; and Wolff's late visit at Oxford has particularly increased in him love for such excellent men as Dr. Macbride and many others he met there. Wolff is also proud of having enjoyed now for many years the friendship of Dr. Hook, Dean of Chichester, the mighty champion of the Church of England, for the interest of which he, however, knows how to fight with prudence and discretion; and his acts of charity and and his activity can, as already observed, be safely compared with those of Hoffbauer; only (as has been said) he knows not how to sew, as one not less active than he, George Anthony Denison, does.

Two other persons must not be omitted, towards whom Wolff feels the highest regard and love (though they often quarrel with him); and these are his amiable and excellent friend, Alfred Gatty, and his wife, Margaret, the authoress of the "Parables from Nature," and of "Aunt Judy's Tales." He only wishes them never to dispute with Wolff about the spelling of foreign names, in which he is the highest authority. However, Wolff has to thank Alfred Gatty for one great thing, which is more important than the spelling of names; and that is, for his Christian and mild spirit in dealing with Wolff's impetuosity.

And since Wolff has commenced writing his Life, he has happily made the acquaintance and friendship of the greatest living poet in England, ALFRED TENNYSON, through the kind introduction of his friend, Margaret Gatty, wife of the Rev. Alfred Gatty. Wolff has always avoided those who are distinguished merely by their birth; and he has abhorred the society of those whose life has not corresponded with their high descent; but he confesses frankly that he has ever sought the friendship of those, who adorn their aristocratic birth with high talents and virtues; for Wolff believes the aristocracy on earth to be a type of that in heaven. But chiefly has he sought the friendship of poets, learned, men, statesmen, and philanthropists, because by their society he has felt himself inspired to high and holy purposes; and he ever had the felicity of gaining the frindship of such in Germany, Italy, and throughout the East. And so, since writing the first volume of his Life, he received an invitation from one who more resembles, not only in outward appearance, but in talent, seriousness, imaginative power, and high design, than any

man living, Dante Alighieri. Wolff spent nine happy days in the house of this noble bard, Alfred Tennyson, and heard him read his songs, which streamed to the highest flights of thought; and his masterly poem, "Riflmen, form," has inspired Wolff with an ardent desire to establish a corps of apostolic volunteers, provided not with weapons forged by Armstrong, but by the *strong arm* of the Lord God of Israel; and this compels him now to call on every Englishman who has a zeal for God, to rally round him (as Francis Xavier and his companions rallied round Ignatius Loyola) in order to assist first the English clergy themselves in the performance of their duty; and then to send forth missionaries to the utmost boundaries of Asia, Africa, and America, and to establish seminaries for the education of their own novices.

Another acquaintance of high importance which Wolff has made, is the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, distinguished as a religious man of enlarged principles, of high philosophic talents, and eloquence, devoted to the cause of truth. That great man has already been of the greatest use to Wolff and George Williams, in laying the foundation of hostels in Cambridge for the education of Armenian, Greek, Syrian, Russian, Coptic, and Abyssinian youth. Nor must he forget to mention Beresford Hope, the zealous promoter of all that is good; the restorer of St. Augustine's College, at Canterbury, and the builder of magnificent churches. Another result of the publication of his autobiography is this, that the descendants of his early benefactors who had promoted his career, introduced themselves to Wolff; and this made such an impression on him, as if the spirits of long-departed friends had visited and welcomed him again.

And it would be the highest degree of ingratitude if he concealed from the eyes of the public the names of General Sir John Michel, the hero in Kafraria, Hindoostan, and now in China: who is Wolff's patron, and who most kindly gave him the living of Ile Brewers; and of his excellent wife, Lady Michel; for the former most kindly presented the site upon which he has built his new church, and Lady Michel has kindly promised him a Bible and a Prayer-book for it.

And ought Wolff to be so forgetful as to omit his old friends, the present Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Oxford, who most liberally contributed towards his church?

Wolff has also the very great honour of being well acquainted with *the great philanthropist*, the Earl of Shaftesbury, a gentleman, scholar, and eminent Christian. Wolff perfectly agrees with that nobleman in his views on the interpretation

of unfulfilled prophecies, except his views respecting *the Pope*; for Wolff maintains that the Pope is not the Man of Sin, or Antichrist, because there is not one single mark of Antichrist given in the Bible, by which Antichrist may be recognised as corresponding with the character of one single Pope. *E.g.*—

1. The Pope *never* opposed everything that is called God!

2. The Pope was never worshipped by all, except by those "whose names are written in the Book of Life!" Neither Diderot, nor Abbé Raynal, nor Voltaire ever worshipped the Pope!

3. You, dear, amiable, but sickly Pius VII. and IX., there would be no danger of Antichrist if you were the persons.*

4. The Popes *assert* that they were the vicars of the Son of God, and it would be absurdity to say that they deny "the Son," whose existence they, by this assertion, admit.

Wolff also dissents from his lordship in his views on the authority of the Church; but Wolff will see that excellent man in heaven! Besides this, Wolff feels, in many respects, under great obligations for the great kindness—important kindness and services—which the noble earl rendered to one Wolff *most tenderly loves.*

The Earl of Shaftesbury will be welcomed in heaven by many of the factory boys and pupils of the Ragged Schools, as their benefactor when here in the earthly tabernacle.

Wolff would be so happy if he could convince the Earl of Shaftesbury that the Apostolic succession is a scriptural doctrine, founded upon the whole analogy of Scripture.

Dr. McCaul, the rector of St. Magnus, is also a gentleman whose talents, as a Jewish controversialist, Wolff has admired these last forty years. But he can neither admire his persecuting spirit against the Roman Catholics, nor the line of conduct he has pursued in expelling Maurice from the King's College. He will never die a martyr for his friends, except that friend is his son-in-law. However, we all have our faults!

It would be ungrateful in Dr. Wolff, and at the same time he would leave an unpardonable gap in his autobiography, if he did not mention that he has lately had the unspeakable satisfaction of having received the kind hospitality of the chief leaders of the two most distinguished Universities in

* Wolff often said to his German friends at Rome, when he saw the sickly Pius VII., "If he is, as the Protestants say, Antichrist, Antichrist is, indeed, a *harmless* creature."

England—Oxford and Cambridge. The greatest attention was paid to him, by the learned of both those Universities; and he has experienced from that circumstance the truth, so beautifully expressed by the great Persian poet, Saadi, that "When clay falls among roses it partakes of the odour and smell of the roses."

Who could be for a day in the society of that learned and great Bishop of Oxford, the great Orator and Divine and mighty champion of the High doctrines of Christianity, which he propounds with such eloquence that the church of Great Britain, from one part to the other, is riveted with the power of his eloquence, without being edified, and without having his views enlarged, and without being strengthened in his conviction that only Christianity is capable of being thus illustrated and defended. Who could be in the society of that veteran teacher of that University, Dr. Macbride, without being inflamed with a desire of uniting with a knowledge of the truth, also a heart of devotion and piety? Who could be in the society of Stanley, without desiring to unite learning with that humility and amiability of character which one observes in him. And the same with Drs. Jacobson, Leighton, and Scott, &c. And it is the same with Cambridge. There Wolff met with Drs. Phillips and Jeremy; and here also he cannot forbear mentioning the amiable and learned philologist, Jarrett, of whom, however, he must mention a curious anecdote.

Wolff had with him a discussion on etymology, in the presence of his friend, George Williams, in which both Jarrett and Wolff varied in opinion. After Jarrett had left the room, (Williams accompanied him out of the room), Williams came back, and Wolff said to him, "Jarrett is rather superficial in his etymological power;" when Williams replied, "And Jarrett told me, 'I have no great confidence in Wolff's etymological ability.'" Upon which Wolff said, "This reminds me of an observation which was made to me in the year 1816, by the Sir Walter Scott of Switzerland, the celebrated Zschocke, 'You Oriental scholars fight with each other, like dogs and cats. When I was in Vienna, Hammer said to me, Kossitar, the Librarian of the Imperial Library, is not a deep philologian; and when I came to Kossitar, he told me that Hammer was very superficial!" However, Wolff and Jarrett met again the same evening, when the former had evidently the advantage over his opponent. Wolff said to Jarrett, "Friedrich Von Shlegel has written an excellent book on the Wisdom and Language of the Hindoos." Jarrett replied,

"You are mistaken; Friedrich Von Schlegel has not written anything about the Hindoos, but Wilhelm Von Schlegel has." Wolff answered, "No, *you* are mistaken, for I am well aware that Wilhelm Von Schlegel has written about the Hindoos, but Friedrich Von Schlegel has also written a book about them; on which account he went to Paris, and studied Sanskrit under the celebrated Chessy."

Jarrett gave up the argument, but before he left the room, he most cordially shook hands with Wolff, and said, "I have been delighted this evening." So they did not part like dog and cat.

Wolff had also a meeting with an old friend, whom he had known 42 years before when he was at Cambridge, at which time his friend was a young, fiery, and good man, in the year 1819. In the year 1860, an old man with grey hairs sat near him—decrepid, and feeble in health, who said to Wolff, "Dr. Wolff, we were friends in former times, when we both visited old Father Simeon." It was as if Wolff had been addressed by a ghost, who had just risen from the dead. Wolff asked him, "Can I know your name?" and he, with a broken voice, replied, "My name is Corrie, Master of Jesus." Wolff stretched out his hand, and shook it; and thus found out that his old friend was still in the body, and he said to him, "I knew also your brother, Dr. Corrie, Bishop of Madras;" and he replied, "Whom we shall soon join in Heaven."

While at Oxford, Wolff also made acquaintance with the famous polyglot, Max Müller, who, though an unsuccessful candidate for the Sanskrit professorship, is an honour to the University, and to his own country, Germany. And it is consoling to Wolff that he was not supplanted by a gentleman of inferior talent, but by one who was worthy of being the rival of such a genius as Max Müller.

As people are so very much addicted to writing only on the bad qualities of the Eastern Christians, Wolff is determined to set forth in a prominent manner their good qualities also.

First of all they have shown, even in the late war with Greece, and also afterwards, that there are Christians in every age ready to die for the name of Jesus, and that the history of the martyrs in Ephesus is not a mere legendary tale. This was shown in the report of the sufferings and death of the Archbishop of Cyprus, with his 121 spiritual children in Christ, in 1822; when, amidst singing of Kyrie Eleison, they bowed their heads and received the last stroke. In the year 1818, Greek Catholics were martyred in Aleppo, when a most beautiful light shone down upon them from heaven; as

was testified to Wolff by both Muhammadans and French Christians.

Now Wolff has to correct an error which some of his reviewers have fallen into, though they have spoken very kindly about him; for they have been led into error by an indistinct statement of Wolff himself. They relate that Wolff was sent forth by the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, in the first instance; but this was not exactly the case, for, first of all, the society wished to send Wolff forth with Solomon (who afterwards disappeared altogether, and never has been seen since) to Poland, instead of sending him to Jerusalem. Wolff protested against this, and said that "a missionary was not to be treated like a soldier," when Henry Drummond exclaimed, "Hear, hear," and so did Bayford. Basil Wood thought that it did not show humility in Wolff to know better than a committee, when Wolff said that "the committee consisted of linendrapers and booksellers." The late Lord Calthorpe got up, and said, in reply, "Mr. Wolff has no judgment." Henry Drummond, pointing his head towards Lord Calthorpe, said, "Erasmus says that those have most judgment who have read many books, and travelled most; and I wish to know whether the noble lord has read as many books, and seen as many countries as Wolff has?" Bayford said, "Hear, hear!" Charles Sleech Hawtrey also agreed with Drummond, and Drummond at once said, "To cut the matter short, I will send Wolff to Jerusalem myself, and will pay the expenses." Then he turned to Wolff, and said, "Now, you foolish fellow, you may go to Jerusalem, and cry out just as you said you would do, in the midst of the street; and if you commit follies, it is not my fault. I shall lay down neither rules nor orders how you are to act."

Wolff then went out entirely under Drummond, who published Wolff's journals at his own expense, when the society requested Henry Drummond to give the journals over to them, that they might publish them in their "Expositor;" and they richly contributed to Dr. Wolff's mission, without considering him as their missionary.

When Wolff returned to England, in the year 1826, he travelled about for the benefit of the London Society all over England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales; on which account they resolved to pay back to Drummond the whole of the expense of the five years' mission, and to take Wolff under their auspices. They had at that time their committee in a place called Wardrobe Place, near to Doctors' Commons; their lay secretary was an excellent man, but before he paid

the money to Drummond, he calculated every farthing, and he wrote to Drummond that he must have the vouchers for every farthing that had been spent; secondly, that every parcel of the journal must be delivered over to them; thirdly, as £50 had been voted to Wolff as a compensation for his efforts at home in behalf of the society, the expenses of the school which he had established in Bussorah might be defrayed out of it; but as the expenses for Wolff's running about in England had to be deducted from this, Wolff himself got only £3, and so was disappointed. However, Wolff cared nothing about the £50, as he had got money from other friends, especially from Sir Thomas Baring, to pay for the school. Nevertheless, Drummond made a tremendous noise. He wrote to them,—"You are truly Wardrobe Place people; you are like old-clothesmen; you are a true *Jews'* society. I have no vouchers to give you; you must pay the money, and you shall not have the journals, and Wolff shall not be treated like an old clothesman. I will publish the journals myself. You have already manuscripts of high value which Wolff has sent you, and you ought to be satisfied with that."

Simeon came up from Cambridge; Lord Bexley also came to the committee, and Sir Thomas Baring and Sir Robert Inglis. Everything was finally settled according to Drummond's wish, and Wolff went forth as a regular missionary of the Jews' Society in the year 1827, and he remained with them till the year 1831, when he went to Bokhara. The rest the reader knows.

The last time Wolff was in Bokhara, he delighted the Osbecks by relating to them the histories of Hamlet and Macbeth, and by telling them the following history of a little girl of Germany, who had lost her father and mother when a child. She wandered about in Germany with a harp, and played from house to house and from city to city, and she charmed with her music all the hearers. When a grand duke of Dessau had educated and married her, she became a widow, and she retired to her country palace, and still amused herself with playing on the harp. However, one day, when she was playing and singing, an old beggar came to the door of the palace, and when he heard the sound of the harp and the voice of the princess, he exclaimed, "O God! my harp, and the voice of my daughter!" and fainted. He was her father, who had disappeared, and was thought to be dead.

Wolff would cite an instance of the power of the preaching of the Gospel on some men. When Wolff traversed the

desert from Egypt to Jerusalem, in company with the Missionaries, Fisk and King, he saw a Greek from Nazareth beating his mother with a stick, for refusing to make the coffee, he himself being too much tired from riding on a camel. He did this in the presence of Mussulmans, Jews, and Christians, of which the caravan was composed. Wolff said to Fisk and King, "I shall go and give him a most tremendous thrashing." Fisk said, "For God's sake do no such thing, but go and speak to him." Wolff went and said to him, "Where is your native place?" He replied, "Nazareth." "Where do you reside?" He replied, "At Nazareth." "Did our Lord strike his father and mother when He was at Nazareth?" The man burst into tears, and kissed his mother's hand and begged her pardon.

As Wolff has now concluded his life, he has to judge his own conduct as a parish priest during the fifteen years of his residence in Ile Brewers, as the vicar of the place.

Ile Brewers contains 300 souls, among whom there are two worthy tenant-farmers, of very moderate property, and, therefore, they can pay their labourers only in a very moderate manner; and so the remainder of his parishioners, consisting of poor labourers, live only, as a general rule, on eight or nine shillings per week. On his arrival amongst them, Wolff found neither parsonage-house nor school-house; and as his dear wife's income was much circumscribed, Wolff was determined to build both parsonage-house and school-house chiefly by his own exertions, which he did in the following manner. The Queen Anne's Bounty advanced him a loan of £600, which he had to pay off within thirty years, and therefore he pays annually the interest of the loan and also a portion of the money lent; but, as the building of the two together, including the parsonage-garden, did cost him about £1800, he defrayed the remaining expenses by the profits derived from the publication of his travels, and by delivering lectures all over England, Wales, Scotland, and the Orkney Islands. And he also provides thirty-five families, every winter with coals and bread, and pays the greater portion of the salary of the schoolmistress for the children.

But one thing still remained to be done, and this was the building of a new church, for the old one was already 700 years old, and entirely decayed, and was situated in such a position that, whenever the waters were out, the churchyard was completely flooded, and the service interrupted. Wolff therefore undertook the building of a new church, in a more central situation; and he laid under contribution all his

friends, and even strangers throughout Great Britain and Ireland. Members of the Church of England, Roman Catholics, Methodists, Baptists, Quakers, Jews, Plymouth Brethren, Evangelicals, High, and Low, and Broad Churchmen, noblemen and commoners, dukes and shoemakers, and tailors; he not only wrote letters to hundreds of these, but also attacked every one in the railway-carriages, and asked money for his church of every one he met; and the moment he got a remittance for the first volume of his autobiography, he gave immediately one half of it to his friend, George Anthony Denison, who most kindly acted as his treasurer.

Dr. Wolff would particularly record that, subsequently to the death of Lady Georgiana, he had the privilege of having, as an inmate of his Vicarage, Mrs. Brown, a lady who is the sister of the Rev. George Williams, and who superintended his school and house at Ile Brewers with the greatest disinterestedness and skill.

Now the last event Wolff will mention in his life is, that he has undertaken, with the kind assistance and most powerful co-operation of his old friend, the Rev. George Williams, Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, to fulfil the promise made by him many years ago to the Armenian and Greek Patriarchs, of helping them to establish hostels in Cambridge and Oxford. And Williams has just made a journey to St. Petersburg on this business, and the plan hastens forward to its realization, for Williams has received the highest encouragement from the Holy Senate of the Russian Church, both at St. Petersburg and Moscow, and also from the Armenians in Tiflis. Wolff has done.

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